

HISTORY *of the*
LINDSAY FAMILY



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David Lindsay

HISTORY *of the* LINDSAY FAMILY



By
E. J. LINDSAY

1925
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



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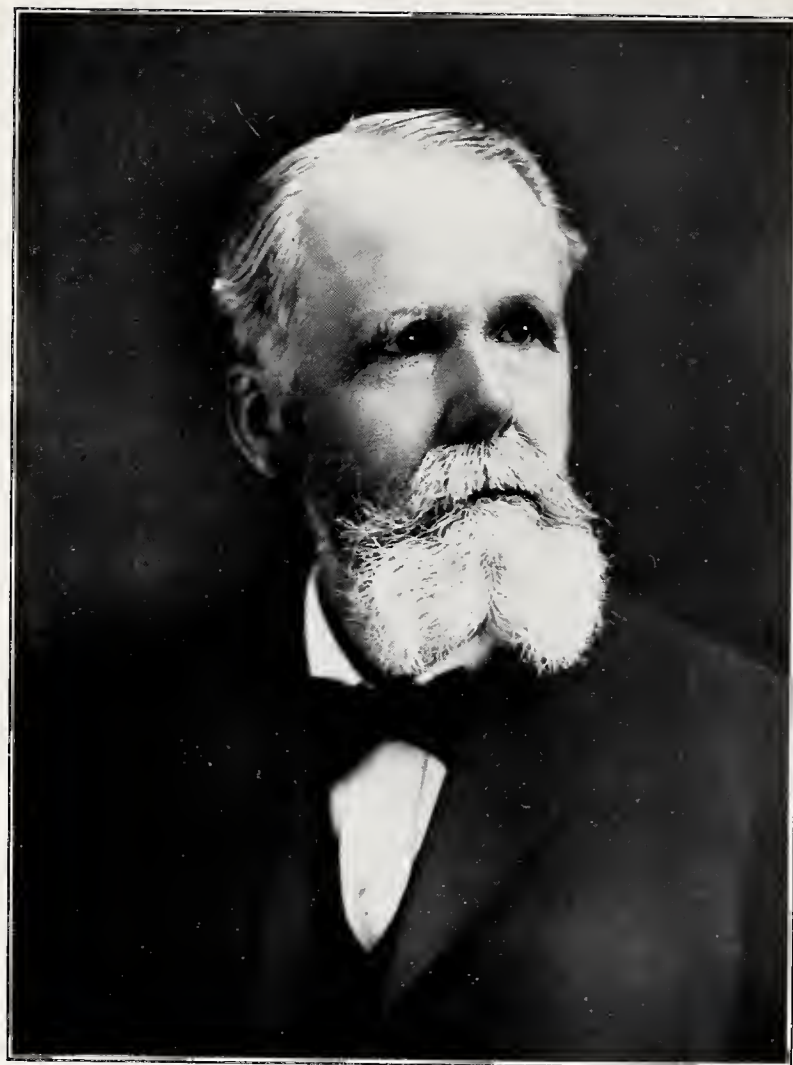
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E. J. Lindsay

Preface



ARRATIVES of kings and battles, of reigning families and political intrigues no longer satisfy those better historians who seek to know the actual life of the people in any given period. To know how the people lived, provided for themselves, supported families and contributed to the common good is now regarded as essential in any worthwhile record of the past.

It is therefore gratifying to have in detail the record of a family group facing the tests of pioneer life in the Middle Border, sharing in hardship that shaped sterling character and welded firm the bonds of family loyalty. The author of this book represents the product of mid-west experience as it shaped the granite of pure Scotch stock. In turn the community life whether in the farm home, the village or the city was enriched by the sturdy Christian character, the diligence, honesty and benevolence of the writer of this history.

We who found shelter in his towering strength and who gathered courage from his steady faith feel bereft indeed by his recent death. Fortunately, his dear partner, who for over three score years was identified with him in every plan, in every labor of love and in all the hallowed experiences of life's long journey together, is surrounded by devoted children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. She shares the esteem and honor as she shared in all the purpose and effort of our Chief.

Probably few business men engaged as Mr. Lindsay was in the work of wholesale distribution, banking, insurance and other commercial duties would have undertaken and finished a task requiring such prolonged and painstaking care. The secret of his success, however, lay in an untiring love. It was the dearness of his own kin and his sure sense of family honor, hidden deep in the heart and running through both privation in the early years and prosperity in the later that put into permanent form a thousand memories which, had they faded out with his passing, would have left the Clan with less than its rightful inheritance.

This book, therefore, means that the descendants of the Clan for generations to come will feel the high challenge here so modestly set forth and will always have a shrine at which to pledge fidelity and from which to gather strength to carry on in like spirit.

Perhaps it was because of his love of kin that Mr. Lindsay reached out in similar fashion to bless many other groups. The blind, the aged, the unfortunate, the negro, the youth seeking education, these were all included in his larger family. No wonder that he was chosen as President of the Milwaukee Young Men's Christian Association and of the State Association; as President of the Baptist State Convention for twenty years and President of the Board of Trustees of Wayland Academy.

The confidence placed in his judgment by his business associates is indicated by his many positions of trust. In addition to his duties as President of Lindsay Brothers, he was a Director of the Marine National Bank and the Milwaukee Gas Light Company and a Trustee of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company for twenty five years. These are but a few of the positions of honor which he held.

Individuals sought him out continually for counsel when in perplexity or trouble. Such men as Jacob Riis and Booker T. Washington confided in him recognizing the worth of that clear judgment that was not measured by the few years of actual schooling but rather by a lifetime of alert and friendly interest in all things human.

Mr. Lindsay claimed no uncommon merit, but ascribed his attitude toward his fellowmen to his mother's training and to his own attempt to follow the Man of Galilee. He was a large-minded Christian who, while co-operating with his own denomination, was at the same time entirely above bigotry and sectarianism. His life was one of beauty and blessing, of strength and tenderness and of success that brought only good to all concerned.

America may have offered much to the immigrant Scotch family, but it was much of hardship as well as of opportunity. Hard work, good sense, thrift, integrity and godliness made the history here recorded. It is the history of a family, a sample of the rock foundation upon which national greatness must rest.

ALLAN HOBEN.

*Kalamazoo, Michigan,
January, 1925.*

Foreword



FOR some time my children and grandchildren have urged me to write for preservation among them a record of my early life and of the experiences of our family, incident to their emigration from Scotland to America, and their settlement in Wisconsin.

This would naturally lead to inclusion of family history, antedating the departure of my father and mother from their native land, and the causes which prompted them to do so. Our children should also know something of the nobility and strength of character of those whose name we bear, and the inheritance into which we have entered. While of the common people whom Lincoln said the Lord loved—they were of true nobility in all that enters into character and purpose, and they have left to their descendants an inheritance far more to be desired than riches and earthly titles.

I am indebted to my wife, Celia, and to my grandchildren, Ruth and Robert, for valuable assistance in preparing the manuscript for the printer and to all who contributed letters and other information.

E. J. LINDSAY.

*Milwaukee, Wisconsin
November, 1924*

CHAPTER I.

The Founders of the Family



THE name Lindsay in Scottish History first appears about the beginning of the 12th Century. In 1133, the records show that Walter and William de Lindsay, the sons of Baldrick de Limesay of England, were given large tracts of land in Scotland. Their father's name, it will be noticed, is spelled in different manner from their own. This is accounted for by the fact that he was of those who came over with William the Conqueror, the Norman, in 1086, and the spelling of the name was in accordance with that of their native land. Of these two brothers, Walter died without issue, and the Clan therefore may be said to have its origin with the brother William. From this time forward, the Lindsays were prominent in the history of Scotland. Among their number were men of standing in all the walks of life, in governmental service as soldiers and statesmen, and in positions of less prominence. One of the earliest poets and religious reformers in Scotland was Sir David Lindsay of The Mount, Lord Lion King at Arms to King James the Fifth. He was, says a writer of *The Lives of the Scottish Poets*, a man of "elegant tastes and grand ideas, was as great a philosopher as he was a poet, a detestor of abuses and prejudices, and the secret projector of some of the most important improvements which soon after took place in the condition of his country."

Miss Margaret Lindsay in her volume "*Lindsays of America*" says:

"The Scottish Lindsays were loyal subjects and lordly chieftains, upholding rank and style at one period in Scotland, second only to the Royal Family; they won distinction as soldiers, statesmen, cabinet ministers, ambassadors and clergymen. Their alternations of fortune as given in the lives of the Lindsays is at once striking and romantic. It is evident they played an important part in the history of Scotland."

We shall not attempt, however, to generalize in our record, but deal with those to whom we bear relationship.

Our grandfather, ("ane godly, honest man," as the tombstone tells us) James Lindsay, Dundee, Scotland, was a manufacturer and ship owner. He is supposed to have come to Dundee from the Land of the Lindsays—at Brechan or Edzell, where the ruins of

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Edzell castle still remain, a landmark of the ancient possessions of the Clan. He was wont to tell his children of his first visit to Dundee, when as a boy he was sent to market with a sack of barley carried across the back of his horse. He built a small house (still standing) No. 80 Bell Street, Dundee, which he occupied, the upper story as his home, while on the lower floor was his four-loomed weaving shop. In this house was our father born January 10th, 1798, and in the shop below, he learned the trade of a weaver. To our grandfather and his wife, Janet Ramsey, of whom we know but little, save that she was a prudent, thrifty woman who cared well for her family, children were born in the following order:

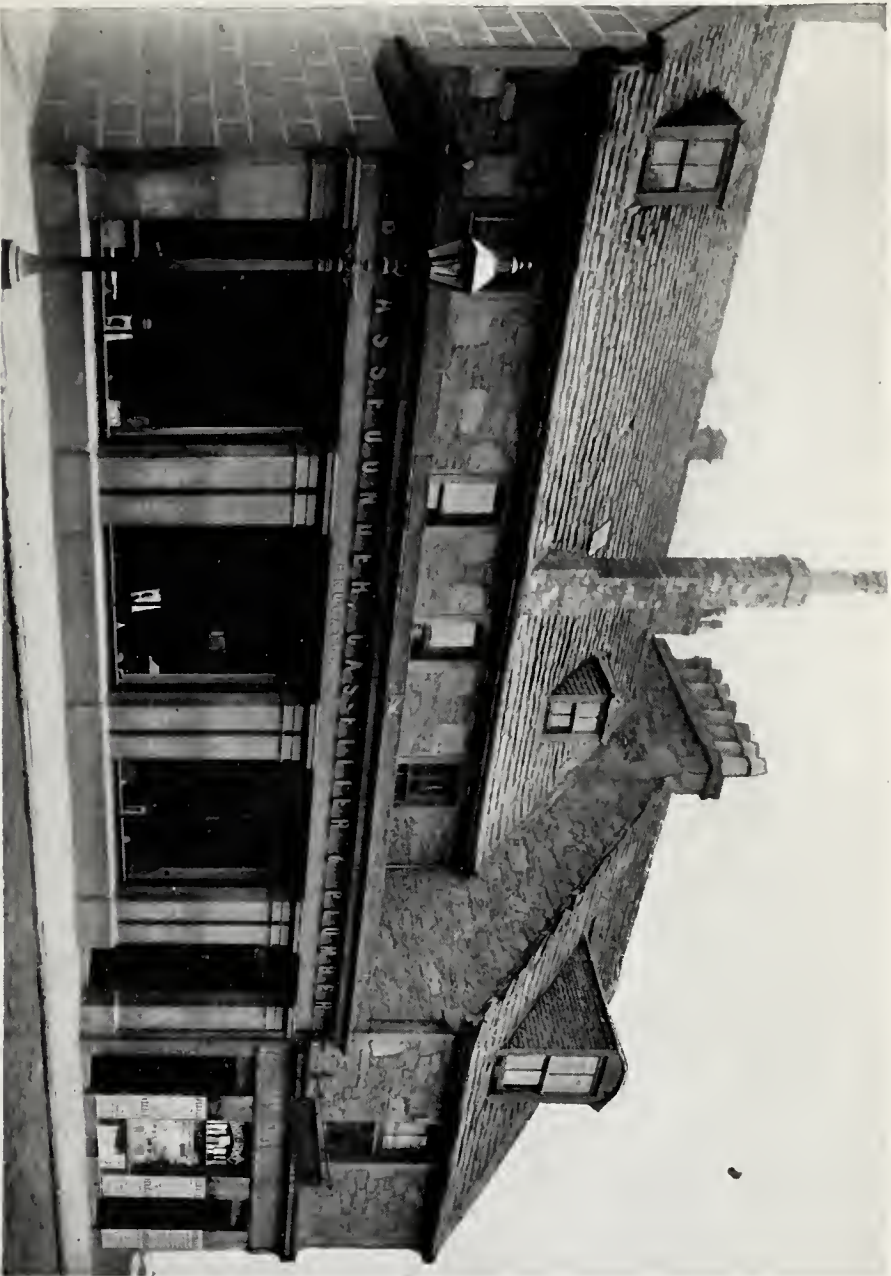
MARGARET, who married William McGavin, a flax and yarn merchant, also a ship owner. To them were born four sons, of whom none married, and five daughters, only one of whom married.

JESSIE, who married Alexander Brown, a shipmaster who sailed the Brig Verdant of Dundee, principally owned by the family. She accompanied her husband on most of his voyages, visiting nearly all the principal seaports of the world. They died leaving no children.

DAVID LINDSAY, our father.

ELIZABETH, who married Rev. Malcolm McLean. To them were born four sons and one daughter.

ANNE, who married Henry Henderson, leather manufacturer of Dundee. To them were born three sons and two daughters. Of two of this family, James and Francis, because of personal acquaintance, I am able to write more at length. The business of their father was carried on, and largely expanded by his sons after his death. The eldest son, James Henderson, married Anne Stephens, a noble woman loved and honored by all who knew her. To them were born five sons and three daughters. Of the sons, the eldest—Stephen—died in childhood, while four, James, Robert, George and Frederick, left important and responsible positions in civil and public life at the opening of the terrible war, which so lately convulsed Europe, to serve their country as officers in the army. The eldest daughter, Anne, was for some years associated in the management of a young ladies' school at Craigmount, near Edinburgh. The second, Henrietta, is the wife of Dr. Edard Moss Corner, F. R. C. S., an eminent surgeon in London, and officially connected with one of the largest hospitals in that city. He also oc-



BIRTHPLACE OF DAVID LINDSAY

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cupies a prominent position on the medical staff of the British Army. His wife, qualified by a thorough training as a nurse, and with unusual natural gifts fitting her for such service, was officially connected with the Red Cross work in Britain and France. The youngest daughter, Isabel, was also in the service of her country as a trained nurse in one of the hospitals in France. In connection with the service rendered by these four brothers as officers in the British Army and their preparation for it, it is fitting to quote from a letter written to me by their father March 1st, 1906. In speaking of his sons he says:

"My boys are all very loyal—James is Lieutenant Colonel commanding the Second Highland Brigade Royal; Robert, a captain in the Field Artillery, and Fred, a Lieutenant in the same Brigade while George is a corporal in the Mounted Blacks in Edinburgh."

Thus, long before their country called them, were they unwittingly fitting themselves for the responsible places they were to fill. Their mother died soon after her husband wrote the letter from which I have quoted. Her pastor in speaking of her death paid the following tribute to the excellence of her character:

"It is fitting that some mention should be made from this pulpit of the great loss this Church has sustained by the death of Mrs. Henderson. There is no department of church work but will be the weaker because of her removal. Nowhere, perhaps, will she be more missed than in our Mission Church district. For many years her influence has been felt for good among the families of Dudhope Crescent. Her visits and kindly gifts were greatly appreciated and her advice most helpful. There are many who will bless her memory for years to come."

Another good object to which Mrs. Henderson gave unstinted service was the London Missionary Society. She was an honored Director of the Society, and in that capacity made many visits to the Directors' Meetings in London.

Nor was Mrs. Henderson's good work confined to her own Church and denomination. She was the friend and lover of all good causes. The charitable work of the town had in her an ever ready helper; the Young Woman's Christian Association a friend and worker; the temperance cause a consistent advocate.

January 1st, 1910, the Dundee Advertiser, the leading newspaper of the city, in speaking of the death of our cousin, James Hen-

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derson (who survived his wife about four years), and of his long honorable career as one of the leading merchants and manufacturers of the city for more than half a century, alluded to his philanthropic spirit as follows:

“He applied himself almost exclusively to business. Along with his wife, however, he interested himself to a considerable extent in philanthropic work. He was associated with, and took a leading part in the administration of the Charity Organization Society, the Institution for the Blind, and the Industrial Schools Society, and served on the Directorate of Dundee Royal Infirmary. In politics he was a liberal Unionist and was Vice President of the local Association. A life-long member of Ward Chapel, he held the office of deacon for over forty years. Upright in all his business dealings and unostentatious, he was highly respected in a wide circle. He is survived by four sons and three daughters.”

The youngest son, Francis Henderson, married Helen Scroggie, the favorite niece of the eloquent preacher, George Gilfillan, and to them were born five sons and four daughters. Two of their sons came to the United States and engaged in farming. The rest are in various cities in England and Scotland. In the early years of his active life, Francis, for a time, was associated with his brother James in the business left them by their father, but later gave his attention to public interests. He was influential in the reformation of municipal affairs in his native city, and became one of the most efficient members of the city government in suggesting and carrying out civic improvements which transformed and modernized the old slow-going Scotch city. Later he identified himself with national affairs and in 1880 was sent to London as a Liberal member of Parliament. He was a warm admirer of Gladstone and an active supporter of that great statesman. He died July 21, 1889, in his fifty-third year, having spent his life largely in the service of his city and country.

To return to our grandfather, we have but little authentic information about him save that given by himself in an account of a journey he made to London in 1802, which is preserved in the original little diary in which he made the record, and which is still in our possession. This quaint literary production was published some years ago in one of the Dundee papers. It is an interesting picture of the conditions existing at the beginning of the last century. It also reveals the dominant characteristics of the writer in such an unmistakable manner it seems worthy of preservation in this family

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history,—so I will transfer it from the Dundee paper with its editorial introduction, to these pages. I might say in this connection that grandfather, in addition to being a “small manufacturer” as described by the editor, was interested in the fleet of whaling vessels that were owned and went out from Dundee with good profit to those interested in them. When in Dundee in 1907, I visited the house he built, No. 80 Bell Street, and found it in a state of good preservation. Before starting on this journey, his will was made, providing carefully for disposition of his property in the event of his death while absent. The following is his journal, with preface by the editor:

“James Lindsay, who wrote the “Journal” of his visit to London, as given below, was a small manufacturer in Dundee (there were no large ones then), at the end of last century and beginning of this one. He was “ane godly honest man”, as the tombstones have it, a sometime member of the Scotch Baptist Church and of the West Port Independents (now Ward Chapel). He built the small house No. 80 Bell Street, now the shop of Mr. Nucator, Brass-founder. He occupied the upper part as dwelling house, entering by the stair at the back, while the ground floor was his four-loomed weaving shop. The open space at the rear of the house was used as a drying ground for his yarns. It was studded with tall posts with projecting arms, on which the yarn “bomes” were placed. In front of his modest house the “Meadows” stretched its green sward, not then polluted by stone and lime erections, but used as a lounge and promenade by citizens, respectable and otherwise; a playground for children, and, above all, the scene of all sundry washings and bleachings, for which its numerous wells gave plentiful supply. It was, moreover the happy grazing ground for carters’ horses on the Sundays, where they could eat and forget their miseries; while some wilder ones would even kick up their heels in irreligious canters at the close of that day of rest.

He came to Dundee, from the Land of the Lindsays, Brechin or Edzell way, and he used to tell his children that his first visit to Dundee was as a youth, coming to market with a sack of barley, brought across a horse’s back. He had his ups and downs in his small business way, but being a plodding, industrious man, he ultimately succeeded. Traveling was then rarer and costlier than now, and it is probable that his journeys seldom went farther than the Plash Mills of Dichty Water; but in the short peace of 1802, he

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was moved to undertake the fearsome venture of a voyage to London, whereof he has left us a very simple and natural record of his feeling and experiences.

It is given here almost "verbatim et literatim". The spelling, it will be noticed, is more than peculiar. Correctness in this was not universal in his day, but we fear that he rather exceeded the fashion in his license of originality. Tradition has it that, when remonstrated with by his family as to his careless spelling, he calmly fell back on his use and wont saying "he never was a speller". His use of capitals is equally unique. Rules did not bind him. The only rule he seems to have observed is that of the Cockney with his "H" 's, leave them out where they should be, and put them in where they ought not to be. As to punctuation, he would none of it. Commas, colons, periods, he knew them not. These we have felt compelled to supply for the reader's ease, but the little passbook in which his feelings are recorded, anciently blue in cover and yellow in its leaves, reveals in spite of all deficiencies the soul of a righteous man, vexed by the brutality and the profanity which continuous wars engender in the people's minds. He slept with his fathers over 70 years ago. Here follows the old chronicle written in 1802.

"In the cabin of the Dundee Company's ship, Lord Duncan, Alexander Ross, Master, in which ship I have this day taken my passage to London, for the express purpose of seeing a beloved brother which I have not seen these 19 years. This day being Sabbath, 18th Aprill, my wife and children have accompanied me to the ship. My Brother Tom and other much respected friends have accompanied me to the ferry. They are just now gone. It is now half four o'clock afternoon, and my mind is filled with sensations concerning my family. I have Left them well; but have I now taken Leave of them for the last time? What in the providence of God may befall them till I return? Shall Death make its inroads among my Tender infants, or Shall I find them on my return motherless Children and my Self a widow, or may I be called to appear before the Greate Juge and never more see my family till we meet before the greate white Throne? I find some such thoughts as these pressing much upon me.

It is now quit an hour since my friends left me. I am passing the lights of Tay. I find no appearance of sickness. I am struck by seeing the objects on Shore fleeing from me with swift rapidity. A striking emblem of all Created Comforts, and my own experience tells me thair is a thorn in thair fairest rose. Thair is one of the passengers a most abandon swearer. He is constantly blaspheming. I have admonished this wratch

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for swaring; he repels my admonition with oaths. I have been obliged to go upon Dek in the time of Tea for Sickness. I soon gett better. The women is very sickley. I am afraid to go to bed. I think I shall be sick. It is now 7 o'clock.

Monday morning 19th I ris at 5, I have not Slept aney at all: I gave up my bed to a woman with two children. I have taken the one below it. I have hard the water rolling past me all night and the people on Deck working the vessel. I am pretty well, have not been sick nor spewed aney. I am pointed to Berwick and the mouth of the Tweed. I am quit of it and see the hills of England with much snow is on them. Severall Ships are in view. It is now 10, and we are not making aney way. I still see the hills as at 5. I have taken breakfast pretty well, but find myself uncomfortable, being Chillie and cold. Greate swearing in conversation. The wind is just against us.

Tuesday Morning, 20th. I have hade Since yesterday at 10 a most terrible sickness and up Throwing. I could not stay upon Deck after morning, neither could I take any meat. The wind was high and the vessel making greate motions. I told Mr. Ross his house was Craking as if it would all go to pieces. He lafs at me at one time. I am alarmed by a greate noise. I then heard every one running, and Mr. Ross swearing dreadfully. I look up and see the Lee Side almost in the water. None is alarmed but me. All the women are spewing. Thair is now a greate smell in the Cabine. I do not stay much in it. I have slept well Last night, and I am quite well to Day. We are of the Yourke Shire Cost. I see the Town of Whitby, some fishing boats, and 7 Coilers in Sight. The morning is Reany, and no wind, and the sea is calm. I take Breakfast well. We Live High.

I am shocked to See a Covered table full of Luxires, and no Blessing axed, nor no accnoulegement of the god that feeds us; but if the name of god is mentioned it is praying Damnation on som precious Soul. I think if the master were a Religious man he might Do much good in preventing Blaspheming. I am noticed writing much, but none Disturbs me. I could be happy hade I some frind to converse with, but none I find here is Disposed to Enter into my feelings. It is now 10. The day is fair and pleasant. I think of what my friends at home will be about. I find much Easiness on account of the Comfortable way I have left my affairs, as I am not harrassed by fearing they will suffer on my absence. It is now 4 o'clock. I am all this day in perfect health. We pass Robin hood's Bay, have made but Little way all Day, not yet past York Shire. A number of ships in sight; it is now near 7. I see with the glass Scarburgh Castle. Mr. Ross tells me we have not made 20 miles since 7 O'clock morning. We have hade all passengers at Tea for the first time at table.

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Wednesday, 21, 7 o'clock. The morning is fine, and all around is Crowded with Ships. It is realey a pleasant sight. I am in perfect health, and just near Flamborow Head. All the Coast is Chalk, and the sun Beating on it is a fine Sight. A pleasant gale, and all agreeable. I am entertained by seeing the Salyors start at orders Like Soldyars on Duty. I have had some conversation with John Niel, Brother-in-Law to John Wedderburn, Camno, aboutt swearing, he is not quite so Bade and is very helpfull to all. I divert myself this Day in viewing with the Glass the numerous Ships passing around us. It is 4 o'clock; we are at the Humber—just half-way. I have just now fallen acquaint with a Miss Morrison from Dundee, a passenger. She is a Religious Like woman. I find She knows here Bible; she is always reading.

Thursday, 22, 4 o'clock afternoon. I have had 24 hours' Sickness and up-throwing, all hands have been on deck the most of the night. The motion of the Shipec has been greater than Ever. I find I am always well when the Shipec goes before the wind, but badley when other ways. The fore parts of the Shipec has been under water; the bow sprit, I am told, was going like a willow. We are close in with the Norfolk Coast, and I can see with the glass the towns and houses.

Friday morning 23. I am quite well to Day. The wind fair, and the morning fine. I am told we have made a greate way last night. The sea is mudie on account of the Banks. I see a town near as we are on the Suffolk Coast. 11 o'clock we are near Halborough. It is a pretty town. I see with the glass the people walking. The houses are mostly tile roofed. I should like to go ashore here. There are a number of Lighthouses and windmills. This Day we are all in high spirits.

A young Lady, after hearing the object of my journey, told me She would Like to See my Enterview with my Brother. The Sea is crowded with vessels. It is most pleasant. Miss Morrison is always on here Bible. 2 o'clock all hands are called up, and I axe the reason. I am told none is now allowed to sleep nor be off Deck till we are at London, the passage being Dangerous. I am much struck on seeing the multitude of ships of all Descriptions Crowding around us. We pass The Nore this Evening at 8. The Saylor came down to call us up to see it, as their parquisite was then Dew. We Lamented it was dark and could see nothing but the Lights.

Saturday morning, 24, 4 o'clock. I am called up in passing Graves End. Here a multitude of objects Brake in upon me. Everything is strange. The India Ships, the Beautiful River and Country on each side, the lowness of the ground

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on Essex Side, it being lower than the surface of the water, all attracts my notice. Half after 5 we ancor a little above Graves End, the wind and tide being against us. I walk the Deck and Look around with keenness. It is now that Every one knows I keep a Journal. They point me to the Body of a man hanging in irons near us. The morning is fine and clear. I am much delighted in gazing about, but I think on my family, how they are all this morning, and also impatient to see my Brother, being now near him.

It is now 8. What a pleasant place is this! I have eaten beef and biscot, and Drunk Beer before Breakfast. I find now I have got an appetite; and my feeling are now keen, for I am within 25 miles of my brother. 11 o'clock, weing ancor. What a multitude of vessels are now in sight passing up the River. I look keenly on every object. I am struck with the number of Small Boats which I could see sweeping around. I am struck particularly in passing Close under the Stern of an East India Countray Shipe just leaving, and manned with Moors. It is 8 times as large as our Dundee Brigs. The poor Black Creatures are all at work, all singing out a strange Dealouge. A Black officer is going about with a whip keeping them all at work. The shipe carries 64 guns. We are now near Woulwick, and a pilot comes aboard. I put a great number of questions to the Saylor, and they answer me with frankness. I see the top of St. Paul's. I call upon one of the saylors to stand by me and point out anything curious. I cannot now write in the Cabine, as all the passengers are wanting to see my book.

Half past 2, and I am passing Woulich. I see the Convicks at work, and the hulks where they lodge, and the trained Solgars on Sentry over them. It is all strange to me, wherever I Look. We pass on, and I see a number of shipp of war Laid up. I cannot now Discrib half of what I see. Some bodies in Irons by the River Side. Grinwick hospatable is particularly grand, the first building in Europe Saide to be. I see a multitude of its pensioners. It is Elagant beyond Discription. The Ships of Different nations hase their place about the harbour; they are to numeras, we can hardly pass them for several miles. They are crowded together. The water men employed in Conducting vessels up are numerous, and numbered, as our porters are. They go upon the River with their boats ready to carry a person where they please, and give any assistance to land at the warf. At 5 Mr. Ross's brother-in-law gets me ashore, and fins a porter that conducts me to my brother's house.

My feelings now are singulare. I Come to the door, his wife axes if it is me, for they know of my Coming. I Do not attend to surrounding objects, but when I Come to the

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house I gaze keenly on Everything, for I am now writing at my Brother's fire Side. He being at work, his wife goes with me to him. He comes and Catches up me by the hands. I am now Confused, and I think within my Self, this is not he. My heart is big, and the Tears flows. He Desires me to Sit Down by him. I sit about 10 minutes, while he is always Speaking, I do not mind what. At last I say, you are not the man I want! Yes, James, replies he, I am your brother. I may here say this is the most interesting sein as to this worald Ever I met with, for I never would have known him nor him me, I being but a youth when I last saw him, and he hase had much Distress, which had altred him much; but when I attentively Examined his face I thought I knew his fatures. I got my Trunk.

It is now 8 on Saturday, and my Brother is not com hom. I look around me in the house, and I find it clean and genteel, more so than I Expected. It is a fare prettier house than mine, and by fare genteeler furniture. His wife is an Eldrey woman. I cast my thoughts on my family, and finds what a greate Transition of place. I never yet had my Clouths of since I put them on in my own house, and never till now wase I scarce 40 miles from the place I was born, and now I am several hundreds of miles, and in a strange place; but blessed be God in perfect health. But think, O think, my soul! This is nothing to the Solemn moment when thou Shall leave this mortal frame and in a moment find they Self in the world of Spirits. O! that I hade this more in mind! My Brother comes home about 9. His feelings are somewhate singulare. He knows not what to Do with me. We take Supper and Converses a little. I cannot, however, be long out of bed. I bed at 11 in a Comfortable one as Ever I was in my Life, and Sleeps well. My Brother Calls me at 7.

Sabbath, 25th. My brother asks me many questions about our friend and the country. We go in the forenoon to a place of worship—Bulbrey Gardins. Mr. Kniyght, a Scots minister, under the Controll of a Presbetrey. He begins with prayer, Reading the Scriptures, and singing hymns. Thair is about 80 old well Dressed People, mostly Scots. I see about 35 Boyes come in Rank with thair Governor. They are all dressed alike, and attends well. They are Charity Children. The minister Lectures from Acts 16, verses 16 to 27. I do not think he Does Justice to this portion of God's word, by what he spoke. I thought he has a just vew of the gospell, but weake in abilities. We apoint in the intervall this Evening for Religious Conversation. In the afternoon we go to Little Prescott Street, Mr. Booth's Chapel. I heare an Excellent Sermon from a Mr. Tomas. The singing is chanting, and the text Timothy, 4 and 8. Here a Display of Gospell Truth is brought forward with warmth and affection, and altho I find with the

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greate Body thair is no Sabbath, yet the gossell is proclaimed, and where that is the case, I am Sure Souls will be Saved. We spend the Evening in Reading the Scriptures, and here I enters closely with my Brother, and with much freedom we converse together on Divine Truth.

26, Monday morning, 10 o'clock. We are just now going to take a tour throu London. One o'clock. I am this moment on the Tope of St. Paul's. What immence place is this. I see the aboads of at last 2 millions of human beings. I see the people as small attoms mouving about. I go round and gaze. I see as far as my Sight can go. One would think thair were no streets, nor ought but closely Built houses. I think within my Self what a sein of wickedness is committed. It is afull to think that an omnicient God Sees it all, and knows the Dreadful abomination that is here committed. I am more than an hour in going throu the various parts of this Edifice. I go to the Tour. This is highly entertaining. The horse and foot armourey is arranged as appeared to me Dazeling: indeed, our Guide told us thair was at least 220,000 Compleat stand of arms, and more was expected on account of the peace. I thought, now, what an instance of human Dipravity! When shall the time arrive when these shall for ever be Laid aside? A greate Deall of Cannon, one from Malta of singulare workmanshipe, Mons Mege also. I do not go to see the wild Beasts, as they or such like, may be often seen at home.

We next go to the Royal Exchange. Here I Can Distin-guse a varity of Langugess. A greate multitude of Commercial men is assembled here. We go to a publick-house. I write home. The post-office Surprises me; the Letters for all nations have Each a particular place of in-putting, and a Direction over it. We go to the monument. I Examine it attentively. We pass on to London bridge, and see the Ingines that Lifts the water out of the River to supply the Town. My ideas Can not Comprehend the one half of what I have Seen to-Day; and it is singular, Especially at St. Paul's. A number of foreiners was thair, whose Lauguage I knew nothing of. From the Bridge we Come hom by the river Side. Ships of Different nations was thair; some Liviring various Sorts of goods. The warfs we view attentiveley, and gets hom about 8. My Brother is mutch fatigued, but not me.

Tuesday, 27, 11 o'clock. We have this Day Come up by water near westminster Bridge. It rains. We go to a publick house. O, What swearing is here! We intend to view the west End of the town. We Read the newes, and takes a pint of porter. I think this day on my family and friends. I now would Like to be home. I think of those monsters who Deserts thair Familys. It is still reaning, which Dis-apoints us much, as we Can hardly go without Doors. We

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Converse for 2 hours about our family affairs, and what passed when my Brother was in Dundee. We go to the house of Commons. The members is coming in. We are told we cannot be admitted, and then go to westminster abbey. Here I am much Disappointed. To Every admirer of the fine arts this place is very interesting, but I find Little to attrack me much, although the monuments is very grand, and Cost many Thousands. The most notted Characters Recorded in the history of this Countrey is here, in waxwork in Real Lickness, some of the Kings in Real Robs; a stone from Scotland, Scoon; and many things, no Doubt worthey of notice. Ah, thinks I, my Bible tells me the Righteous shall be in Everlasting Remembrance, but they need not such things as these to perpetuate their memory. I therefore Consider this as altogether a vain show, although maney Divises in marbel is to be seen.

We pass Westminster bridge and go near 2 miles South, the Surrey side. I See Some wagons with barrels with 8 horses, much Like our hay Loads. The wagon horses here is Larger than any I have Seen at home (I should have noticed that I saw in the tour yesterday, the instrument wherwith Coln. Gardner was killed and an ax that beheaded maney notted men.) We gett home about 7, much wet and Dirty. I mean to go again to Westminster, for it is thair I find the Chief grander. This place where we Live, is a Dirty place, and nothing Currious is to be seen.

Wednesday, 28. We go this morning to Limhouse; we next go to view the Docks; next we go and take a Boat at Blackwall to Woulich. It is interesting to see so many instruments of slaughter. Thousands of cannon of all kinds, and piles of shott as mountains. The place is Beautiful, and Large green parks, greate maney Artillery, fine men: We could not find axes (access) to go near the Covicts; onley our water man pulls us near them. I see them Distinctly at work, both sees and hears thair Chains. I have now been Round the hulks where they Live; sees Multituds, walking with Chains. Lands at Blackwall, and comes home throu many fine grass filds with Cattle feeding. I have Seen to Day fruiet trees in full Blossom. I think the Season is 5 or 6 weeks in advance of them at home. Sees some fine Chapels and Buildings, and gets home about 8 much fatigued. My Brother Tells me he never saw so much of London altho he hase been 23 years in it. We have both got a gentile Dinner Today for one Shilling.

Thursday, 29. At 8 we go west throu the Middle of the Citey, throu Temple Bare to Somersete House. Walks Round views the Different offices. The Buildings are Superb and grand. From thince to St James park, walks up to Queen's

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pallace; sees, the king set of in a post chaise and 4, attended by some Light Horsemen. Not near enough to see his features. Come Down the park, and sees the guards at parade; thence to Charine Cross to see the poresesion proclaiming peace. It is grande. The Croude is Immince; more so thin I Ever Saw. Views st Jameses Palace, Charleton House, princes of Wales palace, and from thence throu the Green park to hide Park corner.

To Oxford Street to see the French ambasonder's house. Here is Something grander than I have yet Seen in London. The Illuminations are Striking. It is allowed thair never was the Like in London. The Crowd all Day has been greate; Carriages coming mirely to see it. The house is 4 storries; Eighteen Thousand Lamps of Various Colours and grand Divices. I go Close to the Door, and Sees the Servants. It cost £ 2000. We com doun the Largest Streets in London. We think all London is mouving in one hugg Bodie to see it. We Leave it at 8, and comes home throu the verey heart of the Citey. Sees the Illuminations of the Bank, the Lord Mayor's house, India House, &c.; but none is Nearly Equall, altho maney grand Devices with Lamps and paintings. We get home before 11 after Trailing, as we think, upwards of 40 miles, much fatigued.

Friday 30th. I have seen a woman going throu the Streets; 2 Large Cows following here Like Dogs. She is Calling out "Milk from the Cow". I also saw a Lutsey Salyor with a gentiell Lady alongside; She was weeping much; I am struck at the fellow not attending to her in the Least. I have Severall times passed throu Rosemarey Lane, where the Jews sell Cloaths; also seen maney of them thrau the toun. I have attended to them as much as I could. When we Stopped in the Least a number of them was urging us to buy something; some hase Beards and some not, according to their Tribs. A', I See in these poor Creturs an afull instance of the Divine displeasure. Thair is something in thair Countenance Stricking. Indeed, I have marked them out to my Brother. He told me I was Right even those who hade no Beard; and by what I have seen it is proof Sufficient of the truth of the Divine Record hade we no other. The Divine Threatening by Moses is in them affuley Displayed. O' when shall their obstinacy be overCome and these objects of wretchedness Become Trofyes of Divine grace!

Saturday, 1st May. We this Day go to Limehouse. Brother, takes me to a publick house here where thair is a number of Strange things Seen, we Drinking a pint of beer. I am this moment in it. What a Strange Sight! Birds and fishes Stuffed as Life, Shirks, and Crockedels, sea monsters of various kinds which my Brother Explains. The master of this

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house is a strange fellow; he hase it fortified on the Top with artificeall guns, and a pretty flage is flying. Were aney of my acquaintences Coming to London I Should wish them to Come here, so they would see Something Strange at the Sign is a Black horse in whyte house street, Steptney. I have seen a pretty pressision to Day, going to the Church Close by my Brother's house, of Boys and girles all in uniform with Badges. I Canot write all the Storie but I have been Entertained by its Explanation. It is anuelly the 1st May. One of the girles drawes a ticket in vewe of marrage, if the husband is aprouved of, She gets £ 100.

I, this afternoon, buys some Tea and Small Artickles. I find here the Merchants of Carracter deal upon honour. I have seen a dog drawing a thing like our Large Barrou, full of Beef. Thair may be in them 20 stone of Meat. The Beast, harnessed Like a horse, goes below the Cart. A man goes Behind Directing it on the Street. My Brother Tells me this is common here. I am now to pack up my trunk for the shipe. To-morrow, God willing, I intend to be on the way home, the which I am now Longing to be. I find I could not stay Longer with aney pleasure at all. At 7 o'clock I have been Doun with my Trunk, my Brother with me. I am now to return, Blessed be God, to my friends and family. I hope I shall be Instructed by what I have seen here. Here I find Satan's Seat is, and I find that a Child of God is Exposed to more Self Dinayal then with us. The working on the Lord's Day, which is Comon to Tradesmen here, is not so at home. O! Blessed be God that Ever my Lot was in Dundee! My Brother Laments much that his Busnes Called him from home. O! that I were made to prise my privledges more!

I have seen severall weamon of the Toun. I have seen too much at home to be much surprised. This moment 2 of them come in to my Brother's house to Drink a little vinegar to Sober them from Drink. He keeping a shop. He told me they would now be more capible to follow thair wickedness. I think on the Ratts that occasionley pest me at home—when they Tast of asnick which I Lay for them, they disert me for a time. A! but here those objects of human wretchedness Drink of poison worse than asnick without Remorse. I re-joice that my Bible Tells me of the woman of Samaria, as Bade as these, becoming an instance of the pour of Divine Grace. I have been in Severall Publick-houses; and I have heard much Blaspheming; my Ears have been stunned with Dreadful oaths, not Comon in the place where I Live. I have hade some Drink and Conversation with some of my Town's Mas-ons. I have had pleasure in Talking with them. They are sober people and Laments with me the Dreadfull abominations that is here to be seen practised.

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Sabbath morning, 2nd May. One of my Brother's Lodgers tells me what principal he is—he says all mankind Shall at Last be happy. I finde he considars himself a Religious man, but in my opinion he is in a dreadful Delusion. He talks much from Scripture. I Do not say much. Blessed be God, I Belive what this man Deneyes. I have this Day been at a place of Worship, as on Sabbath Last afternoon, Have heard an Excellent Lecture from Rom. 7, verses 5 and 6, by Mr. Booth. Were I to Stay in London I should frequent this Chapel. The house was thin, mostley of working people. I saw about 60 Children which they call Sabbath School Children. They are collected 2 hours before public worship; but I find Religious Instruction is but partley attended to. The girles and Boyes are Separately seated, and old people seated along with them, which keeps them quiet. I am happy to find thair is much attention to the young in London. We have plumb pudding to Dinner, and I take Lave of my Sister-in-Law. My Brother accompanied me to the Shipe at 2 o'clock, where I find my Toun's men waiting for me. We only get to Limehouse about a mile down, where the ancor gets foul of a Chain in the River, where my Brother goes ashore. I take an affecsonate Leave of him. I find him more affected then when I denied him at meeting to be my Brother. We are to Lay here all this tide.

Monday morning. I am much impatient to be home. I find I shall not be Comfortable. A greate number of passengers, seamen and officers of the Navey, Some Ladieys, &c. I am concerned that we are Likley to have a Longe passage. We are aground again in the Thames at 8 o'clock. Till 2 afternoon, I go ashore on the South Side Country of Kent, those gentlemen, which I consider so, goes also. I am Shey to Enterduce myself in their Company till they Call me. I spend the forenoon in the Country along with them. We have Drink and Everything. The Salyors have got much money, and my Copers are not minded at all. I am much Entertained to Day. The officers swears not so much as some of the hands which we have with us. I put on a pretty good English Tounge. I am struck that I understood it better.

I am entertained to find some of my neabours and acquaintinces once Lazi weavers in Dundee, now Capitill officers in the navie and have their half-pay. They attend much to me. I dine with them and have plentey of fine Drink. They are curious fellious. 2 of them have dogs from Egypt and pices of Pompis Pillar. We came to the Shore at 2 makes a signall which is ansured and a Boat comes. Mr Ross axes for me when we come aBourd. The Shipe weighes ancor, and passes along the Riveer. I am now noticed at my Journal. 7 o'clock. I now find these men are Bade Companey; they have swore and Drunk all afternoon.

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Tuesday, 4 May. We are at ancor of Schierness. I am verely unComfortable and impatient to be home, altho well and living high. 2 o'clock. We are still at ancor. A Leut. Mather of the navey, a polite gent, hase entertained me with showing his Commission and other papers; some curiositeys from Egypt. I am Diverted in finding a young officer Returning to his frinds, named Jas. Lindsay.

Thursday, 6. I have had 2 days severe Sickness and vomiting, the wind being right against us, and being much at ancor. I am scarce I day's sail from London this evening. I Expected to be home. I am bad in health. I am therefore Compleatly uncomfortabley. Hade I Known the Case I have been in, and am now, I surely should not Left home without Reall neassectey. None I think needs go to Sea for pleasure.

Friday morning, 8 o'clock, we pass Yearmouth, 3 miles Distance. I Distinctly See with the Glass, the toun, the people waslking, the Churches, &c. Severall boats come of with fruit, Bread, Spirits, &c., our people buyes a greate Deal as we have maney. I think they Charge high. I am perficktley well to-Day; the only time I have been so since I Left London. The wind being now fair, we hope to be home on Sabbath. Last night conversed with the Sea-Officers much. I was surprised when they showed me the Artickles of war, one was Express against Swearing. They Entertained me by shewing how they Cook without fire. They Boil water and friyes cheese with Spirits. They use much freedom with the Ship's stocks (stores) more so thin I should Like to do. I wonder how the Captain is not offended. We are not near Yearmouth on Coming up. Severall ships of ware is here.

4 o'clock afternoon. I think if ever I witnessed aney thing of the Infernall Pitt upon Earth, it is here among these wretches that is now floating with me on the Surface of the greate Deep. O, my Soul! come not thou in thair secret; into thair assembly, be not thou united! O, what monuments of the forbearance of God are these Monsters! Half-past 7. I am this moment on Deck. Never since I left my friends was I sencible of being out of the Sight of Land till now. I Look around me, and see nothing but an Immence ocean unless a few Sails at a Distance. Lett me mind that I am hastning to a state when no bounds, nor calculations, nor Eternity it self, shall End my Existence, and this Soul of mine shall Endure forever and forever.

Saturday is a fine warm agreeable Day, and a gentle breeze in our favour. It is as pleasant as I could be on Shore. I am, however, so impatient to be home, I have no enjoyment. This evening I Expected to be in my own house, and I am little more than half way.

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Sabbath day. The onley one I have been at sea. I hope I am in some Degree sensible of the value of the gospell privledges. Thair is no Sabbath here; none at all. I am noticed this Day with my bible; a gentleman Converces with me a Little, and I am astonished, while he approves of Religious Exercises, with the next Breath Blasphems God's neame. He tells me he hase Reade maney Religious Books; approuves also of them. O that I Could be more in that frame mentioned in Salm 84. To Day Surley, I am in the same Case, altho not in the same way Driven from God's worshipec as the man according to God's own heart. My Bible this morning passes throu several hands; they Tell me they have not Reade as much for years of it. Mr Ross hase been all along Disiring a Sight of what I have been writing. This morning he sate down by me. I told him he is now welcom to Read the whole. He takes it with a seeming keenness, and Reads up to Sabbath 25 Aprile. He Layes a mark, Saying he would look at the Rest when Convenent. He never axed more.

10 o'clock. My namesake, whome I have before noticed, asks from me the History of the Tour, which I bought. I Refuse, it being Sabbath. He Replies if it is not granted he would Breake forth in such oaths as he knew would fright me. I Complay in a Little. He Tels me, "Now, Sir, you have yelded to what you think an Evil to avoid a greater". Being confined among 30 people in a small Space I heare much profaine Conversation and even in the Cabaine Swearing and Singing is more than Ever the Case. I am also jeered at by all.

A quiet young Ladie belonging to Dundee at Leith, says she would give James (meaning me) a book that would please him. She hands me from her Trunk "Newton's Letters," which I Reade with much interest, and I hope with profit. I truly find this hase not been a lost Sabbath. I have been Reading of the Benefit of Early Piety. I hope I have been instructed to be more than Ever Earnest with my Children. As my mind is now open for reflection, what cause for humiliation have I! I fear I never yet knew what it was to Travell as it is in Birth, till Christ be formed in them. I am yet at greate distance from my family. If God is pleased to bring me home in safety throu grace, I hope to be more Earnest than ever. Would to God I could say were I never to see them more, I hade done my utmost for thair precious Souls.

The Cabine passengers, as usual, Drink much after Dinner. They are now asleep. A! The Depravity of the human heart! How backward to the things of God! O, that I were in the Spiritte on the Lord's Day, that I were more Lively in Reading and thinking of the Lord on the Sabbath. I hade no thought of such Injoyment this Day. It is now almost Dark. I re-

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joice that He upholdeth the Sea in the hollow of his hand; is present Even on the Surface of the Great Dypth. We are only off the Coast of Northumberland. The snow is yet visible on them.

May 10, Monday morning. We are close in with north Sunderland. A Boat Comes alongside with fish; a quantity is Bought. I hardly know what they say. They are poor-like people. Mr. Ross points me to the hills of Scotland, and sayes we are just 60 Miles from Tay. The Country here, I think, is Barren. 2 o'clock I see with the glass, Berrick. I observe the Trees and houses, stiples, &c. After this a fresh Brize in our favours. I am now seized with a Sore Sickness, more so than ever. I am upon deck and see the Ship's heade among the water. It is Breaking over here. At 5 I go to Bede. Now I think my whole Boules will Come up. The motion of the shipe is Exterordener. The wind gets up against us, as the Salyors sayes, to a greate Degree. I sleep none. Everything is Tumbling. The Chests is Lashed together. I know now, what I would give for peace to Lay. None is alarmed. I am the onley one that is in greate Trouble.

Tusday morning, 11 o'clock, I have Eate Little for 2 Days, and I am Weakley. We are off St. Andrews, the Wind Conteraray. We pass Doun below Arbroath. Several is here wanting ashore, and a signall is made, but no Boat Comes, as it is Ebb tide. We are now passing Swiftley to Tay-Mouth. I am glade of the prospict of this night being at home. Thair is a woman along with one of the Salyors, a pasenger, the most Dreadful wretch, I think, that Can Be. She is more so then aney I Ever Saw, or Scarce heard of. Our Sea Officers knows her. She almost alarms them. O, the Long Suffring patince of a holey God. About 5, we Enter Tay River, and gets ashore at the Ferry and home about 8. I Bless God I find familey well, and happy, and that so maney Dear frinds are Looking out for me. I have been Safley Restored in pace to my frinds. Lett me Live more to the glorey of my greate preserver.

Jas. Lindsay".

Concerning our grandfather and his other children we have no knowledge save that given in this unique journal. From the testimony of our father, when he occasionally spoke of the experiences of his boyhood, we judge he was puritanical and rigid in his family, a man of sterling integrity and strong religious convictions.

CHAPTER II.

David Lindsay, Dundee—1802-1840



OUR father and his sisters were all well provided with such school privileges as were furnished at that time. The opportunities, however, for education in the schools of our father's boyhood were sadly lacking when compared with those of the present time. In one attended by him when a lad, it was customary for all to "study aloud". As might be imagined, the most diligent were not those who made the most noise in studying, but quite the contrary. The discipline was severe, the "Taws" constantly in evidence and corporal punishment freely administered. Owing to this method of study, the confusion and noise were sometimes so great that on one occasion a group of boys with lusty voices sang unchecked, from beginning to end, a ballad popular at the time, "The Laird O'Cockpen." Our father, however, having a studious mind and a determination to acquire an education, was able to leave school with an equipment beyond most of his associates. To this he continually added by using every spare moment for study. With an active brain, and studious habits, coupled with a love of mental investigation, he never ceased to learn.

At the loom, when an apprentice and later when a master weaver, he acquired a knowledge of languages beyond that of the college graduates of today, using in his later years Greek, Latin, Hebrew and French in his studies. I remember a large cumbersome book in the old home, which contained the Bible in eight languages, four on each side of the open volume. It is now in the library of his grandson, Dr. Paul L. Scott of Toronto, Canada.

Early in life father began to keep a diary. These little old fashioned books, yellow with age, give us all we know of his life up to the time of his first marriage. His first business experience seems to have been in association with his father. His ambition, however, soon prompted him to expand this into a larger enterprise, until he was one of the largest manufacturers of linen and similar fabrics in Dundee. He imported Russian hemp and manufactured largely sailcloth, much of which he sold to the British government.

That graft was not unknown at that time is shown by quotations in his diary concerning his troubles with the Government officials, who insisted on knowing "what there was in it for them" before ac-

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cepting the sail-cloth. Father evidently increased his business too rapidly for his means, and when the financial crisis of 1837 came, he was heavily encumbered with indebtedness, and eventually lost everything he had accumulated. Of this we will speak more in detail later.

As indicating something of the manner of his life when a young man, a few extracts from his diary are interesting. Father was an earnest student of the Bible and much of his diary is devoted to the record of this study. He seems to have thought at one time to comit it all to memory, and in this he succeeded in a large measure. He assigned a certain number of verses for each day, and records from time to time show his progress. I am quite sure he had memorized the New Testament, the Psalms, and much of the Old Testament, and I well remember how readily he quoted, without referring to the book, when in argument with others concerning some doctrine about which there was disagreement.

In his vacations he delighted in tramping about Scotland, sometimes alone, sometimes with a companion. At one place in his diary I find this record:

"July 14th, 1821: Intending tomorrow week to take a tour to the west Highlands of Scotland, I jot down the following, as a memorandum of what is to be seen in the places visited"—and then followed eight pages describing the beauties of that historic country, largely quotations from Walter Scott and others. On two other pages is his expense account recorded as follows:

	Sh.	P.
Dunkeld, Supper, Tea for one and Supper for three		
and tolls,	6	1
Breakfast in a cottage		6
Aberfeldy, dinner and porter	3	
do private		7
Falls of Acharn	1	
Policies (grounds of the estate or park) of Tay-		
mouth	1	6
House	2	
Bill at Kenmore, 3 bottles porter, lodgings and		
breakfast	6	
Milk, Bread and cheese, at foot of Benllawers.....	1	
Croft House, Tea for three and toddy	4	6
Breakfast at Killen	3	4
Mending a shoe	1	
Gill of whiskey and water at McCallam's near Liest		6

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	Sh.	P
Milk at Loch Dochert		1
Bill at Alderman, tea, 1 gill of whiskey and a gill of toddy	5	6
Hermit on Loch Lomond.....		2
Boat on Loch Lomond	6	
Breakfast in a cottage between L. Lomond and L. Cathren	1	6
Boat at Loch Cathren	7	6
Tea and a Gill of Whiskey, at Callendar	3	6
2 Bottles Beer on the way to Sterling		4
Pencil		2
Lodgings and Breakfast at Sterling	4	
To coach Driver from Callendar to Sterling.....	4	
Barber at Sterling		2
Steam boat from S. to Newb.	9	
to Mrs. Allen to providing provisions	4	
Gooseberries, 3p ; biscuits, 6p ; Dutch testament, 6p	1	3
	<hr/>	<hr/>
£ 3	18	2

It will be noticed that whisky, toddy, porter and beer were frequent in his requirements, as was the common practice at this time. Later in his life, father saw the danger lurking in the custom and before leaving Scotland gave up the use of intoxicants and joined the Teatotalers. This was an organization of that time, a first step toward total abstinence. Malt liquors were not considered objectionable. I remember hearing him speak of his reason for taking this step, namely, his realization that the habit was growing with him. He saw among his friends so many who had become victims, he felt he was unsafe in continuing as he had been doing, and so for his own safety and to influence others, became a member of the new organization. I am not sure whether he gave up absolutely the use of ale, porter, beer and such drinks, but have no doubt he would have been found an earnest advocate of this practice had his life been longer spared. The cost of living according to his conviction of duty, had no weight with him in his consideration of moral questions.

In his diary are frequent references to his courtship of Matilda Brown, who later became his first wife. She was evidently "Coy and hard to please", causing her lover many an anxious hour and seasons of discouragement. His allusions to her and his correspondence with her are frequently recorded in the French language, and reveal a strain of sentiment in his nature not in keeping with his rugged, stoical character as I remember him. At last, however,

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success rewarded his persistent, determined wooing, and one of the last pages of this old diary contains the following record:

"This most interesting affair is progressing. It will be over soon. Matilda left Camberwell on Thursday the 19th, August, 1824, sailed on the 20th, and arrived at Dundee on the afternoon of Friday, the 27th, of August. Left Dundee for Kath. on the morning of Monday, 30th. Went to Sunnyside on Wednesday, the 1st of September. I visited Sunnyside on Monday, the 6th, and returned on Wednesday, the 8th. Again on Saturday, the 18th Sept. Again on Saturday, the 2nd Oct. Again on 16th. Remained till 19th, and then married, and all returned to Dundee about 5 o'clock evening".

Immediately following this record is noted the birth of his first children:

"Our daughter, Jessie, was born on 15th October, 1825, at 6 o'clock morning. Matilda was born 23rd March, 1827, at 4 o'clock morning. James was born on 9th December, 1828, at 5 o'clock morning, and David was born on 12th February, 1830 at 11 o'clock morning".

The next entry in the diary speaks of the illness and death of his first wife. It is such a pathetic and tender tribute to one whom he devotedly loved, and whose memory should be revered, that I will transcribe in part what father has written:

"July 18th, 1832. Yesterday I consigned to the dust the remains of my dear partner in life. She died on Friday, the 13th inst. at ten minutes before three in the morning. She had been declining in health almost since she weaned David, more than a twelve-month ago. In March last, she complained frequently of weakness, inability to walk or make any exertion. She was out for the last time about the middle of May. She then became unable to go upstairs to her bedroom, and although she got on her clothes every morning, she could not leave the sofa during the day.

Her throat had been growing gradually sore, and now she could only swallow with the greatest difficulty and pain. Her bed was brought down stairs and a lounge made beside it on which I slept with David, to render her any assistance she might need during the night. This we did for about a week. Her sister, Margaret, then came to wait on her. She now could not leave her bed. Her throat was now distressing her much, and she could swallow only the most soft and tasteless food. Blisters were repeatedly applied. She was twice bled from the arm, and had four times a dozen leeches on her neck and throat and these places frequently poulticed with bread and mustard poultices. She very seldom or ever

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got relief from any of these, but continued rapidly to lose strength without any mitigation of the disease.

About a fortnight before her death, her medical attendant as well as ourselves thought the disease had subsided. She did enjoy more rest for a day or two, but the relief was only temporary. Sabbath morning, the 8th inst., she attempted to swallow a teaspoonful of water. After putting it round and round in her mouth, she spat it out and said, "I do not know where my throat is". Between that and her decease she could only take a mouthful of water and after rinsing her mouth with it, spit it out. This done three or four times refreshed her wonderfully.

I have had many fears previously respecting her recovery, but her appearance that morning bereft me of any hope. Her countenance was changed and told me plainly death was not far off. I told her what I thought and asked her if she thought herself dying. She said, "I believe it, but do not feel it". She was anxious to speak to the little girls while she was able, as she thought they were old enough to remember her. When they came from the church in the afternoon, she bade us bring them to her bedside. She took them by the hand and told them she was about to leave them. That she was soon to appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ, but that trusting to the mercies of the Redeemer, she hoped for forgiveness and eternal life and in the most simple and pleasant language she preached to them the gospel of peace. She then shook them by the hand and patted their heads, saying "I commend you to God and to the word of His grace which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among them who are sanctified", and expressed herself unable to address them longer. That was a scene I shall never forget.

On Monday I spoke to her on the prospect of her soon leaving us. She asked me what made me speak so decided. I mentioned that the altered appearance of her countenance yesterday morning had bereft me of every hope of her continuing much longer with us. She said she was not aware of her face being altered, and desired them to fetch a mirror. On looking into it she said, "It is not what it was wont to be". On the evening I sat by her bedside and conversed with her on what arrangements it would be necessary to make in the family after her decease. She spoke of that event and made several suggestions in the calmest and most collected manner, with the same strength of mind and sagacity, and heard any remarks made by me as coolly as ever she did when in the most perfect health."

He then tells of visits from her nephew, P. Smith, in whom she was much interested, her mother and her pastor, Mr. Low, to all

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of whom she spoke with clearness of mind. Her consciousness continued to the end although she had difficulty in speaking and her breathing became labored.

"Ten minutes before three on Friday morning, she breathed her last without a struggle or a groan or any movement.

She was interred on Tuesday at one o'clock in St. Andrews burying ground. Thus God has seen meet to take from me my dearest earthly object. His ways are best, and my prayer is to say from the heart "Not my will, but thine be done". I have reason for gratitude for the support and peace He afforded to her who is gone in the contemplation of leaving this world. When called to look on death as near, her prayer was that she might be enabled to bear her sufferings and meet the last enemy in such a way as would glorify her Lord. Her prayer was heard and I dare not murmur. If I have in some measure double duties to perform, He will give strength. He will lead me through. A few years at the utmost and my journey will terminate and our fellowship will again be resumed without any more separation.

Of character or attainments as a Christian, and the happiness I have enjoyed during the period of our union I deem it unnecessary to write anything. I have written these few particulars that my memory may be afterwards refreshed or should any of the children ever peruse them, they may know how their dear mother left this world. Nine years ago I sought a wife from the Lord, and he heard my prayer. He gave and He has taken away, and blessed be His Name. D. L."

I regret that I cannot insert a picture of Matilda Brown Lindsay, but repeated efforts both in this country and in Scotland have failed to discover one. Her children agree that evidently no portrait was ever made.

During the interim between the death of his first wife and his second marriage, his household was cared for by Margaret and Jean Brown, sisters of his deceased wife. In this provision for his own comfort and the care of his children, he was greatly blessed. The names of Aunts Margaret and Jean were household words among the four oldest children long after our coming to America. They remained with father until his second marriage to Janet, or Jessie, Edmond, at Glasgow, Scotland, January 9th, 1837, when a new family life was begun.

At this time his business had expanded to an extent requiring the employment of about 600 operatives, and although there must have been threatenings of the financial storm, which was so soon

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to break and bring disaster to business enterprises in Britain and America, our father felt secure and hopeful in the future of the large enterprise he was conducting. Soon after his second marriage, however, the difficulties and complications incident to a tightening money market and other business disturbances, changed the outlook. As has been indicated, he had enlarged his business much more rapidly than was warranted by his capital. He had borrowed largely from his bankers, and was soon burdened and perplexed by conditions that sorely troubled him. After a severe struggle the crash came suddenly in 1840, when his manufacturing plant was destroyed by fire. With an insurance hardly sufficient to cover his indebtedness, he was stripped of everything he possessed.

With this sudden change in his circumstances, and discouraged by the business troubles of the preceding years, he found himself facing serious problems. He was encouraged by business friends and manufacturers to establish himself in New York as a commission merchant with assurances of consignments of merchandise from friends who were manufacturing goods which might find a market in the United States.

In the meantime two children had been added to his family, Edmond, born June 22nd, 1838, and William, July 15th, 1840.

When father decided to go to New York, his future was so uncertain, it was thought best for mother and the six children to remain in Dundee, Scotland, until it could be determined whether or not the new business enterprise would promise success.

Our maternal grandparents, James Edmond and Annie McKim, were from the Hill Country of Loch Lomond and were earnest, sturdy Scotch people, honored and influential for good in the circle in which they moved. With the exception of seven years' residence in London as the representatives of a firm of calico printers in Glasgow of which he was a member, grandfather's home was in the Scotch metropolis. There were born all their thirteen children, save two, who came to them while living in London. They were active, influential members of the Scotch Baptist Church of which the father of Alexander McLaren, the great English preacher, was pastor. Our grandfather's family and the McLarens were warm friends, and between two of the McLaren sisters and our mother and her sister, Margaret, there was the closest bond of friendship.

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In September, 1907, it was my privilege to spend a forenoon with Dr. McLaren and listen to reminiscences from his lips of his early life in Glasgow and recollections of the intimate relations between the two families. In his book of "Pulpit Prayers" which I brought to my mother, Dr. McLaren wrote with trembling hand, the following message to her:

"I send you my warm love with remembrance of many boyish days at Parkholm, and bright hopes of meeting in the Father's House.

28 Sept. 1907.

Alex McLaren."

Parkholm was the name of mother's girlhood home in Glasgow. It is needless to say she prized the book and the message, counting it as one of the most precious gifts her son could have brought from her native land.

Our grandfather Edmond died May 4th, 1841, a few days before our mother left Scotland to join our father in New York. A letter to mother from her sister Margaret telling of grandfather's death speaks of his confident faith and trust. He was conscious to within fifteen minutes of his departure, when surrounded by his family and one of his sisters, he peacefully passed away, with a parting message to his wife.

In a letter, yellow with age, written by him to our father Sept. 26, 1840, on the eve of our father's departure for New York, he expresses himself so characteristically, I will give it place here. Our father, whose misfortune had in a few hours changed his condition from one of reasonable prosperity to poverty, was about to leave his family in Dundee, while he sought in an unknown land, and among strangers, a new home and the means of support for those he loved. America, at that time seemed so far away and such an unknown country, that our grandfather might well feel the separation from the daughter he loved was to be final, but he bravely faced the ordeal. He little thought then, his own departure was so near at hand.

To our father under date of September 26th, 1840, Grandfather Edmond writes as follows:

"I am in receipt of yours of the 25th and am happy you have been able to pass the bills. As regards a draft on New York, as far as I can learn, the best and most safe way is to invest the funds you have in sovereigns, on which, if I am rightly informed, you are sure to make 9% or probably a trifle more. Sovereigns you can get either here or in Liverpool.

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As regards my own and Mrs. Edmond's feeling about your going to New York, we cannot disguise from ourselves that at our time of life it is very likely that our parting with Mrs. Lindsay will be final. As far this life is concerned, but even were we certain of this (which we are not), such seems to be the leadings of Providence in your case that as far as I am concerned, we would feel it to be very far wrong to offer any opposition, any feeling but those of encouragement both about her and you. I have the most perfect satisfaction of mind that the change is not exactly of your seeking, either as regards fickleness or frivolity of temper or conduct or by indulging a spirit of discontent with circumstances in which you were prosperous, but induced chiefly by circumstances in the Providence of God over which you have no control; and that in going you are following the leadings of Providence in endeavors by your industry to live honestly in all Godliness; as far as possible provide honestly for yourself and your own house, those whom God has given you and made dependent on you. Further I do not view you as running away from a sphere of duty which Providence seems to say it is criminal to desert for I hope you are going to a field where your labor in the service of God and in the cause of the Gospel are fully more required than where you are. I have the fullest trust that your labors will not be abated and that you will find a door opened and a sphere of usefulness marked out for you. Of course, all this includes that you are not making light of the many great privileges you enjoy in common with your fellow christians in the fellowship of the Gospel in this country, and are not as it were flying away from them. These being my views and feelings, I cannot oppose but rather as far as possible, endeavor to strengthen your hands. 1134292

I have only one word of advice to you on these points, which I may do now: Whatever may betide you as regards success in business, do not slacken in your zeal for the Redeemer's Glory nor in your exertions for the prosperity of His cause in the World. By this you will promote your own spiritual comfort and the best interests of your fellow-men. Cleave to the truth and which is the same thing to the Lord, with purpose of heart. Of course, be zealous for the honors and glory of the Redeemer and King and Head of His Church, but give to every thing connected with His cause, its own best place. In every respect, remember that while we are as it were to pay tithes of Mint and Cummin and count nothing light which the Redeemer has enjoined, that still comparing one thing with another, there are some points of the Law, some matters which as compared with others, He has taught as are more weighty, and that as regards Faith, Hope and Charity, we are taught that the greatest of these is Charity. I have thus availed myself of the privilege of my age in pre-

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suming this counsel, which I trust you will take in good part as a proof of the deep interest of the feeling in you and yours and I may not have the opportunity, or command of feeling to express them personally.

Bid Mrs. Lindsay be of good courage for the Lord will not forsake those who put their trust in Him and I hope you and she will live to see your family prosperous and happy, and at all events that you will enjoy the blessedness of His inheritance and the portion of His chosen. I am afraid the scene at the meeting on Monday will be trying for both Mrs. Lindsay and you. I trust to your bringing with you or sending before for me to look over, your account against me for goods.

My dear friend and brother, I am

Yours affectionately,

James Edmond."

I suppose the scene to which grandfather refers is the parting of father with his friends in the church at Dundee in which he was active and in which he was held in high esteem.

CHAPTER III.

A Modern Columbus—1840



OUR father crossed the Atlantic on the *Britannia*, the first steamship of the Cunard Line, a miniature vessel compared to the ocean greyhounds of today. Our father's experiences on this momentous voyage are preserved for us in his journal, a closely written record, yellow and ancient in appearance, from which I cannot do better than use extracts. He sailed from Liverpool on Tuesday, October 20, 1840. Of his embarkation he says:

"The mail came aboard at 5 and a mighty concern it was, a great many sheepskin bags, holding about a *firlot each. The *Britannia* then got under weigh. There are only two second cabin passengers and myself, a gentleman's servant who is aboard, and a Yorkshireman, a cloth manufacturer from the neighborhood of Heuddersfield. He is going to New York to look after some cloth he had sent out and for which the customer will not pay. There were also two Frenchmen who took cabins in our stateroom, but who have gone to the upper house.

The vessel is making but little motion yet. She is only making 16 or 15 strokes while the proper speed is 18 or 19. This is on account of her depth in the water, from the quantity of coals she has on board, (600 tons), and as she consumes nearly 40 a day, she will soon get lighter. This is a new captain. I dined tonight in the great cabin. When the forepart was like in the bustle to be forgot, I went to the head steward who desired me to go in and take my seat, which I did. We had roast beef, apple pie, cheese, of course, apples, figs and walnuts—good fare. I thought of my dearest and her anxiety. There was none with me, and had she seen me she would have been pleased. No more charges now nor poundings nor bowing to Bankers and all that. I feel myself emancipated, and I hope will never return to slavery. The above is not bad for the first entry on my journal. I will not turn the leaf tonight, but will soon go to bed.

Wednesday Oct. 21, 9 A. M. Went to bed last night at one-half past 10. Slept pretty well, but better had I dined earlier. I heard a good many of the bells. One is struck every half hour of the watch. We are now going down the Irish channel. We can see the Irish coast on the west. About 16 miles off our course. There are about 80 passengers—a great

*A Firlot—the fourth part of a boll or bale—an old Scotch measure for wheat or beans, containing about four bushels—for oats, barley or potatoes six bushels. It seems to have been variable in capacity, depending upon the nature of its contents.

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many of the officers and crew are on the first trip. The captain is a good looking young man, about 30-36, the mate about the same age, a smart man. I saw him do a smart thing last afternoon. He was standing at the gangway as the mail came aboard. A female, perhaps one of the seamen's wives, handed him a basket to take on board. He lifted the lid and drew forth two bottles and just dropped them between the two vessels. "Can't allow such things to come on board. Will pay you for them, however. It is for your good and his. It may be the means of keeping him in his situation," and he handed her a shilling.

I had breakfast half an hour ago and feel quite light and comfortable. A good many of the sails are set and the vessel makes very little motion. How nice if it was so all the way. There was just the Yorkshireman and me to breakfast. I cannot know what he says. I get just a word at the beginning and another at the end of a sentence, but after I have time to turn it over, I sometimes can make it out—and a strange dialect it is. It is wonderful how little he knows. He does not know where Scotland is. "Is it not up at Wales?" "No" "What is it then that is a part of Wales?" I could not answer that question. We are getting our mess rooms put to rights. It was a dirty confused place. All grease, trunks and odd and ends. Our State room contains 6 berths, three of which are inhabited, so we have nice room for trunks. I have taken out my little things, such as the shaving articles, and placed them on the empty berth above the one I sleep in, and get them as handy as at home. Our State room is not very finely painted nor are the beds luring, but in other respects, just as good as the best. I think I am just about as well accommodated as in a Baltic vessel if the cabin would accommodate me, and the difference of price as compared with the best cabin is 10 pounds a week and what could I do to make that.

Friday is fine and the sun shining. 3 P. M. Fine day, wind light, sea smooth—a little swell, but nothing to make sick. Passed most of the forenoon on deck. Passed Tusker at 11. The New York packet ship Siddons which sailed from Liverpool on Thursday last, only passed this light on Saturday. This light is 160 miles from Liverpool and there is telegraphic communication betwixt the places. The Britannia showed her number as she passed. Lunched at 12—butter, bread and cheese and ale. The Yorkshireman says they call this meal in his country "bagging." I remarked any meal could appropriately be called by that word. The head steward desired me not to want for anything. I said, "We had not an over rich breakfast today." He said he knew that, but would see that we had something warm tomorrow morning. I see

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from one of the two Boston newspapers—The Boston Nation—which the mate has given me to read—the rate from Boston between railroad and steamboat 4 dollars and is accomplished in little more than 12 hours. If we get no rougher weather than this it will do well, but it cannot well be expected.”

Then follows a very explicit account of the experiences of seasickness and his effort to overcome it,—closing with the following:

“So much for feeling. I see a trip across the Atlantic is not so much of a joke as I thought. I was never meant for a sailor. My two messmates are not so bad as I, but nearly so. Many of the passengers on board I find are but poor sailors too. Yesterday, we passed two vessels,—a hermaphrodite at a considerable distance and a large Brig heading to the westward. We were not very far from her. She put up her signals, but our captain had not them in his book so did not understand them. Some thought her the Siddons N. Y. packet ship, which sailed from Liverpool on the 13th. All speak of the voyage hitherto as very favorable and the weather. The captain said to me this morning that if the weather kept good and clear, we would see Halifax on Friday night next or Saturday morning. If so, it will not be amiss. There is a heavy swell which makes the vessel pitch and roll, extremely distressing to freshwater sailors, such as I am. I envy the seamen,—how comfortable and contented they seem. It does look singular to have nothing around, but one wide expanse of water.

The sea looks like a mighty monster at rest,—But oh, if it was roused to anger, how fearful it would be. Even as it is, it tosses and tumbles this vessel,—not the least of its kind and if it was to rise, it would make sad work. I am beginning to think there has not been wholly truth in what was said about the Great Western being so long as not to be affected by the swell of the Atlantic. She is longer than the Britannia, but not so much so as to make the difference. At any rate, the latter is quite sensible to every swell. We go about ten miles an hour and in a day or two will go more as we get lighter.

25th, Lords Day. Noon. I felt a good deal better yesterday afternoon, but it came to blow towards evening and I got sick before going to bed.

Tuesday, 27th, 1 P. M. The ship is going through the water fast, $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 miles an hour. The engines are going 16 strokes per minute. When we left they scarcely made 14. The government officer aboard who has charge of the mail told me we were $3\frac{1}{2}$ degrees farther west this trip in the same time than last time. This gentleman I should suppose is a

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Lieutenant in the Navy and is here like the guard of a mail coach. The head steward said to me this morning when asking me how I felt that I might have sailed for years across the Atlantic and not gotten such favorable weather at this time of the year. The vessel seems plentifully supplied with everything—men—stores and provisions. The cabin passengers have wines of the choicest names and spirits of every kind, as much as they can consume. One man considerably advanced in life gets drunk regularly every night. The owners get all the stores out of the Bonded warehouse duty free. I ought to get fat if I had a stomach as it should be. We never get the same things to dinner twice in succession."

He then describes the richness and variety of the food, but bewails his inability to overcome his tendency to sea sickness, fearing it will trouble him to the end.

"When the day is good and the sea comparatively smooth, I do feel easier, but whenever the rolling or pitching comes on, I am just where I was. I find I am particularly soft in this way. My two messmates are wonderfully strong now and the Yorkshireman eats like a ploughman. He is a plain unsophisticated man to all appearances. He never was farther than York before and seems to know little beyond the narrow circle in which he has lived. There are a number of his words quite Scotch, but interlarded with such a queer dialect that I have always to reflect before I can comprehend him. The other lad is quite a Cockney and understands very little, but what he says himself. Thomas's sentences are quite unintelligible to him. I am beginning to feel the necessity of trying to speak purer English and leaving out all provincialisms. Unless one does so, he is not understood especially by uneducated people. By the time we meet, I think you will perceive some difference in my tongue.

Thursday Oct. 29th. P. M. About noon our steward told us the wind had got round to the north east and we were to have a regular northeaster. The wind was soon soaring among the rigging. I could feel the sea beginning to lash the sides of the vessel. The vessel now began to trumble worse than ever I had felt it. As we were all quiet and holding ourselves in our beds as well as we could, we heard a loud crash on the deck nearly right above us and immediately down through into our stateroom rushed an unbroken column of water. The rolling of the vessel made the water rush from one end of our room with great velocity. My trunk, portmanteau and bag were on the floor berth right below the one in which I was lying. The movements of the ship soon surpassed all previously. All the basins and jugs in the room came to the floor with a crash. Tables were overturned, doors

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slammed and everything was going helter skelter. I lay still not without some fearful forebodings of what might be the issue."

Then follows in detail, description of the sleepless night and fear and forebodings. In the morning the gale subsided somewhat and for a few minutes the engine stopped while soundings were taken showing 34 fathoms indicating they were on the Banks of Newfoundland.

After telling of the collection of tickets by the purser and filling out of papers for the Boston custom house officers, concerning intentions of passengers, whether to remain in America or return, he says:

"All the talk this morning was about the gale of last night. I asked the Captain whether he would call it a "Breeze", a "Gale" or a "Hurricane". He said it was a good breeze at any rate. I have lost flesh since I came on board and no wonder, —as I can eat but little, and that with a fight, and I throw up almost all after it is over, but I hope to make amends when I get on Terra Firma and enjoy the good cheer of the United States. This day fort-night I left you all and here I am hoping soon to see land of another continent.

Lord's Day Nov. 1st. Noon. Friday was cold and cheerless. Yesterday I was in bed nearly all the time,—not able to look at breakfast. Toward evening I went on deck, expecting to hear of land, but very doubtful when it may be seen. Last night about seven, the engines were stopped as the soundings were only 40 fathoms. They stood till four this morning. In the interval the rolling of the vessel was great,—crockery, tables, etc., all tossed and tumbled every roll. It was wise in the captain to be cautious. None of the officers seem to have seen this coast before. At half past 6 this morning, the man on the look-out called out "Land on the Starboard bow". I immediately got out and as I had not undressed last evening, I was not long in being on deck. I could see like a small hillock or two rising from the water. In the course of half an hour, it began to appear farther along the horizon. No one on board could say what part of the American Continent it was. The captain seemed quite at a loss and repeatedly stopped the engines, and put them on again—sounded, and caused the gun to be fired and hoisted the jack to the mast head as the signal for a pilot. After approaching nearer the land, a boat approached us and told the captain he was ten or twelve leagues to the Eastward of Halifax and that he would get a man from a boat that was nearing us to take him to Halifax. We lowered a boat immediately and brought on board, one of the crew who is now directing our vessel. We

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will be in Halifax in about an hour. It will be twelve days to Halifax.

Thos. would hardly be persuaded, but that the land we had made this morning and which no one knew, was Ireland, the only land he had ever seen rising out of the water, and he said if it was so, he would never venture more, but let his cloth in New York take its chance and go home. He very simply asked me if they could sail about so long and yet return to where they had started. He knows no more about geography than Edmond does.

½ past 2. We are now in the bay of Halifax and a good many vessels sailing about. The country looks well—a good deal of stubble and what we would say farm houses. I have got myself washed and a clean shirt on to be ready to see the town. We will not see much of it as it is Sunday and will likely sail for Boston before morning. I hope to feel better for a walk even although in the dark. Have felt pretty well to-day. The excitement of seeing land, and the wind now off the land preventing the swell so as not to make me sick. I did not think but two or three days would have cured me of the sea sickness, but I see I am still well or ill according as the weather is favorable or no.

I have not time to read over these notes and know you will see errors of all kinds. I will write from New York per first opportunity and hope when there soon to have the pleasure of hearing from you. On Friday, I wrote a letter for Thomas to his wife, dating it as it were yesterday, from Halifax. We will need to alter the date. Strong are domestic feelings when turning to him for more dictation. I could see the tear in his eye although there was nothing in the letter but common place things. It is the first letter of the kind I ever remember of writing. I thought of Matilda and Mrs. Beatrice. I have worn Matilda's slippers a good deal on board—shoe cleaning not extending as far forward as the steerage. ½ P. 3—just got to the wharf and leave at 5."

This journal was mailed at Halifax—stamped Nov. 2, 1840 and from another stamp seems to have reached Liverpool Nov. 17. It is directed Mrs. David Lindsay, Tannage Buildings, Dundee N. B., and bears the 2/ mark, indicating that mother would pay two shillings or fifty cents when she received it. It is written in a very fine hand, writing on six sheets of thin paper on both sides,—folded as was customary at that time in such manner as to require no envelope,—sealed with red sealing wax, and was probably double weight or one ounce.

It has occurred to me when copying from its pages (and I have omitted the most sickening details of his "mal de mer" which are

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told in plain unmistakable language), that the prospect facing our mother when she was preparing for her voyage must have been anything but pleasant. Father's impressions of Halifax from what he could see and from conversation with citizens of the place were very unfavorable. A gentleman who was a fellow occupant of his stateroom from Halifax to Boston and who had deserted Halifax for Boston, where he had been for two years, was emphatic in his praise of the latter city, and its opportunity for successful business as compared with Halifax.

In father's first letter from New York under date of Nov. 6, 1840, he gives an interesting account of his journey from Halifax to New York and his impressions of the new country and its people, among whom his future life was to be spent. Much of this letter is so interesting, it may be well to let father tell his own story. He says:

"We left Halifax at 8 o'clock on Sunday evening. Next day the sea was smooth and the sky clear and although for the first part of the day it was rather cold, not being sick, I was pretty comfortable. We steerage passengers got a bottle of Maderia after dinner from the third steward and we enjoyed ourselves well during the evening. The prospect of being at the end of our journey next morning, no doubt, helped to raise our spirits.

We made the mouth of the Bay of Boston about 7 in the morning of Tuesday and were along side the quay between 9 and 10. There was a large American man of War lying a little way off and when the Britannia approached, the band came to the quarter deck and played the King's Anthem very prettily. It was acknowledged by all on our deck by three hearty cheers. It seemed to have a pleasant effect on all."

Later I presume father learned that the Americans had christened the "King's Anthem" with a new name after its appropriation by them.

"A custom officer came on board and made a pro forma examination of the passengers' luggage. I only had to open my chest, when he asked if all the others contained things of the same description. He then crossed them with chalk and I paid him his fee, 25 cents, or a quarter of a dollar. One of our passengers had with him 10 yards of broad cloth, which he told the officer was for his own use and was allowed to keep it without paying any duty. So the custom house people, there at least, were not as strict as I was led to believe.

The train for New York did not leave till 4 in the afternoon. I took up my luggage along with one or two more to

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the United States hotel and then took a stroll through the city. It is a nice place,—it was a fine day and everything looked warm and lovely. There was not nearly so many black people on the streets as I expected to see. A great deal of the houses are wood, but all the new and largest are brick. The wooden buildings have a very light and summer like appearance. The outer boards are neatly planed and overlap one another horizontally and are about 5 inches broad. Those houses which stand alone—and a good many of them do—are all pavilion roofed and have the eaves projecting Chinese like. All the windows almost have venetian blinds on the outside. These painted bright green and the white or bright buff wood or red brick produce a very pleasing effect. There was a great deal of life in the streets, especially about the quays. Altogether Boston is a nice thriving pleasant place. I saw my companions away at 4 on the New York train, but as I had two letters for this place, I thought I would stay another day and see what I could learn in reference to Dundee manufacturers.

I lodged in the hotel where I had left my trunks. This is a new establishment, large and complete. Breakfast at $\frac{1}{2}$ P. 7; dinner $\frac{1}{4}$ P. 12; tea at 6; supper 9. A large hall is used for meals. A large gong is sounded half an hour previous to each meal hour and at the hour the guests pour into the room, take their seats, whisper to the waiter, having the charge of the place, what is wanted, which is immediately attended to. There are not the formalities and annoyances to which one is subjected at the table of an inn in Britain. The meat is carved on a side table and placed before the guest ready for action. Board and lodging, including all charges is here, one dollar and twenty-five cents per day—victuals of the richest quality and greatest abundance. My bed had no curtains, nor had the bed I slept in last night. They are made like a couch with panel around the bottom."

He then speaks of calling on gentlemen to whom he had letters of introduction. He was received cordially and was well impressed, feeling that his visits might prove advantageous. He was evidently well pleased with Boston and its people. Continuing he says:

"I left Boston at 4 P. M. via Providence and Stonington Ry. From Boston to the latter place is 90 miles and thence per steamer down Long Island Sound 130 miles—fare \$5.00 first class. We were in Stonington about 8 o'clock and landed in New York at 6 o'clock yesterday morning. The country, as much of it as I could see to the south of Boston is very flat and a good deal of water standing on some parts of it.

The farm houses were all of wood, painted white and clean square windows and green venetian shutters and looked re-

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markably cheerful. I could notice the abundance of windows, front, ends and back. They had never been counted by the tax gatherer. I saw Providence from the Railway station at dusk. It seemed pretty cheerful. There was no delay, although we changed our cars—and the same when we came to Stonington to go on board the steamboat—The Massachusetts, (The “u” in this word is sounded long, cube) is a splendid affair. The engines and boilers are quite up out of the boat; elegantly furnished and brilliantly illuminated hall. The sleeping berths are on each side—three deep and the draperies are so hung that when wished, they can be drawn forward and made to reach from the ceiling to the floor, enclosing in curtains one perpendicular row of berths, so that when any passenger chooses, he can retire to his couch.

The stewards are all blacks in white jackets. We had tea, very handsomely served, but I think dear enough 50 or fully 2/. For cleaning my shoes 12½. Some baskets of apples large and beautiful stood at one end of the cabin. I asked the price 3 each. I did not purchase. There was nothing of the noise and rudeness you have heard of as to be seen on such conveyance. On the contrary, I never saw so much quietness and civility and right manners in any steamboat I travelled in Britain, nor anything so orderly and expeditious.

For instance, your luggage is taken charge of at Boston, leaden tickets are put on and corresponding ones as to numbers are given to you and you have no more care of it till you are at the wharf at New York. All is put into a wagon fitted for the purpose and this goes on board the steamer and is opened at the end of the journey. I took a cab on landing directly for Mrs. Burnams where Mr. Morrison directed me. I have got a bedroom and feel quite comfortable. She is a widow lady with a family. She is in delicate health, but thinks she is getting better. Board and lodgings about \$4.00 weekly. After breakfast, I set out to call on Mr. Hogg. His house and garden are up Broadway as far as built. I found him at home and delivered my letters. I had not then an opportunity of speaking much to him as he had to attend to several customers, his son who assists him in his business having gone out. I called in the afternoon and delivered some more of my letters.

This forenoon I called on Mr. Buchanan, but did not get him in. I left Mr. Wyllen’s letter for him as it was sealed, with my address. I have since found a note left for me, requesting me to take tea with him tomorrow evening, which I will attend to. I have been with Mr. Hogg all this afternoon. He seems intimately acquainted with your father. I went with Mr. Whyte, a deacon of the church and dined at Mr. Hogg’s, who then drove us out in his chazcart to another nursery. He is

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prospering about three miles up the Island. He has there built a neat house and office, which are occupied by his eldest son, lately married. We saw the young wife from whom we had a glass of wine. This is a very pretty location and joins the east river and is nearly opposite Hell Gate, where those rocks are, allusions to which you have seen in the travels lately read. There are many pretty houses on both sides of the river, among which are two particularly so, on the opposite side belonging to Grant Thorburn and his son. Mr. Thorburn lately had his hot house burned down and has therefore suffered considerable loss. He is gone to Britain to procure more plants, etc. Mr. Hogg brought us home by another road from that he took us out by, by which we saw the water works now in progress to supply New York with water.

They are all Irish working there. Small wooden houses or shanties as they call them are erected in the neighborhood, in which they lodge. They get \$5.00 weekly or better than a pound, but Mr. Hogg remarked instead of that doing them good, it only gives them means of enjoying themselves with spirituous liquors and many of them kill themselves by such a practice.

We returned and took tea with Mrs. Hogg and after an hour or two of gossip, I have come home about 8. I should have said I was at the church meeting last night, a very few were present. The church is far scattered and few can meet on Thursday evening. Mr. Hogg seemed a good sensible man, well on in the world. 18 years since he came here—feels now quite at home and has done so long. Mrs. Hogg says she has a very great longing to see London, her native place. She recollects of you in London. Such is an outline of my doings since I last wrote you.

Working people are decidedly better off here than in Britain. In all Boston, I did not see a poor man, that is, ragged, destitute like one, nor a drunk one. There is poverty and vice in this place, though not near to the extent with you. I think I shall like this place well and the people, if I succeed in business matters. In fact, I do not notice much the difference in my circumstances until I recollect myself. I have been looking about me constantly in reference to business matters and do not feel afraid.

When I began my rambles yesterday, all seemed perfect confusion; today this city lies better before me and I see more order in matters. I have a great many letters yet to deliver and intend to take them leisurely. I called in at a marble works to procure information for our friend, Mr. Penman. The master was the only one on the premises, all the hands being off work from the election now going on. He told there was a very good deal of work in that way done here. A good

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deal goes to the Southern states. Wages of journeymen is \$1.50 per day or six shillings and 3 pence (6/3) and wages for foremen \$2.00 or eight shilling and 4 pence (8/4) per day. I will call at some of the large works and get real authentic accounts and write him, not that the above is incorrect, but as it is only one account, I would like to have more before I say confidently.

House rent seems to be the most expensive article in the way of domestic expenditure. We could not get a house, which would at all accommodate us for less than \$200.00 per year. Servant wages about twice what they are with you. As to victuals. Mr. Hogg says if a family goes economically to work, it can live very cheap. I have yet made no inquiries as to Mr. Low's thread or Mr. Esson's soles nor for Mr. R. Wilson as to tailor's wages or prices. I will be ready to write them all by the British Queen on first prox. I hope you are all keeping well and long to hear from you. Join with me in gratitude to our Heavenly Father for his preserving goodness and in presenting our supplications that we may all meet in safety and peace if matters turn out and hope we will not regret the pain and trouble to which we are now subjected. I cannot yet speak concerning the church, but will be able to do so after Lord's Day. I send you a map of New York for your study and mark the place of my residence in Pearl Street; the meeting place, Huston Street and Mr. Hogg's in 21st Street, off Broadway.

This is certainly a prosperous country. To incomers it cannot first be altogether pleasant, but by pushing on, ills vanish. Mr. Hogg told me today that all seemed very dark to him at first, but by perseverance, the darkness diminished. He thinks I have not much to fear. There seems abundance of employment to all and all seem well off. There has nothing struck me as very different from what I have been accustomed to. In fact, I have to reflect as I have said, before I am aware I am in America. I think you all will like the place. The weather has been very pleasant since I landed, neither cold nor warm. The day is longer here than with you at this season of the year.

The meal hours in Mrs. Burnams are: Breakfast at half past seven; dinner at one and tea at six. This is a good deal earlier than in Dundee. I am in excellent health and take my meals well, making up for what I lost on board of ship. There were some dishes on the table, which I have never observed at home, but you know I am not very knowing of these things. I just live as I did at home,—coffee with a little steak or fish in the morning; meat and potatoes at dinner; tea and bread and butter in the evening. I have not seen ardent spirits in this country and have not tasted malt liquors. The people with whom I have conversed seem very big in respect to their

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country. A son of Timothy Dwight boards with us. He is well advanced in life and is a very warm politician on the Whig side or that opposed to the present government. I never heard anyone speak so warmly on such subjects, and in comparing the States with Britain, he exalted the former as immeasurably superior in every respect.

Mr. Whyte with whom I dined at Mr. Hoggs remarked in coming into the city that the reason in his opinion why Providence had so peculiarly favored America over the rest of the world was that there were so many of the true fearers of God. I confess I cannot enter into their sentiments so decidedly. Broadway is not so splendid a street, as I expected. It is irregularly built and although the shops are very good, there is nothing very particular about any of the streets. The bustle and rattling on the streets strike me most. All appears in a hurry. The horses, gigs, etc., all run as fast as the horse can lift. The omnibuses are painted black and white and red streaks.

The light collars are generally in vogue. I have not yet seen any elegantly dressed ladies. In fact, I think what I have yet seen that the ladies do not show off so much as the gentlemen. In Boston and here, a good many of the latter, especially the young part of them wear their hair rather long with a small black silk handkerchief or ribbon and the shirt collar laid long and flatly over the shirt bosom and well exposed. That gives them to me rather a foreign appearance, but a great part whom you meet are just dressed as with you, —the ladies seem but fully plainer. I have thus noted down for you what seems interesting.

You may tell Mr. Henderson (his brother-in-law) I have not yet had time to make inquiries as to hides, but will not forget. I will not likely be long in writing you again. So Good Bye my dear. The children I hope keep well and are behaving themselves. I trust they will from a regard to their own interest and my comfort. I hope Mr. McLean is looking after the little things entrusted to him. Any information in this you may make common as far as you think proper."

His next letter is dated Nov. 18th. This was evidently his third as in his letter written Nov. 25th, he speaks of his second letter having been sent via the Patrick Henry. It seems well to quote the larger part of it. It evidently was written at one sitting, three pages of 36 lines each, full letter size,—the pages all crossed with 32 lines each, all in close formation. When a letter was "crossed" to save additional postage, the original script was crossed by further writing at right angles to it. The postal stampings show it left

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New York Nov. 19th on the North America and reached Liverpool Dec. 8th. He writes as follows:

"I expected that the British Queen would have been in to-day and brought some Dundee letters for me, but she is not come and as the packet of the 19th sails tomorrow, I write this to go by her. I am worrying to hear from you all. You will ere this, after receiving my letter from Halifax by the Arcadia. I am happy to say that I continue in excellent health. I have made up all that I lost on the Britannia and and if I continue, I will soon be better than when I left. I want nothing but you all with me, and a business in which I might earn our bread to be all right. I have been, I may say, over all the city and am now beginning to feel idle, not that I could not be idle, but feel a little pained to be spending, and earning nothing.

Since I came, I have bought and shipped for Mr. Wilson, 240 barrels tar, according to the order he gave me when in Liverpool. I bought it for \$2.00 per barrel and shipped it on the Virginia, which sailed on the 13th instant. I have also insured it for him as I had no opportunity of advising him of its shipment sooner than the vessel by which it was shipped. I wrote him by the President that I was to ship him the goods, but had not then paid for them or for freight. I get 5% for this transaction and I hope he will make more than three times that, which he will and more if the price is anywhere like the figure it was when I left. This trifle will help him to pay my expenses a little. I have been delivering away at my letters. They are not yet all away, but nearly so. I do not find the parties in, often after repeated calls, and that is one reason why I get on slowly. All have received me kindly and promise me counsel.

There are but two ways for me to proceed. Either to make an arrangement with a house here to give them a part of my commission and receive information and assistance from them or get a clerk who has been in the trade and fight away myself. Both courses have been recommended to me. I cannot yet say which I will take, nor will I decide until I see what amount of goods may come out immediately. I must take the plan which then seems most likely to promote the interest of my employers. I see there will be no difficulty in getting a store in almost any part of the city.

In the flush of 1836, a vast deal of this kind of housing was erected as it then rented very high, but since, and now, and perhaps for some time to come, it is low. It does not bring, however, either in rent or prices, what it then did. All along the streets in the lower part of the city, that is, south of the City Hall, except in Broadway, and there also in the lower part, such stores are. The houses throughout the city are

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built upon lots of ground measuring 25 ft. to the street. The front, up to the first floor, is of gray granite, and the other three or four or five stories are brick, and the doors and windows of the first flat nearly occupy the space. The granite forms simply pillars. The steps leading up to the shops are also of this kind of stone. The lofts above have all malleable iron shutters to protect the premises against fire when it happens in the neighborhood.

The ground or shop flat, as we would say, is occupied by what we call jobbers; those are traders who buy small lots of goods from the importers of the various descriptions and sell them again in smaller portion to the inhabitants of the city, and country merchants. Other stores are fitted up half way between a retail shop and warehouse. The importers again are upstairs in the floor above the jobber where is the counting room, generally on the back side of the flat, a sample or packages of the goods in which they deal occupy the remainder; the above floors generally three or four of these contain the stock. A hatch way, which will allow a large bale to pass straight up through all the floors right at the door by which the upstairs tenant enters. The granite pillars on the front are painted white for about a yard in the middle and the names of the dealers in letters of about 1½ inch are painted in black on them with the goods in which they deal. Some also have signs painted above the doors. In the curb stones are planted white wooden pillars between which and the buildings are stretched Hessian sheeting awning in the warm weather, but these are only in some of the most frequented and widest streets and except in Broadway and Chatham, I have not seen the awnings. From this outline, I think you may have a pretty good idea of the appearance of New York. The haberdasheries, grocers and others have a great deal of their articles displayed for show at the doors and the authorities are not so particular about the pavements being encumbered as with you, and I have seen bales standing out when I was going home and the shop of the owner closed. The foot pavements are not kept in so good order except in front of the very best shops.

I have observed a good deal of the national feeling of the Americans remarked by the travelers we have read. Everything about the country is the very best. I was a good deal amused with a fellow boarder the other evening, rather an elderly man who has traveled a great deal on the Continent of Europe, Britain and West Indies, etc. He reported that the language spoken in this city was the finest English, both as to pronunciation and idiom, on the face of the earth and what also was remarkable, it was the same language spoken throughout the whole of the Union, while in Britain every few miles presented a different dialect. As to his first assertion,

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I remarked that when they all were speaking around the table at their meals, they might as well be speaking German as far as I was concerned for I did not understand one word. This excited his surprise and that of the others who heard the remark. They said was I "deaf" or what? No. Then it was put down to my not knowing the right thing. They have a peculiar way of pronouncing the "r", something with the point of the tongue and lips like the North Umberland. I requested the old man to say "rather" which he did, in the imperfect manner, with all the complacency of conscious infallibility. It is very amusing to notice the tenor in which they speak of all that concerns the country and institutions.

They speak of us all as foreigners, and so we are, and what can the people think. People flock to them from all countries and must not they therefore be better than all countries.

I think I will like this city and so I am sure will you. It is liker Glasgow than Dundee. It is busier than Liverpool or London and I am told this is considered a very slack time and that I must wait until the spring or fall to see life. Every friend on whom I have called seemed busily engaged and Mr. Buchannan says they all are the same. Every one to whom I have spoken says there is plenty room for industry and application and if I had once a footing, I think I could do others and myself good. Mr. Knowles, a member of the church who came here from Halifax about five years ago, told me yesterday that he had \$1500.00 yearly. He is head bookkeeper in a flour commission store and expects soon either to get a share of the business or commence for himself. Ever since I came, it has been fine, dry and sunny weather, but yesterday it was colder a good deal and it has snowed all day today. Yesterday I put on my leather jacket and the temperature in my bed room is at 44 or 45.

On Saturday evening I went out to Mr. Hoggs. Sunday I dined with Mr. Buchannan and drank tea with Mr. Hogg and afterwards two other of the brethren and myself went to hear a Mormanite preacher in the Bowery. This is a sect which call themselves Later Day Saints, a system of delusion out and out. A sickly theological student, who has since died, to amuse himself, threw the Bible into a dramatic shape, adding from his imagination, what he thought necessary to make out his stories. This work in manuscript was gotten in some way by a Joe Smith, who gave out that from an angel he had received a new Bible and also that he had been commissioned to set up this sect. Many fools have believed him and given him their property, for they have all things common and he is their treasurer. The man we heard, I considered a complete wag, and a young illiterate, imprudent chap who evidently did not feel the importance of the subject he spoke about.

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At dinner with Br. Buchannan, there was a young man, a son of Mr. Kelly, who wrote the hymns with his name added to them in our book. He is yet living and writing hymns and also composing music for them. Mrs. Buchannan played and sang beautifully that hymn of his, "On the Mountain Top Appearing." If you could get the latest edition of Kelly's hymns and sacred music, I would like, although in present circumstances, I am very unwilling to spend a farthing I can avoid. I felt great interest in the young gentleman. All the churches are indebted to him for "From Egypt Lately Come," and so is the music. You will see his name at the best pieces in the hymn book. Young Mr. Kelly is in Mr. Buchannan's office. He is not like his father as to piety. He confessed at table, it was 15 years since he heard him preach. He came and heard me after dinner. I preached from these words, "Come With Me and We Will Do You Good." When going to the meeting, and knowing he was to be there, I thought that it was given me to say something that would impress him, and I would consider myself highly favored in coming to New York, although I should have to return to Dundee and endure the poverty which would necessarily be there.

Last evening I heard a lecture in the Mercantile Library. This is an institution something like the Watt, only that no one, but merchants or merchants' clerks are admitted as members. The former are only allowed the benefits of the institution on paying \$5.00 annually, the management or control being in the hands of the latter who pay \$3.00. Any member has the power of recommending a stranger who has the use of the Library and reading room for a month. Mr. Knowles kindly put down my name, so that I shall have a very agreeable lounge for the above time. The building is at the top of Beekman Street, opposite the church.

Tell Mr. Penman I called on Mr. Benjamin Skaens who is collector for a responsible house, and he seems in very comfortable circumstances and in fact, expresses himself so. One of his daughters had wrought at the straw bonnets here and wishing to set up in her own account, determined on going where she would have less opposition and went west to Cincinnati where she is in business and doing very well. One son, who is a tuner in good times, gets \$10.00 weekly, but things getting bad, his master gave him \$5.00, although he had nothing to do for him, in the hope that matters would mend, but the young man did not like to take money for nothing and settled on going west also. He is now in Tennessee and has \$15.00 a week, which he got whenever he landed. I mentioned to Mr. Skaens that Mr. Penman had been speaking about coming here. He said that there was no man he knew that he would like better to see here than Robby Penman.

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There are a great amount of straw bonnets made in New York. There are large manufacturers where the girls go to sew and they are all dressed by machine, wrought by men. The shops in the city do not give out work, but have girls who sew at the shop. The wages are 36¢ to \$1.00 for sixty yards according to quality. Trade has been dull lately, but will be better soon it is hoped. The ladies who gave me the information came out from Londonderry about four years ago and have a straw and millinery shop in Hudson Street; doing very well; are members of the church.

I cannot say anything yet as to your coming out until I get a store and make some sales. I do feel lonely without you, but in my dreams I have you all around me. Last night I was dundling William and Edmond while you stood by. I miss you my dear often, but always when I have a clean shirt, or Sabbath clothes to seek out, but I feel strengthened by the thought that I am doing what was thought best and there is every probability, will result in promoting our temporal interest. When walking along Broadway and seeing the young ladies strutting along, I think I would like to see Jessie and Matilda there with you. It is likely that when I open shop I will be the better by James, but this can be seen when that is the case. I am beginning to feel very familiar with the place already. I can go anywhere at once and have, for as short a time as I have been here, a small circle of acquaintances. I sometimes give Mr. Knox a call on Cedar Street. I had a letter from James Morrison to Mr. Knox, Jr. The father is a Glasgow gentleman. He came out about twenty years ago and wrought for some time on the cotton loom. He is now worth, they say, \$200,000.00. He is a plain nice man. I am to dine with him soon. Their house is on June Street.

A great many Irish girls come here and at once get places as house servants. A good servant maid gets \$8.00 monthly. This is three times what they get with you. The day is longer here than with you at this season of the year. It is good daylight still at 7 in the morning and the hour at which I rise. Breakfast as mentioned to you before at half past seven; dinner at one and tea at six. I still keep by my steak or chop and coffee in the morning; steak or fowl and tart for dinner; bread and butter at tea. There is fruit of some kind or other at every meal, cranberries, apples, quinces, etc. I like the apples best. I cannot take a great deal of these dishes, but just keep as above. There is never any kind of drink on the table, but water. I have tasted nothing of the kind since I came out of the steamboat, but maybe a glass or two of wine in some friend's house. I am not the worse for the want of it.

One of the young ladies who boards in the house is learning the piano. I wished her to play "Worrel", but as she

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is but a learner she could not do it. She observed "Calvary" which you copied in the end of your book and tried it. As it is very plain, she made out to make something like it. She expresses herself fond of it and she would learn it, but she has not got it yet. You must try and get a spell occasionally at the piano somewhere to keep your hand in it, as it is much in use here. I hardly think I have been in a house where I have not seen one and I hope yet to hear and see you at it in this city—shall I say your own one?

There is a large building here, like a large spinning mill, wholly used in the construction of pianos. On Monday I was through the piano foundry. Another company makes nothing but Marine engines. Mr. Hogg's son is foreman and he kindly showed me over the premises. It is not such large works as some in Dundee. The proprietor came out many years ago, a journeyman blacksmith, new out of his apprenticeship. They construct their engines differently in some respects from the British. Their effort is to combine strength with lightness. He took me to the North America steamboat which runs between this and Albany. The distance is 145 miles which he did in nine hours. The fittings up are very neat and the finish and arrangement altogether very superior. The company are making another to run as a neighbor to the North America, of greater power. I saw the cylinder of the engine, for there is generally only one engine. Its diameter is 54 inches and the length of stroke 11 feet and this is to be wrought with 50 lbs. steam, cut off at $\frac{1}{4}$ of a stroke. The wheels are to be 30 ft. diameter as large as those of the President. I thought my dearest and me might perhaps take a trip on her to see the "Mucklefaas" as a man called the falls at Niagara the other day. There is a night line to Albany and a day line, although all concur in saying that the sail on the Hudson is very splendid.

Yesterday I visited the City Hall. There is the room in which the governor of the State holds his meetings, when he visits New York. In it there are full length portraits of all presidents and a statue of Jefferson, with Declaration of Independence in his hand. There are also portraits of all the governors of the State of New York half size. Altogether it is a very magnificent apartment. The room in which the aldermen or as we would say, town council, meet is also very neatly and richly furnished. There are here, also portraits and statues of their eminent men. No fee is given for being allowed such visits,—all belongs to the people. The people have a right to visit their own. Mr. Knowles and I had just to express our wish to the keeper of the building and on his ringing a bell, a girl immediately attended us. If you went to Glasgow you may let our friends there know how I do, as I have not yet written them and especially express my

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sense of obligation to Mr. James Morrison for the service he has rendered me in the way of introductions. I have not yet written to William (mother's brother), but intend to do so by the steam packet on the first of the month.

I hope you all keep well and how I anticipate the time when I shall see you all and fondly hope it will be in peace and comfort. I hope David is pleasing Mr. McGavin. He can do so if he likes, and James is attending diligently to his lessons. Matilda will now be a good hand to Aunt Mary. You will, no doubt, have let the Vault folks know how I am. I have nothing now to write them about, else I would write them. I am to write Mr. Low, by next packet, a long letter, although I do not know exactly what it may be about. I cannot say yet about his threads. I could do better if I had a quantity, as samples merely have no affect. It is after threads are tried and please that any good can be done. Give my respects to all my friends when you see them,—old Mrs. Dundas in particular. When I think of you in the meeting house, I think of her as she was always seen by me when I looked at my own seat. I have not yet made any particular inquiry for Mr. Bowie, but will do so soon. I heard casually that he had gone to the country some where. Now, my dearest, write to me, long letters as I write to you and lessen the uneasiness I feel in being away from you. Kiss Edmond and William for me. I trust they both keep well."

His next letter is written November 25th and its form and construction confirm the statement he makes in its introduction. It is written on paper $9\frac{1}{2} \times 15\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size and partly crossed at that. The lines run from 57 to 79 when written across the page, containing an average of about twenty words each and in the crossing, nearly thirty words, making an estimate of between four and five thousand words in his letter. He evidently imposed a rather severe duty on our mother when he asks her to respond to each of his letters and in one instance says that he hopes they will be nearly equal to his own in volume, as well as frequency. I will not attempt to quote this entire letter, but in glancing it over, find there is so much of it that contains items of interest, that I am tempted to use it more freely than I had thought to do. He writes as follows:

"I have taken larger paper because I mean to give you a long letter. I have duly received yours of the 1st instant and also Mr. MacLean's and Jessie's. You need not address to the care of Mr. Hogg, but to me 279 Pearl Street, New York as you will by this time have learned. I reckon you will have nearly received my second letter, per Patrick Henry, there being also a third one by the North America. I forget the dates as I keep no copy. Be so good as to give me letter for

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letter. Mr. MacLean or some other competent person will tell you about the sailing of the packets, whether steam or sailing. I felt very agreeable indeed on receipt of yours announcing the welfare of you all.

I continue in perfect health; get up always about seven in the morning and am always very ready for my meals, to which I am always ready to do ample justice. Upon the whole, it is wonderful how I continue to find employment. To get information is always my study, and I therefore put myself in every way I hope to gain my object. I meet Mr. Watt's people, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Martin and Mr. Burrit as often as I can reasonably do, and occasionally call on those I have delivered letters to, to keep myself in their remembrance. I attend public sales of goods occasionally, especially if any of our manufactures are to be disposed of, but I have only in one instance found in them, 24 pieces of kirkaldy sail cloth partially damaged.

I spend my evenings either in the reading room, calling on some friend or in my lodgings. I am beginning to feel at home a good deal more every day, and every day I am adding to my knowledge of men and things here. There are just two draw-backs to my feeling quite comfortable and these are the want of your presence, and the thought of my not doing anything directly for our maintenance. As to the latter, I hope what I do will result in that, and as to the former I hope to enjoy it in due time.

I see by the papers that the *Hellensymers* which sailed a week before I left Dundee, has put into Montrose, partially damaged, and had sailed on the 26th ultimo again. Some of the people here who have invoices of goods by her are not very sanguine of her ever reaching this city. She will have the dead of winter on the Atlantic and those who have been there, can best imagine what the deeply laden small Dundee Brig can do in bad weather. The packet ship, *Cambridge*, which sailed the day before I left Liverpool has not yet arrived. The logs of the steamers mark the weather as being almost all from the west and boisterous. The *Arcadia* in which I should have come and the *Caledonia* which succeeded us had worse weather than we had, especially the latter.

On Thursday evening last, I went to the church meeting. The hour is half past seven. I sat alone till about eight when Mr. Knowles dropped in and afterward another and another and about one half past eight, Mrs. Cunningham—these were all. I was requested to preach. One of the brethren made a few remarks from the Chapter read and so did I, and concluded a church which had no order and punctuality makes but a poor appearance. But as I am to write Mr. Low per this conveyance, I will tell him about it.

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Last week I visited with Mr. Knowles a member of the church, an old man, nearly 80, who recently joined. He is very wealthy. It was from him I got the tickets for the omnibus to induce me to visit him. He was very frank and cheerful. His name is Stewart and came from Londonderry to New York in 1783 at the conclusion of the Revolutionary war. He has scarcely ever been away from the city all of the time. He is well reported of for good works.

I spent Saturday afternoon and evening in Mr. Hogg's the day I received your letter. Sunday I dined in Mr. Buchanan's and drank tea and spent the evening in Mr. Knowles.' The afternoon was rainy and very few were at the meeting. There was like to be no exhortation and I made some remarks on the 75th Psalm which was read in the forenoon.

Mr. Knowles has an excellent body of a wife and five nice children, the youngest five weeks old and without a cap. Ours used to want it about as many months. I could not help looking at the creature and made some remarks about it. Mrs. K. said the truth was all the caps were too small and the doctor advised her to let it go bare-headed. It looked remarkably healthy. All the children did so. I stopped till about nine and came home through pouring rain. Three others of the brethren were there and we had pleasant conversation. I tried to urge them to some order and arrangement in their social work. No one knows whether he is to speak or no, and you know what kind of exhortations that system makes. One or two of the brethren seemed to have objections to set speaking, but I hope what passed will have some good effect. Mr. Buchannan nor his family and many others do not come out but once, and really from what I have seen and learned, there is very little encouragement. When I spoke to him about it, he said he had done everything in his power to get improvement in exhortation, but had had no success, and had given it up. When in his house, he showed me notes of an exhortation he had as far back as 1838, as corroboration of what he had stated.

Monday evening by appointment, I passed the evening with Wm. Martin and spouse. They live nearly opposite Mr. Buchanan in Barrows Street. Mrs. Martin looks just a little older and not otherwise than when I saw her last. She asked kindly for Jessie and Matilda and supposed they would both be tall girls. At tea she asked how many children I had. After replying, I very naturally asked how many she had now. She said "none." What! not one? I saw I had misbehaved as it was some time before we could get on in the talk as before. It was my impression that they had children and they, no doubt, saw I had no intention of displeasing.

I got oat cakes and butter to black tea, both of which I

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relished much. It is green tea that is generally used here, which makes a strong tasting, colorless fluid. We then had wine, apples and grapes. The latter were out of their own court behind the house. No hot house is needed here. Mr. Martin said he had only been at the expense of a pole and cross framing to let the vine run which it had done, so as to form a very agreeable shape to the back of the house in summer and out of curiosity, he had counted the clusters produced this season and found them to be about three thousand. so you can fancy the fertility of one plant. The fruit was the best I had ever tasted and it seems the grapes imported into Britain are all plucked before being ripe to make them keep. Mr. Martin had sent a box of them to Dundee which had spoiled on the way because left on the vine until ripe. Before leaving we had a chat. Supper: minced collop and Philadelphia ale. The former ripe and just such as Mrs. Penman used to give us; the latter very like the ale as to strength, flavor and appearance that sent us all to Errol on an occasion. It costs 10¢ per bottle. Albany ale is got for 6¢ said to be good and I never saw it. When sitting at my collops and ale, set out on pure white cloth, talking to Dundee folks about Dundee concerns, I could scarcely believe myself in New York. I went to Mr. M. and returned in an omnibus, as one line passes their door to the foot of Broadway. I used the tickets the old man had given me. I came out at the top of Fulton Street.

Yesterday I drank tea in Burnams and was to spend the evening. Mr. Buchanan was to show me the work he is to print soon. A Mr. Parmley, a dentist in the city in extensive practice, and wealthy, was there also. He is one of the elders of what is called the Campbellite church here. Mr. Buchanan wished that he and I should be acquainted. We chatted for some short time when Mr. Parmley signified that he would like very much to attend a lecture which was to be delivered that evening and asked Mr. Buchanan to spare me to accompany him. Mr. Buchanan acquiesced on it being arranged that we should both attend on Friday evening at his house. The lecturer is one of the brethren, William Hunter, late professor in mental and moral philosophy in Bacon College, Georgetown, Kentucky and the lecture was in the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, on the claims of India, China, Egypt, to Dynasties records, monuments, metals, inscriptions, etc., more ancient than the Mosaic account of the creation: considered a refuted Moses, vindicated. The lecture hall is elegantly fitted up for the purpose and is as superior to the hall of the Watt Institute in every respect, as that is to the one formerly occupied as such. The lecturer is comparatively a young man and did his work very well indeed,—the audience, numerous, very respectable and attentive. After Mr. Parmley introduced me to many gentlemen as a brother

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from Scotland, who shook my hand very cordially, (most of them were Scotch), he requested me to come and drink tea with him and family tomorrow evening and attend another lecture in same place by same gentleman. Although it was meeting night, I promised to wait upon him. Mr. Hunter is giving a course of eight lectures, and what I heard, and the one tomorrow night are the third and fourth. The latter is to be on an interesting subject, "Christian Dispensation of the Divine Government;" the law giver; the constitution and laws; their officers; their different offices; their qualifications, duty and authority, who are subjects under the Divine Government.

Mr. Parmley had inquired into the order of our church, our mode of procedure as to the election of officers, etc., and highly approved of what I told him. I told him of the three churches in Dundee, the difference and what had been done in reference to affecting a union with the Seagate. It was rather a fortunate circumstance, that although ineffectual as I am, I can urge with better grace, the union of the friends. There are three churches here which should all be together if they were only wise.

Today is the anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the British in 1783 and all the volunteer companies of the city were reviewed by some superior officer. These volunteers are composed of men between the ages of 18 and 45 and are thus subject to military duty. To belong to any volunteer company for seven years frees them from the militia for life. Each provides his own uniform, arms, etc. They drill themselves in halls and turn out only on gala days. They all assembled today in the Green at the battery where they are inspected by the commanding officer; marched them up Broadway to Washington Square, and then down Bowery, through the Green in front of the City Hall and then drew up all around the Green. The corporation or as we would say, the town council, came out from their hall when they began to pass, and looked on till all had passed by. The military then began to load as they stood around the Green and commenced popping individually rather a novel mode of firing. I was about the center of the Green and did not care for being surrounded by such an array of muskets firing, many of them I knew in awkward hands. Some of the company looked very well and some very indifferent as soldiers; some of them had good bands of music. I am not very proud of military display, and was perfectly satisfied those men were not soldiers "con amore", but from a disagreeable necessity.

There was an artillery corps with their big guns, the first I ever saw. They fired while at the battery. There were cavalry corps intended to be grays, but of all shades of that color in horses from almost black to pure white, of every

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shape and size. In their marching and wheeling they looked very awkward. The officers and staff, as it is called, were generally well mounted and profusely ornamented with cords, feathers and epaulettes. It is to protect themselves against Britain that all these preparations are made for there is no other power that they have been at war with, and it is only from her that they have anything to fear. I deprecate the day when the valour of these troops should ever be tested.

While looking at the soldiers at the City Hall I met in with a young man from Lundie. Whether my tongue attracted him or his to me, I don't know, but we soon found out that we were both Scotch. He had been in Dundee in the haberdashery way; had served part of an apprenticeship with Thomas Wood and then went to Whyte nearly opposite Aunt Mary's until he fell, and about four years ago came out to Canada. He is now doing business for himself in Prescott U. C. and had a few days since come down to this city to buy some silk goods. These he can purchase cheaper here than elsewhere. The other goods he can get in Montreal. I asked him before he told me his errand here whether he had come this length on his way home. "No" said he, "I will never go home. I like the country too well for that." His name is J. Scott from Lundie. Some of you will perhaps know him. I did not as he was not long my way, although his face did not seem strange. He says he is doing very well, and was to leave tonight for Albany on his way back. He told me D. C. Butchar, a haberdasher, Union Street had come out and had gone all to the mischief with drink, and he thought had listed.

Archibald who was on High Street is in this city in a large haberdashery store in Broadway and think he is doing very well. Last week, I was told of Peter Hampton, a late manufacturer in Dundee, being in the city. Next day I called on him. I was well acquainted with Peter. I made with him, my first consignment of cotton bag to New York and he is a tobacco and cigar manufacturer in Canal Street, north side near the Hudson river. He knew me at once. He looks a good deal thinner than when I saw him last and older. He says it is a blessed thing for him, both for soul and body, that he ever came to America. He never knew what peace and happiness there were before. He is in business which he can manage without difficulty and which affords him and family a comfortable living and something more. He can lay his head on his pillow in peace, not owing a six pence as he does all for cash.

He came out in December 1832; went to Patterson in expectation of getting employment in that manufacturing place; could get nothing but a loom to work at. He did not used to to do that. Boarded at Patterson all winter; came to this city in the spring of 1833 and opened his shop 1st of May and has continued in it ever since, perfectly contented. His wife did

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not come out with him, but stopped at home with her mother, nor would she come after Peter had settled. She was three years in following. Peter says it was Providence changed her mind, but since I have been told a better reason. Peter wrote home at length that if she would not come, he would look out for another as he was determined not to be without a wife. Mrs. Martin says she used to watch them courting at the head of the Seagate. Aunt Mary knows Mrs. Hampton, a daughter of Thomas Playfair, late brewer.

As I was coming up Broadway last Lord's Day to meeting, I observed Burton Thon, late boiler in the Sugarhouse, Dundee, across the street with his wife and children. I accosted him, but being flurried and not good at speaking at any time, I could get nothing at all from him. He gave me his address and that of his employers, who are extensive candy manufacturers. I called on him on Tuesday and appointed him to call at Mrs. Burnams on Wednesday evening which he did. He left Dundee early this year for Glasgow to seek employment; did not succeed there; then to Liverpool and was there a month and could not fall in. The thought struck him he would go to New York and see what could be done. After paying his passage in steerage, he had just thirty shillings left. He wrote home to wife for a little supply. The vessel was wind bound as long as allowed him to hear from his wife who sent him five pounds.

He came here, got work on his arrival; wife and family came out three months ago. His eldest daughters scarcely so old as Jessie and Matilda, are dress makers and milliners. He has seven children altogether. They occupy a house of only two rooms for which \$60.00 are paid annually. They live exactly as they lived in Dundee and with the exception of the rent, live cheaper. He contemplates very soon commencing business for himself. His employers manufacture large quantities of Rock Sweeties, tablets, sugar candies for the consumption of this city and the south. He says they are not acquainted with the patent way of boiling sugar, and he does not feel inclined to instruct them as he intends working in that way himself when he sets up. Sugar is scarcely half the price here, it is in Britain,—yet Messrs. R. & J. Stewart take the same price for their goods as they are charged in Britain. These men were lately but poor. They had a shanty at the corner of a street; divided their one apartment with a curtain,—the part next the street was their shop and the other served for bedroom, dining room and kitchen and they boiled sugar, etc., made candy and have now an extensive store and sugar boiling premises on Greenwich, corner of Chambers.

Nov. 30th. I now conclude this. During the few days past I have been very busy writing letters. Thomas Aked, the Yorkshireman, is returning by the Britannia and promises

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to take my letters. This will save me postage to Boston and you postage from Liverpool and as I have a Queens head still remaining will frank this.

I was last evening in the Green Street Campbellite church. The singing was excellent, best ever I heard in a Baptist church, but the discourse I did not like."

Then follows a detailed description of the discourse, which father neither enjoyed nor endorsed. After hearing the sermon father regretted his promise to preach for these people the following Sunday.

"I heard the lecture on the Divine Government on Thursday last and was very much pleased. I drank tea previously with the lecturer in Mr. Parmleys and had a bout with him—though a Greek scholar—on the meaning of the word "Time Honvur". He contended it meant "support", which I as firmly denied. He got silent and said we would discuss it again, but have not yet. On Thursday evening, I again drink tea in Mr. Parmley's and go to lecture."

Then follows an account of having met a Mr. Morrison who left Glasgow in disgrace and imposed himself on the Campbellite church people, until they discovered his character and dismissed him. The letter is closed as follows:

"Kiss William and Edmond for me. They will both be bigger when I see them. Tell David I think of him and his clerkship and that my warmest wish is that he may please his uncle. Tell James I hope he is getting on at Tay Square, and that both are doing your bidding. I never but think of Jessie and Matilda on Broadway and hope to see you all well in some brickhouse. Mr. Knowles says he has two sitting rooms and two bed rooms and kitchen and servant's room and pays \$300.00 yearly and that there is no taxes. A less house than this would scarcely suit us and that rent is high. Respects to all my friends. I will write Mrs. Capt. Brown (his sister) soon."

Next in order in the old correspondence which I have before me is a letter from our mother, yellow with age, but in her beautiful hand writing. It is dated November 26th, 1840. Some extracts from it will come in place here. She says:

"I wrote by the Columbia, the 4th of this month, which I hope you will have received. Tuesday week put me in possession of your welcome letter from Halifax. I did not expect it until two days later and was agreeably surprised when the post

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man rang at the door. It was most eagerly read at home and has often been perused since."

* * * * *

"James and David when they heard of the good cheer you had on board thought they would have liked fine to be there, but they do not know what sea sickness is yet."

* * * * *

"As soon as it was known that I had a letter from America, I had plenty of visitors. The Essons, Mr. and Mrs. Penman, Mr. Low, Mary Brown and Mr. MacLean, indeed all the church have shown a deep interest in your welfare. Mrs. MacLean intimated on Thursday evening that you had arrived at Halifax and almost everyone was congratulating me on coming out of the church."

* * * * *

Speaking of a gathering of a number of the friends, mother adds: "All the talk was about America and your journal." She then speaks of business affairs as follows:

"Mr. McLean has not collected any of the accounts yet, but John Mitchell's and gave me twenty pounds last week. John Esson has sold the gig for six pounds ten pence. There was a two pound, three pence, paid for repairing it, so that I only got four pounds, seven pence, and thirty shilling for the harness. The cart and cart harness are not yet disposed of."

* * * * *

"Mr. McGavin requested a sight of your letter by David. I sent it to him, but will take care not to show him any that relate to private affairs or money matters. David is liking his place with his uncle, McGavin, much better than being at school. His uncle is well pleased with him and at the end of a month he gave him a pound note to bring home to me and said he would get one every month he remained with him. This is more than I expected. David is very proud to be able to provide for himself. He says he is to keep account and claim all he gives me from you when you are richer. I allow him a shilling a month to himself.

Matilda is getting on so well with Aunt Mary, she gets about six pence from her every Saturday night and as Jessie has been kept from doing anything by assisting me at home, I give her the same. It is hard for Matilda to be winning money and Jessie at home. They require a little for collection and I think it better to let them have it of their own.

James is getting on as usual at school.

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Edmond is quite well. He talks a great deal about papa and makes us tell him the story of the big wave that came into papa's room, etc. He is speaking much plainer now and has learned the chorus of "Theier's Nae Luck Aboot Tha House" which he is constantly singing, only he substitutes "papa" for "guidman".

William is a great deal better. He is still thin, but is growing tall and laughing and noticing nicely. I am quite well myself, but have still little milk for William and am very dull, but try to keep up my spirits as well as I can.

I hope that our separation, though painful in the mean time, will turn out for good and feel confident that the step you have taken is most likely to be for our family's advantage in the end. How much better is my situation than Mrs. Cants left to provide for herself and family and deserted by him, who ought to nourish and support them. I feel that it is selfish to think so much of self, while you have far the hardest part to perform, and that I ought to have tried to keep up your spirits and support you in your trials when you were at home. If I have been deficient, it is not too late to mend, and I hope should we meet again, we will enjoy happier days than some we have passed."

* * * * *

Her next letter is written December 1st.

"Today I have the map of New York you sent and a letter per Patrick Henry."

* * * * *

"Last night Miss Esson, Jessie, Edmond and I took tea with Mrs. Scott, (the mother of George Scott, who afterward married our sister Jessie). We spent the evening very pleasantly and came home about eight. Edmond enjoyed himself very much. He makes himself quite at home wherever he goes. I have had several letters from Glasgow lately, the last one from Mary, announcing Tom's (her brother) arrival in Bombay on the 6th of September last after 73 days passage. He was in good health and very well pleased to make Bombay his home again.

My father is still poorly and often confined to the house. I had a very pressing invitation to spend a week or two in Glasgow at Christmas and take Jessie, Edmond and William with me, but have declined in the mean time for several reasons. William, although a great deal better, would not be very good company in a coach all day. If I had plenty of milk I might do with him, but we could not be carrying a nursing bottle with us; besides taking so many would make a hole in

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my purse, and besides the expense of traveling, we would be requiring some little additional to our wardrobe. I have therefore put off going just now. Should we leave here in the spring, I must pay them a visit before we go, but there will be time enough to arrange for this when I hear further from you."

* * * * *

"All the church are exceedingly interested in your welfare. It is grateful to my feelings to see one so dear to me thus esteemed and respected by so many."

In this letter there are short additions from Jessie, Matilda, James and David. The letter, however, is badly torn and only parts of these are intact. In Matilda's letter, she says:

"I was glad to hear you were in good health. I hope you will get on, and that you will have us all out soon. I am still liking the bonnets as well as ever, and have been down at the house twice at the blocking. Aunt Mary gave me six pence the first week; two pence the next; four pence the next and six pence the rest of the time. I think I have been seven weeks now.

Yours truly,

Matilda Lindsay."

The letters from James and David fortunately are intact and are as follows:

"Dear Father:

I have no news to tell you as I suppose you will hear them from my mother. I would be much obliged to you for the watch and chain. My mother has been allowing me and David to wear it Sabbath about, but I would like it to myself. I am trying to behave in your absence. I remain,

Your Dutiful Son,

James Lindsay."

David's letter immediately following that of his brother:

"Dear Father:

I see James has sought the Watch, and I would like very much to get it as well as him, but My Mother desires me not to seek it. I shall agree to it. Aunt Mary was up at our house tonight and is of the same opinion as My Mother. Per-

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haps You may criticize this, but as this is my first letter of my own composition, you must just excuse me. I like my place very well. I am getting one pound in the month. I am,

Your most affectionate son,

Da^d Lindsay."

CHAPTER IV.

An Observer in New York—1840-1841



THE next letter from father is dated December 4th and is written on the large paper in close formation, both as to lines and relation of words to each other. I have noticed some surprises in these letters; so beautifully and closely written, but with an absence of capitals in the division of sentences, which adds to the difficulty of reading.

"I have begun this long sheet again and do not know whether I shall fill it."

His material, however, seems to have held out and he finishes it by copying a piece of music with the words of a hymn for which he expresses admiration. It is the familiar tune of Lenox with that old hymn beginning:

"Come every pious heart that loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert, to celebrate his fame."

In this letter, he speaks in admiration of the new music he has been hearing lately in the Campbellite church, so called, in which he seems to find some satisfaction and pleasure.

The letter seems to be largely taken up with these new associations which he has formed, and, as I remember, where his church membership was finally placed, and from whom mother and the family received cordial welcome upon their arrival. He evidently found many congenial men and women in this church, and was soon actively engaged with them. He speaks also here of changing his boarding place as follows:

"Mrs. Burnam with whom I am boarding is in such infirm health that a few days ago, she intimated to us boarders that she had determined to give up her house, sell most of their furniture and go to reside at Norwalk up in Long Island Sound. This is the last day. She is really ill, poor body, and is quite unable to look after the servants and manage the house. I am afraid she will not live long. She is only 46 and looks if she could be my mother. I went one evening with two of the boarders to look at a house. I did not like the place; it was an old house in bad order and not so clean like as I could wish. The two who were with me settled with the lady to come to her but I rather would look about a little more.

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Mr. Whyte, a deacon in the church, who has been a good deal about with me, boards in a house kept by the parents of his late wife, just over the street from where I am, and where he thought I might be very comfortably accommodated. I went over yesterday morning and saw the house. It is a good deal better in order than Mrs. B. and far superior to the one I had looked at. Mrs. Wilson, the lady, seems a nice-like woman. Altogether the place pleased me and I agreed to come over. I will not have a bedroom to myself as I have here, but perhaps I may not be much worse of that, and on that account I am to be charged three and one-half per week.

It seems it is customary here for gentlemen to clean their own boots and shoes. Maid servants never do it. When done by others, it is generally done by boys. Mrs. Wilson said there was a colored boy in the house who wanted to do it, she said, for about eighteen cents per week if I chose, but as it seemed to be quite the custom for gentlemen to serve themselves in this matter, I have resolved to try it, and if I find it not to do, I will give the little black a job. On inquiring, I find all the gentlemen in this house (Mrs. B.) clean their own boots and although I have had it done for me, I have found it rather irregularly attended to, but I think it was on account of the neglect of the maid. I suppose I will have to settle with Mrs. B. for this, besides what I have paid her for board. I will have to get brushes and blacking to myself."

He then goes on to tell in detail about his washing and the cost of the different articles, which he thinks expensive and which compels him to be economical in that department. It is rather interesting to follow this description which enters so fully into details. He is also brought in contact with what he calls "false bosoms" which he says are very common, and which I suppose are the "Dickies" of our own earlier days. He also says.

"I think the gentleman all sleep in their day shirts," of which he evidently does not approve. He says, "I went over last night and drank tea in my new lodgings to see the new friends. The boarders appeared to be rather of a better class than those here. Several of the gentlemen are agents of the Baptist Missionary Society of this city. There were three ladies, two of whom are married, and with their husbands and families board in the house. This is not considered respectable with you, but quite common here and not thought of in that way."

He found a Glasgow gentleman about to sail on Monday by the Independence and thinks he will be able to have him take his letter. It is evident with a 25c postage rate and thin pocket book, father

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was glad to practice economy in forwarding his letters. He tells about another Scotchman he met who had spent the summer in America :

“He has been over all Upper Canada, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky and the far West,—all is going ahead and he did not see a poor person in all his travels. I am daily acquiring new friends and I often wonder in what short a time one may become familiar with a place and people. I am daily making a little progress in business. I wrote by the Boston Steamer with my friend, Mr. Aked, (this was his fellow passenger, the Yorkshireman) to eighteen besides yourself. I notice the Cambridge which sailed a day before the Britannia has not yet come. What a wearisome state the passengers must be in.

This is a real place for fires. Almost from dark to daylight, there is an alarm of fires in some place or another in the city. The fire engines are rattling almost at all hours through the streets and do not excite much notice. I never run to any. If I know it is not in our block, I do not heed. A block you know is a continuous mass of houses, formed between the intersection of two or more streets. There has not been any serious conflagration since I came, but daily one or two stores or shops are destroyed.

Sleighing is quite common in the streets today, both in gigs and carts, on a frame erected upon two pieces of iron in the shape of an iron of a skate, drawn by a horse. The horse has a string of bells around its neck. The boys draw small wooden articles of this kind after them in which is placed a basket or parcel which they otherwise would have to carry.

I have observed what almost all travelers remark, the speed with which the Americans take their food. The bolting of the food without chewing, and the universal use of tobacco, which causes so much spitting, I suppose accounts in a measure for the pale or yellow complexions so prevalent in this country. In this I am not to imitate them. Although I am generally seated at table among the first, I generally finish with those who begin after some have gone away. At dinner, up and run is generally the fashion, but I take my own way and take time. A Yankee will run as fast as his legs will carry him, although when there, he will not know what to make of himself.

There is not an individual on the whole continent of America of native growth, any at all, like what “Jamie Loudon” was. They use potatoes at breakfast and cheese at tea, and never take supper. A stew of apples of some kind or other is on the table at every meal. At dinner there are a great deal of vegetables boiled and hashed up in great variety of shapes. At all the tea tables which I have seen, there has

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been ginger bread. They use a good deal of treacle, but I have not liked any dish that I have not seen at home, and all puddings, sauces, etc., they have been served up, I often wonder at the "bad skin" they put all the fine foods in."

This letter seems to have been written on different days for now, under date of December 5th, he says:

"Since yesterday, we have had a regular snow storm. It has snowed and blown terribly all this day. I put on my Pea jacket and old hat and set out for the meeting. In going across the park at the City Hall and up Broadway, I was sometimes a good deal over the ankles in the snow, and the wind was drifting it sadly."

Farther on he speaks of the terrible snow storm which kept him indoors and says:

"I write this in my new lodgings and think I will enjoy them well. It is a well furnished house, better a good deal than the one I left and the boarders intelligent and right-minded men. The Mr. and Mrs. are Baptists of the popular kind and a good many of the boarders are so. We have had some nice discussions on the Epistle to Philemon in reference to slavery and on the untranslated words in the English bible. I was able to join in the discussion, but when politics are the subject as used to be chiefly over the way, I had always to remain silent.

The Scotch gentleman, to whom I alluded, is offering to take my letters by the Independence."

He speaks of another friend of his who will go later on the Western who he is sure will be happy to take any letters he may have then. He says:

"I think I will embrace the opportunity.

The stoves used in the houses here are very efficient in heating a room. Their construction is such that all the heat is diffused through the room and not sent up the vent as with you. When you sell off, you may lay your account with selling all the grates as they will be of no use here. I am not afraid of standing the winter here very well, and as to the heat in summer, I must not say anything till I try."

Speaking of some clergymen whom he has met, and for whom he does not seem to have the highest regard, he says:

"Among the perquisites spoken of are marriage fees. The clergy take here from two to twenty dollars according to the means or liberality of the bridegroom. Money here is the

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darling object of the clergy as with you, and with all the crying out of the people about liberty, they are just as priest ridden as in Britain, with this difference which it is true is of some consequence. Nobody is obliged to pay unless he chooses.

I fondly hope the children are all keeping well and conducting themselves properly. Jessie will be assisting you as far as she can, and Matilda will be diligent with Aunt Mary. James will be pleasing Mrs. Muther and Mr. Donall and keeping the top of his classes, and hope David is continuing to please his uncle. Unless he do so, he will not be doing himself any good. The better he serves him, the better does he serve himself. Mr. Parmley has a little boy, the same age as Edmond and a good deal like him. He brought him very forcibly to my mind today at dinner. He was sitting at table today, among the rest and eating alone as Edmond does. William, I hope keeps on. I flatter myself he will get above his puking and get the benefit of his food. I need not say I have you all often in my mind, and what is curious my dreams are all in Dundee. I have not material enough yet laid in about New York to make a dream of, but will by and by."

His next letter is December 12th. He begins by telling of having sent his former letter with eighteen more by his friend, Mr. Thos. Aked and seven by Mr. Dugald who sailed later. He says he is now beginning to worry for something to do. The goods shipped him from Britain by sailing vessels, some of them leaving before he did have not yet come to hand. He says he is enjoying himself well enough, but the thought that his means are gradually lessening with little or no income is not pleasant. He hopes to have something to do and thus add a little to his means of livelihood. He is gradually getting familiar with the places and people and feels a good deal better in his new home. The house is lighter, newer, better furnished and he is better waited on and the boarders are more of his mind. He then speaks of his associates, as follows:

"There is the Superintendent of the American Home Baptist Missionary Society, Mr. Hill and his wife and children; Mr. Allan, an agent of the Baptist Bible Society and his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Ward, English, who have been in several places of the west of America, who have now a tobacco and cigar store in Fulton Street; Mr. Myles, a Welch Baptist Preacher of Newport. I have learned from others, and what I have learned for myself, that he had had rather too deep a hand in Chartist matters at the same time of the Insurrection there, headed by Frost and others, and had consulted his safety by coming across the Atlantic; Mr. Whyte, a deacon of the Huston Street Church, I have mentioned as a son-in-law of

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the family as boarding here. There are five or six whose names and circumstances I have hardly learned. I have as yet but had a temporary bed, but am to get into the place which I am permanently to occupy tonight.

Thanks is rendered at every meal, either by Mr. Wilson, the gudeman, or one of the clergy, and every night at about half past nine, a Chapter of Scripture is read and prayer put up by one of the clergymen. Neither of these exercises were attended to over the way."

In this letter he speaks for the first time of his friend, Henry Blair, for whom our brother Henry is named, and in whose care he left many of his business affairs when leaving New York. He speaks as follows:

"On Wednesday evening, I drank tea in Mr. Blairs, a member of Laurence Street church, in with Mr. Hunter and Mr. Farquharson. The object of this little party was to see whether something might not be done to follow up the lectures by Mr. Hunter. I was there merely as a guest. It has been settled that Mr. Hunter shall lecture in the same hall tomorrow evening and if the attendance is encouraging, he will do so on the Lord's Day evenings for some time. I afterwards went with the friends to the church meeting and was much pleased with it. They have a list for the exhorters just like ours. The arrangement on the list is somewhat different, but the result is the same. Dr. Barker presided." (He is another of our father's valued friends while in New York of whom this is his first mention).

At this meeting, father was asked to speak which he did, evidently to the satisfaction of those present, and this was probably the real beginning of the acquaintanceship which ripened into membership and pleasant relations in this church. Father is evidently meeting with much encouragement as he comes in touch with men who have emigrated from Britain and been successful. He speaks in this letter concerning one of them as follows:

"Met Robert Pettigrew who came out from Dalkieth about twenty years ago. Was a member of the church there. Knew Robert Penman and his father well, and rest of the family. Has done very well; is a contractor for digging wells, making roads, etc., and is now an extensive contractor for bringing water into the city; says he would rather come to New York with but a shilling in his pocket, than go to the old country with hundreds of pounds. He is said to be worth upward \$50,000.00."

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In this letter he speaks of going with Prof. Hunter to Brooklyn Heights and standing among the remains of the breast works cast up there by the Americans during the Revolutionary war. He says:

"These Heights commanded a fine view of Brooklyn and New York and adjacent villages. The day was fine, the atmosphere clear and the landscape very beautiful. We also visited the Government Navy Yards. The sentinel at the gate admitted us without any question. We saw several vessels on the docks, a large steamer nearly ready for launching and two or three ships of war lying at the navy yards and other things pertaining to the art of war, such as piles of shot, and rows of cannon."

In this letter he speaks of meeting many others from Scotland with most of whom he found mutual acquaintance, and remarks that it was impossible to get away from them when they began comparing notes and talking of the old country. He has already become interested in the contemplated union between the Huston Street church and the Laurence Street church, but feels it would be improper for him to take any active part in the matter, although he evidently feels deeply about it. He says:

"I have been asked to visit first Lord's Day a few brethren at New Canaan. This place is about five miles north of Norwalk on Long Island Sound. They are few in number and mostly Scotch. In Norwalk there is a Scotch Baptist family by the name of Taylor."

Speaking of the number of Scotchmen in New York, he says:

"You would wonder at the interest the Yankees feel in the old events of Scotland and England. I amused the fire-side last night before we went to bed, while telling about the old way of singing Psalms in Scotland, the ruins of St. Andrews, Cardinal Beaton, Wishart and John Knox, etc. All expressed a desire to see the country and the celebrated places. I was gratified and a little surprised to hear one of the ladies of the house say; She liked well to hear Scotch accent although she did not know often what I said. I offered to amuse them, give them sentences none understood. At dinner I said, "Gie me a puckle saat," (Give me a little salt) which may as well have been Hebrew, although they all say they can read and understand Burns and Scott.

Yesterday I saw a fire for the first time, a druggist store in Maiden Lane. It originated in the upper story, which room was destroyed; also the under ones by the fire and water. It is astonishing the frequency of these calamities in this country and especially in this city which is divided in four

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fire districts. When the fire is in the first district, the city bells strike one stroke at intervals; when in the second, two strokes and so on. There is scarcely ever a twenty-four hours, but it is ringing and very often two, three and four times. From Saturday night last to church time on Sabbath, the fire engines were not off the streets. Although these are heard rattling past, no one ever thinks of going after them.

Business is very flat in the city at this season,—nothing but for city consumption. I would like now to have something to do. I cannot feel easy to be spending,—however small, and not making anything. I expect per the steamer packet soon due, an order from Mr. Wilson for some tar as well as perhaps invoices from Dundee for some goods shipped for me. I have no reason I know to worry, yet I cannot help feeling a little that way occasionally. All the Scotch people to whom I have spoken as being well off now had difficulties to begin with, and no doubt, so will we, but we must try to persevere.

I am coming on pretty well with the shoe cleaning. I generally clean all my four pairs at once, and that saves me being daily at it. All the gentlemen here wear boots. You will scarcely see a shoe. A great many most the whole, wear beards under the chin and forward to near the point. I have been thinking it would save both razor and soap to follow that fashion, and will refrain from shaving there for some time till I see how it looks. The gentlemen and ladies both dress better than in Scotland when attending public sales and observing the general appearance of the company and comparing what it would be on similar occasion in Dundee, one sees the difference. The ladies are decidedly gayer. During two or three fine sunny days lately I remarked their appearance. Silk velvet cloaks, not very long and silk velvet shawls; bonnets with a profusion of red, green or yellow flowers or white feathers seemed to be the mode. A good many of the cloaks are dark crimson colors. Many of the ladies have dresses which fit close with long waist without any shawl or cloak or boa. By the way, this is a part of dress, I do not remember seeing at all. Most of them have a band of something around the brow just under the hair with a shining ornament of some kind at the bottom of the “shed” (parting of the hair) and a small gold chain once or twice around the neck with a gold cross about an inch long suspended in the center.

They also wear rings on the fore finger of the left hand, both young and married; as well as on the other fingers, but not many at present. Many wear earrings. A great many of the gentlemen wear rings on the fingers as well as many tradesmen, both white and black, but those of the latter do not seem to be very valuable. The ladies are rather what you would call “pretty” than “beautiful”, mostly pale, and

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those that are not so, are too ruddy. There are some sounchy, good looking, well dressed, pleasant faced dummies. They look all better in the world, on the street than in the house. They do not know the little comforts of the fire side, so much relished in Britain.

Unless you happen to call at meal time you neither see meat nor drink, except in a Scotch family. It seems as if the food was taken just because it kills and prevents hunger, and not as a source of enjoyment. They are not up to the little teas and bread parties which we enjoy in Dundee, but if I had you all here and a little more of the needful, we would let them see what is right, and I think they would enjoy it and imitate. I remarked only the other day to Mr. Myles that he did not seem to be thriving on the American fare as he looked a little whit-y. He said he did not think the food here had the same taste as in Wales. I said I thought so too, but that it arose from the way it was cooked.

They cannot make a good steak or chop. It is destroyed by the grease and butter they do it in. To dinner today, we had what Mrs. Wilson called a "hot pie". That was a large ashet filled with smashed fowl and lumps of dough, done with butter and gravy. Of this pie we got a spoonful or two, and a slice or two of nice pork ham. None of us would think such a plate would have been savory, and it was tasteless and heavy. One reason was the fowl was stewed to rags. The knives and forks are very inferior and never sharp. You can scarcely see what you are doing. The dining room is in the back of the house and any light that would come in is excluded by the Venetian blinds, so that the place is for eating and then running, but when you come we will know and do everything else in our own fashion.

Thursday evening, December 17th, 1840. This is Thanksgiving Day. I was out in the forenoon and landed in an Episcopal Chapel and heard the prayer book, etc. Most of the shops are closed and altogether it is like a half Sabbath. There has been no meeting at our church. The day is beautiful, not very cold, dry and sunny. Christmas Day, tomorrow week, will be another idle day."

He closes this letter by expressing a wish to have them all with him soon and says:

"This is decidedly the place for adversity, and have no doubt, after we get hold of business that our circumstances will be far more comfortable than we could reasonably expect them to be in Dundee or any other place in Britain. I hope the dear children are doing well and behaving themselves. I think I will note the greatest difference in Edmond and William.

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David, I hope is doing all he can to please his uncle, and James studying diligently. Jessie and Matilda will be pleased with New York and will enjoy themselves. There is a great deal more life and elegance here than in Dundee."

Our next is a letter from Mother under date of December 14th, 1840. After thanking father for his frequent letters, she says:

"I have always received them before I expected and one has served me to read and re-read until I received the next. I am sure I shall like New York from your description and hope your expectations as to doing business there will be answered. Mrs. Brown (father's sister and wife of Capt. Brown) was calling on us the other day. She said she was sure I would not like New York at first. I said I thought I should whether I did afterward or not. The change would be so great and I should feel so happy to be united with you again that any place would seem almost a Paradise. She remarked there was a great deal of difference between her situation and mine and so there is, and will be.

Little William confines me very much. He is much more troublesome to keep than Edmond. He knows me quite well now, and will hardly remain a minute out of my arms when I am in sight. Last Wednesday week, Edmond and I took tea with Robert Milne. He is much pleased with your letter which he gave me to read and would decide at once to come to New York, but his wife is not so fond of it and she has a great deal of influence over him. Edmond enjoyed himself much and amused them with his old fashioned chat. He is getting very inquisitive now and must be at the bottom of everything. He seems to have an idea that papa is somewhere over about Fife. This is the only place across the water that he knows about. The other day when taking him to church, he said, when going out that he would see papa today far up in the "kirk", and would hardly be persuaded you were not there. I have asked what I am to say about him. He says, "tell papa, Edmond is a good boy and wearying to see him and has got a Tartan frock coat with pockets and buttons and a beaver hat." He has had a slight attack of small pox which are prevalent; was feverish and fitful for a day or two and about half a dozen large pox came out and a number of smaller ones. David too has had a sore throat and headache. He was at home all day on Saturday and yesterday."

Speaking of one of their friends who is talking of going to America, mother says,

"He seems to think like you that there will be a revolution in this country before many years. I had no idea that Chartism was so prevalent among the working classes as it appears to be.

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Mr. N. mentioned that out of 200 fellow workmen where he was, there were not twenty loyal subjects. They are trying to put down all public meetings and succeeded in taking the chair from the Anti-corn meeting the other evening.

Mr. North exhorted last Thursday evening. It was the first time I had heard him, and I liked him very well. His language was more flowery than we are accustomed to, but what he said was much to the point, and he seems to bid fair to be a very useful member." (This is our first introduction to the future husband of our sister, Matilda.)

16th of December. Since writing you last, I have made up my mind to go to Glasgow at Christmas. I had a very pressing invitation to go. My father has been very poorly again and confined to the house for three weeks. I should like so to see him and may not have so good an opportunity again if we sail in the spring. William, (our uncle William) is to be there too for his Christmas dinner, and Margaret and Mary have holidays for a fortnight. They wished me to be there when they were at leisure. On mentioning all this to Mrs. MacLean, saying that I did not see how I could go and leave the children by themselves in the house, she and Mr. MacLean urged me to go and kindly offered to take charge of James and David in my absence. They are therefore to stay with her; Jessie with Aunt Brown and Tilda at the Vault, so that the house will be shut up while we are away.

I am to take Edmond and William and the servant. I shall be more at liberty and less expense with her than with Jessie. I would not like to make Jessie so much of a servant in Glasgow, as she would necessarily be with my taking the children. I am not to buy anything new, and have had patched up some old things for Edmond and William. The girls' cloaks have been dyed green, and Matilda's was so much too short, I had to make a dress of it for Edmond and help out Jessie's. I gave Tilda a new Tartan frock and black merino shawl which will serve her over the winter."

She then goes on to give father detailed memoranda of expense account connected with household affairs, and which she says has reduced her purse wonderfully. She tells him she has tried to be very economical in every way, but finds it takes more to keep them than she thought. Referring to father's desire that she does not neglect to practise on the piano, she says,

"I don't know where I could get a spell at the piano, unless when I visit Glasgow and there I shall not have much time, but if able to get one in New York, a little practise will soon enable me to play a plain tune."

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Speaking of an expected letter, she says,

"I wish there were one telling us when to come out, but I know, it cannot be yet. Your journal almost frightened us from taking the sea voyage, but I would cheerfully go through all your sickness and more to see you again. I have you often before me in my dreams, but am always in some trouble. I often look forward to our meeting and picture to myself how we shall all look. The Lord grant that it may be in peace and comfort and to His Hands, we commit ourselves.

17th of December. Have just received yours per the Britannia. I doubt you would worry sadly before you received my second letter, but I will not be so long in writing again. You must not expect such long letters from me as I have not so much to recount, but I know you must feel anxious about us all and will write you regularly twice a month."

Father's next letter is under date of December 25th and is largely taken up with a visit he made to New Canaan where he carried letters of introduction to a Mr. Hustead and also to another Scotchman, named Taylor, living at Norwalk. He was to be the guest of Mr. Hustead over Sunday and preach for a small company of Scotch Baptists living there. The church was in a run-down condition, because of disagreement among the members over interpretation of the Scripture. Mr. Hustead was very desirous of holding the church together; had built a neat meeting house at his own expense and was quite willing to bear additional expense if, by so doing, the church could be held together. Father preached three times on Sunday and only one person of the small congregation joined him in singing, and he was surprised to find his host and his family without any musical ability whatever. Their services were often conducted without music of any kind.

He describes for the first time, sleeping in a cold room where no water could be furnished on account of the temperature; his hostess telling him it would be all ice in the morning. Hot water was brought in by Mr. Hustead who also took father's shoes and as he says "Cleaned them with his own." He remarks very naively that he cannot understand the aversion to shoe cleaning which seems to be so prevalent. He had come off without a night cap, hoping to be furnished one, but nothing of the kind could be found in the house. Mrs. Hustead, however, produced something which father said looked like a cowl, which worn over his own handker-

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chief kept his head comfortable during the night. He was greatly impressed with the beauty of the country; thought it must be a Paradise in summer; describes the comfortable and pretty looking homes, painted white with Venetian blinds, standing in the middle of lots of half an acre or more with gardens; was driven by Mr. H. to Stamford to take the return boat on Monday and was altogether much pleased with his trip. I remember hearing father and mother speak of the Husteads as among their cherished friends in New York, and remember also that father had taken mother there several Sundays when he went to preach for them.

He speaks also in this letter of some anniversary exercises of the Sunday School of the Oliver Street Baptist Church, whose pastor at that time was Mr. Cone. I think Mr. Cone was quite a prominent man among the Baptists of that time. They sang here "Park Street" which pleased him so well, he sends a copy of the music in his letter. He was evidently much pleased with the musical exercises, but otherwise thought there was lack of Scriptural quotations. He met here a young man, named Davison, who formerly worked for father in his mill. With his family he had lately come to New York and was doing well, being employed by Messrs. A. and J. Stewart of whom mention has been made in former letters.

The next letter is a long one under date of Glasgow, January 2nd, 1841, evidently dictated by our grandfather, James Edmond, to Mary (Aunt Mary). This is to our father and begins "My Dear Sir." It is largely taken up with business and general affairs. He seems to have used our Uncle William on this visit to assist him with his correspondence. The writing is evidently all by Aunt Mary, but the signature, quite shaky, by grandfather's own hand. Grandfather speaks of his pleasure in knowing that father is pleased with the country and prospect of successful business; gives him much good advice concerning business and is so characteristic, I am almost tempted to quote it altogether or in part. It was a comparison between America and Britain, and gives expression to his thought that the political separation of the two countries has added to their mutual prosperity.

He cautions father about extending credit which I judge, with father's convictions at that time, was not needed. In these letters of our grandfather to our father, I am impressed with his sagacity; his earnest piety, and the changed expressions, showing more freedom in expression of affection. In this one, probably the last he ever

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wrote to father, although he begins by "My dear Sir," he closes as follows: "I remain my dear sir, yours most affectionately," the word "most" appearing to have been inserted in his own hand writing when signing the letter. The formality of his previous letters, both in the beginning and ending and when speaking of mother, is quite different from what one would expect a father to use in speaking of his daughter to her husband. This letter is directed in the hand writing of our mother to,

"Mr. David Lindsay,
Mr. Wilson, Pearl Street, New York,
per Columbia, via Liverpool and Halifax."

* * * * *

A letter written by mother from Glasgow to father commenced on the first day of the year 1841 and finished the following day, is remarkable in many ways. She writes regularly across the sheet in her beautiful regular hand writing, filling every space, not necessarily left blank preparatory for proper folding and mailing without an envelope. She then crosses every page in part, or in sections, and finishes by re-crossing diagonally from bottom to top the first page.

"I wrote you last from Dundee on the 16th of December, which I hope you will have received. I told you in it that I was to visit Glasgow at Christmas and my reasons for doing so. I could not leave the country without seeing my relatives, and as there is every probability that we sail from Dundee, this seemed the most convenient time to visit them as William is here, and also, I have been able "To fell twa dogs wi' ae stane." I have never pressed him much to come to Dundee in our present circumstances, for we are not very able to entertain him, and it was better to see him at my father's house.

I mentioned in my last, Mr. North had been visiting us. I don't know what was the attraction, but he had surely been well entertained, as he was not long in repeating his visit. He came up the next Friday evening and chatted about two hours. He seems a very sensible, well informed young man and has evidently made good use, both of his time and talents. Matilda was one night lately at a Soiree with Thomas Easson. I see I must not let her be too intimate, as Thomas is like to put nonsense in her head, and she is too young to be thinking of beaux. The Eassons are so kind, it is almost difficult to refuse their invitations, but Matilda being engaged with her bonnets will be a very good excuse. She is getting on very well with Aunt Mary."

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It is interesting here to note the remark of mother in her expression concerning the unknown attraction, spoken of for Mr. North to increase his visits. It is certainly a straw showing which way the wind blew.

“According to arrangements, I came here the day before Christmas. William did much better on the way than I expected. He nursed and slept all the way, but Edmond, poor fellow, was very sick and vomited repeatedly. I took an outside seat for Janet. The coach was not full all the way and she got inside from Dundee to Perth and from Sterling to Glasgow. This helped me a good deal with the children. Edmond began to revive after we left Sterling, chatted and looked about him. I doubt, he will make a poor sailor. Miss Stalker and two young ladies were inside passengers from Perth. I felt glad there were no gentlemen as I was more at ease with the children.

We were all glad to get to our journey's end, and found William and Mary waiting at the coach, and a comfortable dinner at our arrival at Maxwell Street. I found my father much worse than I expected. He has been constantly confined to his room for six weeks and latterly to his bed. The doctor has very unwillingly put him under another course of mercury as he found the liver much enlarged again. He says it is the only remedy, and were the liver allowed to go on increasing, it would get on beyond the reach of medicine. My father's strength is much reduced, more so than it has been yet, and this is an unfavorable season for using mercury, but we hope, through the blessing of God, he may yet be spared some time to his family. He has little hope of his ultimate recovery, and while he would wish for his family's sake, that his life might be prolonged, he is quite resigned to whatever may be God's will. This illness has made my visit duller than it would otherwise have been, but I feel glad that I have come. I am sure he will feel tried on parting with us, as it is likely to be a final separation in this world. None of us have been the worse of this journey; indeed I think William looks better and Edmond is enjoying himself very much with his cousins. He says he will not go back to Dundee, but live here, for grandpa's house is far better and bonnier than mama's.

January 2nd. Last Tuesday I had your welcome letter by the Great Western. How joyful is good news from a far country, especially from those we love. I have again to thank you, my dear David, for being so attentive in this respect. I know when you left, you said you would do everything you could to soften the anxiety I feel in your absence and I have not been disappointed. I have not made much progress with Lennox (a

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tune he wished her to learn) yet, but will see and learn it before returning home as I have the best opportunity here. I find my hand quite out of practice at the piano, but would soon get on with it again had I an instrument beside me."

* * * * *

She then speaks of attending church and meeting many of her old friends, and gives a description of the service which was a pleasant one. She says:

"I returned home to write the first part which was hindered by a number of callers coming in and wrote a bit after tea. We did not forget absent friends when taking our glass of wine at dinner; thought of where we would spend our next New Year and hope it will be with you in New York. We little thought this time last year to have been so far separated, but all things work together for good, although we may not be able at present to see how. We trust we shall yet be able to bless God for all his dealings toward us. I told Jessie and Matilda to write you by this steamer and hope they will do so.

David is continuing to please his uncle and James is paying more attention to his lessons lately. Their behavior at home has not been altogether what I would like, but they have promised amendment, and I am not to make any complaint. I think I shall be here about ten days yet. The Maxwell Street folks would fane keep me longer, but it will be encroaching upon Mrs. MacLean's kindness to remain longer. I have been badly quizzed since I came here about my broad speaking, especially by William. I have had occasion to use the words "five" and "fire" often and he catches me every time. I did not think I had changed my tongue so much.

I am sorry to hear your account of the church as I thought from your first letter, you would have been very comfortable with them. I think you should not be rash in leaving Mr. Hogg. You might be the means of stirring them up and introducing a better order of things among them. You have already done much good to Meadowside Church* in this respect, and they all not only feel, but express themselves deeply indebted to you and this is some encouragement to persevere. You will not have the same opinion at first, but may through time. The church in Laurence Street is said to hold some erroneous opinions, but this you will have an opportunity to judge for yourself.

James Monroe called on us on New Year's day. He seemed to regret much that you should think of leaving Houston Street; says Mr. Hogg is an excellent man, and so are many

*The church in Dundee in which father was an Elder and influential in all its activities.

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of his church. He says Mr. Hogg is intimately acquainted with Mr. Barker and can give all his history. Mary is acting amanuensis for my father who is unable to write."

She speaks of Mr. McLaren who was the father of the celebrated Dr. McLaren, being on his way home from New Zealand and with the family is expecting to move to London at Whitsunday. Closing, she says: "I might have taken a larger sheet, but have not time to copy it again." This is that part written diagonally across and filling the whole of the first sheet.

Mother's next letter is written four days after her return from Glasgow. In it she writes at length of the mutual friends she had met there during her three weeks' visit to her father's.

It is on large sheets of paper closely written and all crossed. It is dated Tuesday, January 19th, 1841, but written at different times, with many interruptions, and only finished in time to go by the S. S. Britannia from Liverpool via Halifax, February 4th. She alludes to it in the next to follow, written February 7th. I will copy from it only in part. This letter is probably the one on which father was compelled, much against his will, to pay double postage on arrival at New York, when the mail by the Britannia was so large it required several days for the Boston postoffice to distribute it. The Boston postmark shows receipt there February 22nd, eighteen days from Liverpool. I quote in part as follows:

"I have followed your example in taking a larger sheet and aim to try and write a little closer. We returned home from Glasgow last Friday. I found your letters of the 12th and 17th of December, waiting me, and today have received yours of the 30th of December. Mr. Henderson also sent over his letter for me to read. Mr. Buchanan has been mistaken about them coming postage free. Mr. H— and I had each to pay a shilling, and they were marked on the back "American." This charge was more than usual, as I have never paid more than eight pence for a single letter. Those by Mr. Aked and Mr. Dugald were just two pence, so you need not send through Mr. B— again."

She then speaks of different old friends she met in Glasgow, and a party given in her honor at which

"the Misses Austin sang and played very prettily and we had some dancing. I danced one country dance with Miss Austin for my partner, and William did me the the compliment to say that though the stoutest lady in the room, I danced lighter than any of them."

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She mentions having met a Mr. Robertson, who had lived in New York for twenty years. He was in Glasgow on a visit, had crossed the ocean "Back and forward ten times and does not seem to fear it." He had met a number of Dundee people in New York, whom she mentions by name. He told mother about many of the customs prevailing there, among others of the New York calling. She says:

"I listened with interest to his description of the sleighing in winter, and thought you might perhaps be 'Hurling in some sleigh the very time we were speaking.' Mr. Robertson was enthusiastic in his praise of New York, and would not think of returning to Scotland, which was pleasant testimony for Mother. Mother had many invitations to gatherings at the homes of friends, but after calling on those with whom she was most intimate, she decided to spend what time remained quietly with her own people."

Speaking of one of her friends, John McLaren, a brother of the great Manchester preacher, she says:

"John McLaren had come from London to see his mother and sister. He said he knew no difference in me and it is six years since we met before. He would hardly believe that such a fine stout boy as Edmond could be mine."

Every one in Glasgow remarked how like Edmond was to you. Mr. Dawson, on coming in and meeting him in the lobby, said, 'I need not ask whose child that is. He fathers himself.' It never struck me he was so very like, but a stranger would be more apt to see it. I felt very much on parting with all the Maxwell St. (her old home) folks, especially my father, whom I hardly expect to see again in this life. I did not go up to say good-bye the morning I left, as I thought it would save both his feelings and mine. He was very unwilling to let me away. Indeed, I had quite to force myself from all my friends. The journey home was a dull one. I thought of the time I had come with you, this time four years (their wedding home-coming) and all that had passed since then. I felt much as you have often described on coming near Dundee. While in Glasgow, I had cast off all care, knowing that the children were with their friends and would be taken care of, and had nothing to do but enjoy myself, and now I was just returning to trouble and vexation, but I knew it was my duty to come home. The children were all glad to see me. They were all tired of their quarters, but Matilda, who had been enjoying herself. She had been spending a fortnight at the Keith (a farm near Dundee where her uncle, aunt and cousins lived, always a favorite place for the four older children) and was at a wedding and some other par-

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ties. She has grown a good deal stouter and taller since you left.

Wednesday, 27th January, 1841. I began this intending to send it by a packet, but could not get sitting to finish it, and have had to write just by snatches at a time. I shall keep it now for the steamer of the 4th, as you will get it sooner, and will try also and write a few lines by the President, which leaves Liverpool on the 10th. I hope I shall not have many more to write now. We are all wearying for the time to be fixed when we shall come out. There was a general rejoicing when I read the piece of your letter which said we might begin to think of making preparations. I often picture to myself how we shall all look at meeting, and fondly anticipate a happy meeting. The Isla had sailed before I received yours of the 30th ult., and I would not have sent James at any rate so early in the season. Indeed I am almost afraid to trust him by himself. He is so reckless that he would be trying to climb the masts and get into danger. Had he gone by the Isla, he would have got a fright. She encountered severe weather between Montrose and the Morey Firth, lost her bulwarks and stanchion and has been obliged to put back to Dundee to repair."

In this letter she tells father that Mr. North expects to sail for New York the beginning of April, and offers to take James with him, if he does not go before then. Mother hopes they may all be able to leave soon. She longs to be with father and thinks they could help him and speaks of the way in which each could contribute their part.

"With a baby on my hands, I cannot promise to do much to earn money, but I would rather take in sewing or do anything than remain much longer here."

In closing her letter, she tells of a visit from Mr. Cameron, (the "Sandy Cameron," a neighbor of ours while on the farm, and the husband of Eliza North) who expected to sail from Liverpool on the steamer President February 10th, and offered to take any letters or packages Mother might wish to send. She closes her long letter with this message:

"Continue your kindness in writing me often. A letter from New York causes a thrill of joy and the perusal of them is the greatest pleasure I have. How I long for the time when they will be no longer necessary. The children are all well, William better tonight."

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Next follows a letter from father to mother under date of December 25th and 28th, 1840, taken up almost entirely with remarks about his impressions of the people and customs, expressing himself quite fully concerning the ladies' dress in which he seems to have been much interested. The habits of the men he considers in many respects boorish and lacking in gentlemanly courtesy. A habit of spitting he seems to think is very common. He deplores the prevalent practice of living in boarding houses and thus lacking the comforts and things of home life. He speaks of some whom he has known who seemed satisfied to live in this way with bedroom, parlor or perhaps bedroom only, with common sitting room. The wives have no domestic cares to engage their thought, and when children are in the family, the absence of the home life so necessary for them is noticeable. He notes the absence of children in so many homes. He thinks mother's decision about the disposition of the watch of which James and David speak in their letter is right; that the boys are both too young to wear it, and perhaps it may be put away if its present use is not satisfactory.

He suggests sending James to New York, if mother and the friends thought best. Father could employ him as a helper in many ways, and thinks he could be put in charge of the captain of some ship, sailing direct to New York; mentions the packet ship *Isla*, as sailing soon on which James might come.

* * * * *

The next is under date of December 30th which he says he writes because he says he can send it free to Liverpool with a package of letters from Mr. Buchanan on some ship which would probably reach Dundee before his letter of the 25th. He suggests to mother if she desires more information, she will need to ask questions as he thinks he has written her already very fully. He closes by saying:

"I think if you would write to William (mother's brother), he would furnish you with a list of the times of the sailing of the vessels from Liverpool for your guidance. The lists here have more reference to New York."

* * * * *

A long closely written letter from father under date of January 4th is next in order. In this he speaks in admiration of the singing he finds in the Laurence Street church, and which he thinks is quite general, much in advance of that found among those of his own

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people in Scotland. He is surprised by finding many ladies who are able to read music at sight, and with such fine voices. He then enters quite at length into a description of the New Year observances, in which he thinks it best to participate to some extent by calling on some of the families with whom he has become acquainted. He fears offence might be taken if he did not do so. He describes the observance by telling of the preparations made in the homes; the way the tables are placed in the corner of the parlors with wine, fruits and cakes, etc., to which each caller is expected to help himself—the ladies all remaining at home and the gentlemen beginning early in the morning on their round of calls. A quotation concerning this will be interesting.

“In the course of my visit, I met nobody but young men in their best clothes, leaping through the snow and a great many were paying their visits in cabs, which waited at the door till the hirer stepped in, and again drive to the next place of call. I saw rows of cabs thus waiting at the doors in some of the genteel parts of the town. Some young men I am told will make upwards of one hundred calls in the course of the day; 5 or 10 minutes will suffice. It is an old Dutch custom and is observed in this city and Albany alone. It has been tried to introduce it in Philadelphia, but it has not succeeded. It is not a bad custom. It affords an excellent opportunity of making up any differences which may have arisen between families or individuals, as such a call is considered as a wish that bygones should be bygones and is always acceded to. If I should be here and well when the season comes around again, I propose to set to in right earnest, and I hope in that case that you will be at home to receive the friends who may honor us with a call. I think you will like it. It has a tendency to promote good feeling.”

In this letter, he also speaks of a number of new acquaintances whose names I well remember as household words in the early days, when Jessie, Matilda, James and David were at home, and some of whom I personally remember. When in New York with Jessie in 1855, I visited in their homes. In the person of a Mr. Farquharson in whose family he spent the evening of New Year's Day, father finds a relative of the mother of our older brothers and sisters. He evidently enjoyed himself much in this home where he found most agreeable companionship. One of the daughters, Katherine, became a friend of Jessie and Matilda. I visited them with Jessie in 1855 when she was Mrs. Turton with a family of children living in Williamsburg, and had a unique adventure in the same home in

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1876 when I essayed to conduct our brother David over there to meet his old friend "Katy Farquharson," and found she had been dead many years, her place filled with a new wife who knew us not, nor anything concerning the Lindsays. There was mutual embarrassment when we met in a darkened reception room, where we were mutually ill at ease in trying to recognize each other.

"Yesterday the sleighs were all the go on Broadway. The people are very fond of this way of riding. Whenever the weather permits it, out all the sleighs come, and the tinkling of the small bells hung on the necks of the horses meet you wherever they go. They often seem childish in this. Their love of display is seen too. The sleigh is all set up with fine skins, and furs and things of the showiest description and driven at such a rate instead of the omnibuses. On Broadway there are long sleighs and these you see filled with men and women just like so many children to get a slide. For my part, I would rather walk, especially in such fine weather, to any place on Broadway before I would stick myself in such an article, and be made to wait here and there until the machine be filled when the driver sets out. When I came to the city, I got as I mentioned, a dozen tickets for these omnibuses, and I have them all still, but one, and it is very likely you will get a ride for some of them if you should happen to get a good passage across the Atlantic.

On Saturday I called on Andrew MacFarlain, a Glasgow man, to whom I consigned a great deal of my manufactures in 1827 and 1828. He seems a fine communicative body; had heard of my fire; offered his assistance in any way he could serve me. I had a long talk with him and will soon call again. He has his office in 16 Cedar Street near Pearl Street. His name on the foot of the stair brought him to my recollection and on inquiring at Mr. Shaw who has the store almost next door, I found that he was my former correspondent. Mr. Shaw speaks as if he was to go home in the spring and wishes me to take his store if it is given up."

In this letter he also speaks of the continuous dissatisfaction he has with the Houston Street church where he first attended; their disorderly irregular way of conducting their services becomes unbearable. He says:

"I have no patience with such a way of going to work. I went in the afternoon to Laurence Street and heard Mr. Monroe, one of the pastors, preach from the last three verses from St. Peter. He seems to have studied his discourse. Dr. Barker presided at the supper. I was called on to give thanks for the cup. A young woman who had been baptized in the morning

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was introduced by Mr. Barker to the church and added to the number. He gave her the right hand of fellowship in the name of the church and spoke a few sentences to her on the important step she had taken in taking on her the name of Christ. I resolved to attend this meeting the whole of next Lord's day, and see the whole of the order, and if satisfied continue with them. What if I interfere to find fault and join in altercation with any in Houston and besides, though I got what is offensive removed, I cannot see what object would be gained unless the two churches were united and of that there is little hope."

He then instructs mother how to send her letters by saying:

"You did not manage your letter by the United States correct. When you send any letter to me any other way than per the Boston steamer line, put it in an envelope to William in Liverpool, whence the regular sailing packets and President steamship sail, or if it is to go per the Great Western, put it in an envelope to Mr. Wilson, and frank both ways by a Queen's Head. This franks the letter to the vessel, and I have but a small postage to pay here, and if you send your letter to go by the Boston Line, you have to pay a shilling in Dundee, and that pays it to Boston, whence I have to pay the American inland postage. Although you send your letter to William, he has just to pay as much as you have, one shilling, so that for want of knowing better you lost your eight pence on the letter by the United States, and saved the Queen's Head. It is unmarked and the first opportunity afforded me of a private hand to the other side, will bring you it back. I will look for another letter by the packet of the 13th from Liverpool. These sailing vessels are arranged to sail from both sides on the 1st, 7th, 13th and 25th on every month, so you will just have to post your letters two days previously; to the President three days."

It would seem from this as though the steamship, President, was the only mail steamer between Liverpool and New York at this time.

"As yet I see nothing to make me regret leaving Dundee. I would not have taken to the manufacturing contentedly and I have no doubt, but that after the first struggle, our circumstances will be improved, but from the little I have felt, I do not wonder that some people of a softer texture feel discouraged and lose spirit and run home."

Speaking of several families with whom he has come in contact who left the old country, with little or nothing, but who had courage and spirit, coupled with perseverance and who have been success-

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ful, he mentions one lady, who with several unmarried sisters came to New York four years earlier. Speaking of the first experience of one woman, he says:

"She and her unmarried sisters went to live out or as you would say, went to service. They got seven dollars a month, a good place at the very first, and she continued so until she was married. I remarked, she would not be near so hard wrought as at home. She replied, "No half, no half." "You would not have any shoes to clean." She said, "Not any, nor knives either." Strange, this aversion in the ladies to clean shoes. I remarked one evening when the subject was introduced at the parlor fire that I hoped to get relieved from it by and by, and that my daughters would not stand by and see me do it. Mrs. Hill, the wife of a clergyman, said Mr. Hill would not allow a daughter of his to clean his shoes. I said when I was a young man and walked into town with a young lady in rather a wet day, we went both in the house in the place, and she made me give her my shoes and cleaned them along with her own. Mrs. Hill turned up her head, and said Mr. Hill had often cleaned her shoes, but she had never cleaned his.

Mrs. Turner said the first short time in America is the worst. A young woman, a cousin of hers, had come over and she had not a dry cheek for weeks. Dear me, woman, did you really expect to get "siller" up every street? Well, she said, she actually did, but she is married now and is quite contented. I have been thinking much about you and a maid here. Although one would come with you, and you pay her passage, it would not serve you much as you could not safely calculate upon her continuing. She would either get married or think she might get a better place.

Miss Kelly has been talking to me about ordering a dozen or so of Dundee kid gloves for herself and friends. She said she got them in Canada, but they are not to be had here. The thought struck me, might not this be a little agency to me? You may request Mr. MacLean to sound George Rough on this subject, if by his furnishing me with a small stock, I could sell a moderate quantity, which might be worth while for us both. The duty on leather gloves is 23% ad valorem. The freight would not be much on the value. I have been thinking something of the same kind about Mr. Semmer's stockings. My stockings are much thought of and I am told they would sell very well here.

Mrs. Wilson says she is to take lessons in cooking from you when you come. She sees I do not relish many of her fine things. At tea last evening, I saw toast for the first time and hailed its appearance, but it was wet on the one

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side with milk, and spread with butter as we do it. Mr. Hill said there was one thing he would give the Scotch credit for in cooking, and that was oatmeal porridge. I asked him if he had ever seen or tasted oatmeal brose. He had not. There was not one of them that could pronounce the word even. Mr. Ward said he had seen a Scotchman cook them in Canada. Mr. W. called them "mess," but he could not eat them. Buckwheat cakes are great favorites for breakfast. I try them occasionally, but do not like them.

This morning, I saw Mr. Whyte, who sits next me at table have a mess on his plate which was enough to turn one's stomach. There were buckwheat cakes made a good deal like pancakes, two or three ply; codfish, sausages, butter, etc. First one cake is spread on the plate and butter thickly spread upon it, then molasses poured from a sauce boat all over it, then another cake and butter, etc., four ply. The codfish is a mess like their potato soup. The fish is broken down and made into such a consistency with butter or grease or perhaps both together. The sausage is a compound something like what we have at home under that name, but generally made up into flat balls, as you used to do the minced collops sometimes. When Mr. Whyte's plate is replenished with four or five ply of buck cakes, codfish and sausages, the knife is made to descend to the bottom of the first, and a square piece cut out from top to bottom. Then as much as the knife will lift of the fish, and next as much as it will lift of the sausage, and the plate replenished once and again as its contents disappear, and all put over with three or four large cups of coffee. Well, I thought to myself, if Mrs. Wilson makes a profit out of me at \$3.50 weekly, she will have nothing from you at \$7.00. He was missed today from dinner. When I came up here to my bedroom to write, I found him. He said he was to fast from dinner. I said if I had had such a breakfast, I would not be right for days.

As to the furniture you will have to bring with you if you can get a favorable bargain with the vessel, all you have except the grates and fire irons; all the books; in fact, everything but these, as they will not be needed and if everything is well packed up, one thing put into another, it may be put into comparatively little bulk. Perhaps the chairs are not worth the bringing, but then these or something else would give but little and if we had them here, they would do in place of others.

I note what you say about the interest felt by many in America. I have endeavored to give you all the particulars I thought would be interesting, and I am sure I have sent you a good deal of gossip, which would interest nobody else. We will get a living here although we all have to work with our hands

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and as things occurred, there was little for us at home. This, as I said in my last, is taking things at the worst, but I have no reason to feel disappointed, but rather otherwise, but when I get something to do, I will speak with more confidence. I intend by and by to write the church as a body after I am a little better acquainted with the churches here. The state of matters should be known that brethren coming in this country may know how to guide themselves. When I get busy and I wish I was, you will not get so long letters nor so many, but I can spend an hour at this as well as any other thing. I have no difficulty in spending my time, but I am not satisfied but that I could be doing something to produce a dollar or two.

This city and all American cities abound in institutions, and if learning and science have not made such advancements here as in Britain, in regard to individual cases they are far more generally diffused. It comforts me much and relieves my mind to hear of the good conduct of the children; that David is pleasing and likes his place. He will forward his own interests with same proportion as he pleases his master. I am happy to hear of William thriving. Does Edmond sing "There is Nae luck, etc." or does he simply say the words? Kiss him, dear little fellow, and say that I hope to kiss him and you ere long. I continue to enjoy perfect health and spirits. After tea I am always at the singing pitch—Scotch songs are liked here. I am sorry I have not more of them learned."

He adds a postscript to his letter, instructing mother to communicate at once with certain parties asking them to forward him, without delay, samples of the gloves and stockings of which he has spoken and requests that he may be made their agent in New York, giving specific instructions concerning kinds and manner of shipment.



MATILDA LINDSAY NORTH



JESSIE LINDSAY SCOTT

CHAPTER V.

An Optimist in New York—1841



IN a strange land father hoped to establish himself in business and thus enable him to bring his wife and six children to America. His cautious, conservative policy is quite evident in the many letters he sent to Scotland. In a long letter dated January 15, 1841, father speaks of renting premises at No. 22 Cedar Street and gives other interesting information. He says:

"I have begun this sheet to you, but really I do not know whether time and matter will serve me to fill it. I wrote you last by the Cambridge which sailed on the 8th. In that was an order for 48 pairs of Dundee kid gloves. I did not say anything about the payment of same. I will remit the money when the goods are received and until then perhaps credit will be given. If not, Mr. MacLean may be able to advance the few pounds, the same will not be much.

I have now taken a store at No. 22 Cedar Street, about halfway between Pearl and William on the left hand when going from the former up to the latter, so that by looking at the map, you will easily find my location. It has three large lofts, the counting room on the first floor and appears a very good place. I have taken it from Halliday & Shaw, who have dissolved partnership and, of course, have given up the store. Mr. Shaw is selling off a few goods they have on hand, and when that is done, I get the premises to myself. I have at the wharf, three small lots of goods which I will get into store in a few days, when I will issue my cards, printed and circulated and get myself well advertised. I will then have made a beginning. So far things have just gone as expected. I fondly hope a little patience and perseverance will remove the worst, which must necessarily stand in the way of a stranger.

I have not received the letter you promised to write in about the middle of December. The Oxford, the Liverpool packet of the 19th of that month came a day or two ago, and did not bring it. I was much disappointed. The Helen Symers came in on the 18th after a long and rough passage. Mrs. Japp, the Captain's lady, was pretty well done up. She was sick for four weeks on end, and was almost at the gates of death,—nervous and ill, so much so, that she sometimes did not recognize her husband, so you can imagine how ill she was. The vessel is quite entire, notwithstanding the bad weather they have endured. They asked me if I could recommend them to good lodgings, and as Mrs. Wilson, my landlady said that she would be glad to accommodate any of my acquaintances, I said to the captain and his lady I would speak to her and learn whether she could suit them. She said she

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thought she could, and I agreed to bring them to see the place. The lady's "braws" (fine or best clothes) were in such disorder that she would not leave the ship except in the dark, until she should get them put in order. The Captain came and saw the room, and at once agreed to come. They came up to tea on me going after them to show the way. Mrs. Japp had never been far away from home before and seemed a little strange at first. They had just been married a few weeks before they left, and a queer marriage jaunt she has had. However, she will see a little of the world before she gets home again. They sit beside me at table and if we sometimes are at a loss to understand the talk of the others, they on the other hand perhaps are as much at a loss with ours.

The Captain and I, his lady and Miss Kelly, Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Hill walked out of the Saturday evening last to see the city a little. We went up Broadway, peeped in at all the windows up Canal Street as far as Peter Hampton, where we all rested a while. While we were there, Burton Thons came in and we had a nice Scotch talk to the wonder of the Yankee and English lady. How innocent like they look when we give them a screed of Scotch, often not one word do they understand. The Japps did not go out on the forenoon and afternoon of Sabbath; the lady was not very well. The change of circumstances had jumbled her a little. They went with me in the evening to Laurence Street meeting house where we heard Dr. Barker preach a sermon to the young. They were singing, "Yes, the Redeemer Rose" as we went in. Lennox was the tune, and they were going on with great life and fine effect. Dr. B. did very well, and before dismissal he announced that I was to address Christian females next Lord's Day in the same place. Last week, he had intimated some discourses would be delivered to the young, to the aged and to the female disciples. He requested me to take the one to the aged, but I thought that could so well be done by an aged person, but agreed to take the one to females. I have been thinking on the subject since and will try what I can do. It is rather a delicate subject, but nevertheless, very important. Mrs. Japp and her husband say that they will come and hear me.

I have been a good deal about with them. They both seem good sort of people and I would like, if the ship got a freight to Britain direct from this, as then Mrs. Japp would be home before you left, and tell you all about my circumstances here. Last night we went up to Canal Street to see Mr. and Mrs. Sterling. He belongs to Arbroath and had tea and a glass of Negus, and spoke as broad as we liked,—had the shoe cleaning and other fine customs of the Yankees discussed. Mrs. Japp cleans her own, and her husband's shoes, but has to do it hidden as the other ladies in the house would make a wonder of it.

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The weather has been very inconsistent for about a week past. Snow, thawing, freezing and raining almost alternately. The New Yorkers are grumbling terribly and trying to excuse it to me, but I tell them it is such weather as we have in Scotland often. If I am as much disappointed in summer as I have been in winter, I shall be very well pleased.

I have been thinking for some time that as you will have to visit Glasgow before you leave, it would perhaps be as well for you all to ship at Liverpool as you could full easier go on there as return to Dundee. If this could be arranged, it would save you a good while on the sea as you would have a better chance of a short passage. I would like you to leave some time between the middle of April and the end and put what furniture you are to bring into some Dundee vessel, although a short time before you leave, as it would be a while longer in coming than you would be. If it was here before you but not before the 1st of May, so much the better, as then I could have the house all in order for you, just ready to be taken possession of. Then you would never feel the difficulties of removal so to say. You can send me James whenever you like. He would be handy to run an errand and open the store. Mr. Shaw has a little chap, some older and stouter than him, whom he gives about \$80.00 per annum for running his errands and putting on the fire, etc. I have agreed to take also his service in these things, and pay the half of his salary for the time. I have some prospect of a house too.

I drank tea Tuesday evening in the house of Mr. Monroe with Dr. Barker and his lady, and I remarked that the house seemed just such a one as I thought I would need, when I was informed that the lower part of it would likely be to let on the 1st of May. Mr. Monroe said he would not lose sight of it for me. The rent on it will be somewhere between two hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars. It is in Laurence Street and two doors south from Bleeker on the left hand going north; this will show you the location; an excellent neighborhood, and the house would hold us finely. It contains six or seven apartments,—I was told how many but forgot. Mr. Monroe has a good, well furnished home. His wife and daughter and himself are all the inmates. They serve themselves, and this saves them both trouble and expense. If we could arrange it in that way, it would save a good deal, but we will see when we get a trial. I wish I had you here and the webs selling. I think I would be a happier man than I have been for some time past. All my dreams are in Dundee and when I have taken supper or have my stomach a little out of order, I have a tussle with the mill, but these are my bad dreams.

At other times, I have very pleasant ones. I was annoyed occasionally with a young man who slept in the same room

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with myself and Mr. Whyte, coming in late and early. Now you know when I am set up about the beginning of the night, I feel everything but pleasantly. The other night, he came in with his candle and his sleeping boots at half past twelve, just when we had been an hour and a half asleep. I told him that such hours would not do, and that if there was to be no amendment, either he or I walked. He said I might take my will as to that. I spoke the next day to Mrs. Wilson who stated she would remove him that day, and so he has gone to some other place in the house. If it had been to serve any purpose, one might put up with such things, but as it was a practice that was sending the poor lad fast to destruction and annoying others too, there was no reason why it should be tolerated.

My shoes are getting worn up. I go about so much. I went the other evening with Captain Japp to get a pair of boots for him. There was not a pair in all the man's shop which would fit him, so he gave his measure and I was induced to stretch a point and give mine. The best that could be made was recommended as the best bargain in the end, so that was what was ordered, \$6.50.

I have said in my letter to Mr. MacLean by this packet that I am to withdraw from Mr. Hogg's church. I could not continue with any degree of comfort. Now, I have always thought comfort was not to be the rule of duty, and so I think still, but as there is a mistake in this body of a serious and important nature in reference to social worship and order, and as this mistake is held and acted on as part of the truth, and that tends to exhibit in a very unfavorable light the New Testament, doctrines, and institutions, and as there is in this city another body free from this error and acting on better principles, it surely is my duty and my interest to leave the one and adhere to the other. My going away, I know will not create anything unpleasant in Houston, for it appears to me they all hang on loosely together, that it would be next to impossible to affect the body as to produce any sensation at all, either as to pain or pleasure. I do not believe that they will say to me, "why have you done this or that?" I think when you come and observe the two bodies, you will approve of the step I have taken. I am to call on the consul tonight and see what he says. He has been confined all the week and bled severely. He is subject to violent pains and swimming in the head and bleeding relieves him. The last time I saw him on the street, he looked ill; very pale and that is not his usual color. I am afraid that apoplexy will carry him off.

If you know or see Mrs. Japp's mother, I am sure she would be gratified were you to say you have heard of her in New York and that she is enjoying herself well. A few days ago, she said to me she would like a drink of ale well. I

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said, so would I. We made inquiry and found good ale off the barrel could be got at eight cents per quart, so the boy was sent out in the evening by me for two quarts, and soon I procured tumblers, biscuits and cheese and a candle, and she, the Captain and myself adjourned to their bedroom and discussed. That was my night. We have had the Captain's since in the same manner and Mrs. J. is to follow soon. We are to dine together with Mr. Martin tomorrow evening, so that it will have to be some time next week. Mrs. J. thinks well of New York and that is the reason I would like you and her together before you leave as she would let you know what you can expect. She remarked the fine dress of the ladies and admired the silk velvet cloaks. They are really good looking things, but very expensive. They will be out of fashion before our finances will reach them. She said that the Scotch ladies would not look at all among them. I would dispense with two or three things before I would feel uneasy that you were not like them. I have been thinking of writing to the Vault folk, but really have nothing particular to say. (I think the house in which the three sisters of father's first wife, Margaret, Jean and Mary lived in was called the Vault, and it will be noticed this name is frequently used). I suppose you will give them all the news and let them know I have not forgotten them.

I have had a printer today to put my name on the door of the store. There is already upon it, Dundee Goods, oznabury, cotton bagging, etc. James P. Shaw is above this label and I will have my name stuck below, so that it will answer for both. This will give me a local habitation and a name. I am just feeling my way in my business. I think the customers will be little annoyance, but I can employ a broker for once or twice, until I can get up to it, and then I have no fear of learning as well as others. I bought a small counting house writing table and desk, a very neat thing. The front of the book case folds down and forms a writing table in which all my books are before me and by folding it up again and locking it, all things are shut in. There is also a drawer to hold papers under when I write. I gave \$10½ for it, which is cheap and will keep the money. (This desk is still in the possession of our brother, William).

One of our boarding families are English, and the man and wife are talking as if they were to go home this year. They "nought" the Americans and American ways--their food and their cookings. This sets up the other Yankee ladies. Mrs. Allen felt her patriotism grow warm today at dinner, and afterward remarked to me the injustice and folly of strangers coming to the country and then making themselves and all around them uncomfortable, by finding fault and grumbling at everything. She said what was true, that such people were

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generally those who had to leave their own country from necessity, and when they came here found themselves a little lower than they used to be, and thus felt discontented and rate everybody and everything. I pleased her by saying that I, since ever I could recollect, felt friendly to the Americans, and that their country had advantages that no other country on the face of the earth enjoyed. They had their faults, their peculiarities and these were generally noticed first by strangers.

Mrs. and Mr. Ward just show a bad feeling and little sense in doing what they do; take advantage of what is good, and look over or bear with what is not exactly to ones mind. That is the measure I would seek to act upon. There are many things which are neither right nor wrong, and it matters not whichever way you have it so as you are pleased. They do stick their toes up as high as their heads if they can get them. They do spit horribly, and in several other things are not very ceremonious, but what are these things if industry is amply rewarded, true worth appreciated, and rewarded, while immoral practices are discountenanced.

Say to Jessie and Matilda I would like to see them on Broadway. To David and James I hope soon to get good service from them. To Edmond, there is a wee boatie that I made with my knife out of a small bit wood when idle in the Britannia, and which I have kept for him in my waist coat pocket ever since. Kiss William, whom I hope still keeps well and give my respects to all my esteemed friends."

In the first part of his next letter, dated January 25th, 1841, he inclines to criticize mother for lack of care in use of postal service, advising her more fully in regard to the sailing of the different packets and gives her many suggestions and instructions which he hopes will enable her to keep in closer touch with him. This is prompted by the long delay in receiving some of her letters which do not always reach him in the order in which they are written, but he closes by saying he felt "Quite over his disappointment" when he got letters from so many of his friends. He has received mother's letter concerning the illness of her father and her visit to Glasgow and says:

"I am afraid for him and it was well you went. I feel gratified at his sending me a letter in the circumstances in which he was. I will write him by this conveyance though I am some doubtful whether it will reach him."

He then speaks of the faith, confidence and resignation manifested by our grandfather in view of his approaching end and speaks

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of the comfort which has come to himself in days of discouragement, from faith and confidence similar to that manifested by our grandfather. He says:

"I am glad you will have gotten the parting with Glasgow over, and now would recommend you shipping by the first good boat from Dundee, but not sooner than the 1st of April, or if it was the middle or a few days later, so much the better. I have said in some of my late letters that perhaps Liverpool would do as well as Dundee, but this was with the understanding, that you would have to go to Glasgow just before you sailed, but as this is now unnecessary, Dundee will be by far the cheapest port, and as you will get a great part of your furniture taken as luggage, the freight will thus be easier. Sometime ago, I said you might send me James as soon as you had an opportunity, which you may do if you have not done so before this letter reaches you. The Isla would be all right, Capt. Norris would take care of him and would not perhaps be very ill to pay. I will pay here whatever you settle on as his freight.

I have requested Mr. McGavin to assist you with his advice in procuring passage for you and other things necessary. I hope Mr. MacLean will have collected the little amounts he was to collect and if you should need more, let Mr. McGavin or Mr. MacLean advance you a little and I will settle with them when accounting to them for their goods, but save as much as you can. A penny just now is the seed of a pound. I am not earning anything yet, and am always spending at least \$3.50 weekly. You need not bring a farthing with you, but if you could get a pound or two, let it out on flannels or stockings. These are dear here, and will keep better than any other part of dress.

You can bring with you as much of the house furniture as you like and can; all the books, leave not one,—however useless you may think them. A few chests or boxes will hold a great deal of small things. Chairs or tables you need not bring, but I would like the folding table which stood before my picture. It is a neat little thing. If you can get anything for the sofa near value, you may sell it. Bring all your carpets and the new green and red bed unless you could sell them well. I forgot how much they cost. William Smillie could tell, but I am not anxious you should sell them as they will do well enough here, although a far cheaper article would serve us if you got their worth for them. The prints in the parlor you may bring, and you will be careful in the packing of them. (He refers here to the Scotch pictures we still have of the Covenanters, The Penny Wedding, The Peddlar and the Blind Fiddler.) In short if you can make a reasonable agreement with the ship, you may bring everything with

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you, except the tables and chairs and grates and fire irons. The two first are ill to pack, easily injured and can be gotten here at a moderate price. The last are not needed at all. All the beds, bedding and linen, you, of course, will bring and write me per first opportunity on receipt of this what are your views so that I may know them, and perhaps may be able to correct them if you happen to be mistaken.

I would not like you to be here before the 1st of May as then I can only get possession of a house, and you would have to go boarding which would not suit at all; but any time after that, you would get to your own house at once, and never know the change scarcely. If it could have been possible for me to have gotten the furniture before yourself, I would have had every thing ready for your reception, and you all would just have had to walk up Broadway or some other way and take possession. You will all feel uneasy on the passage, but if you have a sensible captain, you will be less so, and just make up your minds for to be a good deal put about, and you will not take so very ill with it.

I thank you for all the news you give me. I feel gratified you are pleased with my letters. They please me in the writing them, and that was all I thought they would do. I did not get any letters from Jessie or Matilda, but hope I will. I am looking for one from Robert Penman. I am promised one. I wonder if he is to cross the Atlantic. I would like to have a laugh with him here. Robert Mills will not likely attempt it. A. North, I think, is right in coming out. He will get work easily enough and nearly double wages of what he gets now, and a single man can take a steerage passage and thus have very little to pay. The gentleman who carries your letter of the 15th is a merchant in Montreal, and visiting Britain on business and yet goes steerage passage, and thus he told me saves more than fifteen pounds for so many days at little less comfort. That is the way I would go if I was not very rich. I am glad I had the wisdom to do as I did, and perhaps if I was to do it again, I would be a little more economical still.

I still keep well in my health as in good spirits. I confess I have not enjoyed myself so well during the past four years as I have done within three months, and if I have you all here and a little business doing, I expect to be a happy man, but I must not be sanguine. I have got a few bales in my store. Have sold one and have another bespoken, whenever it is landed, and this at a time when nothing is doing. When I get all the goods at hand in store, I intend to advertise loudly and widely, and get my cards printed and circulated and so set to work in right earnest. I think gradually to win my way in the place. Once making a living, I have no fear, if well, of going ahead. I have settled neither to buy nor sell any-

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thing for credit for some time at least. If I keep my senses, I will never do the former and as to the latter, I will be very cautious.

Captain Japp and his wife left Saturday evening for Mystic. This is a port in Connecticut, near New London. There they are to load oil for some port on the German Ocean, likely Bremen. I would be glad if Mrs. Japp should be in Dundee before you left, as she would give you a good deal of gossip about this place and how we get on. I was annoyed a good deal on Saturday from the way Mrs. Wilson treated them in charging them for their board. I told them at first what I paid and the captain, sailor like, never asked the lady what would be her charge. I noticed the neglect, but never contemplated anything like over-reaching. I was astonished when he told me after dinner that Mrs. Wilson had charged them \$6.00 each per week. I was busy in my mind about some other business, but expressed to them strongly my opinion of the demand and charged them not to pay it. I was afraid, however, that the captain, rather than have words, would pay. I saw them just at dusk as they were leaving the house, and practically on friendly terms with Mrs. Wilson. I went down with them to the boat, and they told me they had given her \$5.00 each per week and still thought that too much.

All the boarders are indignant at the greed and meanness of the lady. She had thought them soft, young Scotch people and could not resist the opportunity of taking of them. It was the first I brought to the house and it will be the last. Mrs. Wilson, by some means, had learned the odor her conduct had on the house, and spoke to me today about it. She pled her regular charge and this and that. I did not stick to tell her what I thought of the matter. She seemed to be sensible she had overshot the mark. She is one of those sharp managing, greedy bodies you will sometimes meet with, and who for their own interest overdo the matter. Mrs. Ward, one of our boarders, had a long talk after dinner on Sunday with me on this matter. She was very indignant on the way Mrs. Wilson had acted. She does not like the Yankee ladies at all and was very eloquent on Mrs. W. and on some of the other ladies of the house. There was truth in some of her remarks,—the love of display in dress, whatever should become of other things. She said Mrs. Wilson's caps and collars cost her at least \$100.00 yearly, when a tenth of that sum might do. All must go on the back or the head, however hard up in paying necessary accounts.

I was not a fortnight with her, before she asked me for a loan of \$25.00, which I did not like to refuse. I took her receipt for it. I did not relish the stealthy way she went about it, strictly charging me to keep the matter to ourselves. After I had given her the money, I would rather I had not done it,

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and settled I would not do it again, either to her or any other. To say the least of it, she had me bound to continue with her till the sum was run up in board and this I had no reason to do. Some time ago she asked me how we stood as to money matters. I told her when I had come and how long it would take to put me in her debt. She signified that it was not her object, but asked whether I would let her have a little more. I said I thought she should not seek it, and that paying before hand was not common. She saw it was no go and did not press it. She has not troubled me since.

After the captain's affair, I did not feel any restraint in speaking to Mr. Kelly, one of the boarders, about the borrowing system. He said she had annoyed him in the same way often, and that he had given in until he was obliged to make a stand and refuse. He said he did not know whether it was a scheme to insure a continuance of boarding, or that she really was in need. The management of the boarding house is her department, and I am afraid she carries on her own schemes independent of Mr. Wilson. When speaking to her today, I took the liberty of remarking that I thought I observed a gradual falling off in her table and that I was afraid others were remarking it as well as I. She did not agree with what I said, but I observed a small improvement both at dinner and tea, especially the latter. You must just fight the Yankees with their own weapons, else you will not get on, but if you do so, I don't think they will be ill to manage.

26th of January. I have today received Mr. McLean's newspaper—from the press of letters at Boston the newspapers have been kept back until the last. I thanked him for it. I had seen one of the same kind before, but nevertheless I am equally indebted to him.

On Lord's Day week in the forenoon, I spoke on the duties of Female Disciples of Jesus and I send you a copy of my notes. My time did not serve to notice any of the approved examples of excellence of character of females among the children of God, and I was obliged to be brief on some other points. Next Lord's Day morning, I am to have an opportunity of concluding what I have to say. The sisters signified their approval of what I had said, and the elders remarked that they hoped benefit would be derived from the discussion.

When you come, I know you will approve of me leaving Houston Street. My circumstances in this city will not allow me to take any active part in any religious body for some time at least, and should I ever be able to do so, I have by far a better field in Laurence Street than in the other. Mr. Morrison and others may talk about errors and what not, but nobody should receive impressions on these things from sec-

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ond hand. If a stranger, for instance, had sought to know my religious sentiments either from some in the Seagate or Ward Chapel, what would they have thought, but what I was some non-descript heretic or another. (These were churches in Dundee, with which I think father had at one time been associated.) I have attended Laurence Street for three or four Lord's Days, and I have not heard or seen anything but what I might have met with in any other place. A little more perhaps of the popular theology as to expressions, such as waiting on God, the House of God, the Day of the Son of Man and such like, but I know, these are not found fault with generally. There is life and order and attention paid to propriety in what is done and said; this I could not say as to Houston.

Some of the brethren in Laurence who have been supporting Mr. Hunter in his lectures at the Stuyvesant Institute have settled to form another church to be under his teaching. This will be composed of these brethren and their families and some other from Green Street, Mr. Parmley, and family, etc. The brethren from Laurence Street wish the approval of the church in this step, but the elders and deacons see no reason for their setting up in this way for themselves and do not feel inclined to grant it. Here also I am to keep aloof. These Laurence folks think the elders take too much of the speaking to themselves on the Lord's Day and wish to be where they may have an opportunity of doing more.

I was amused the other day about the boots I mentioned I had ordered. They were sent down on the following Saturday evening with the amount. Of course, I did not pay till I had an opportunity of trying them on. On Sunday morning I found I had fully an inch and one-half at the point of my toes to spare. If it was thus at first, I knew the spare room would grow after being used for some time. I settled therefore not to take them and took them back the following evening and showed them on to the maker. He maintained they were just right. I did not argue with him, but said I could not use them. He never said he would make me another pair and try to fit me as I wished—no—well I thought it would be a little below decency to supplicate him to make me them, and just left the boots and there has been no more of it. This corroborates what I have before said that if you go to shop or any such place, the keeper seems to look on you as the obliged party. The manner at least seems to say so.

At table, we have some sharp argumentations occasionally on the merits or demerits of the old and new country. Mr. and Mrs. Ward for the former and Mrs. Allen for the latter. Mrs. A. catches every remark tending in the least to disparage the States, and Mr. W. often gives a fling at it just to draw her out. The discussion last evening was on the

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prevalent use of tobacco in the States and the consequent disagreeable practice of spitting. I said I thought at least nine-tenths of the people either smoked or chewed. Mrs. A. contended there was not more than one-half. I got through with my tea before the debate was closed and left the room with Mrs. A. and Mr. W. hard at it. There had been rather rude words, it seems, passed before the party broke up, which I was rather sorry for. A little debate enlivens dinner or tea table, but ill nature engenders unpleasant feelings.

I spent last evening with Dr. Barker very pleasantly. He asked me as to our mode of worship; our manner of receiving members and order of exhortation,—with all which he expressed himself well pleased. They have had it in their head for some time to have a meeting house built and the plan on which they were to proceed was exactly as acted on by us,—that of a joint stock company. I gave him the history of our procedure and sketched with a pencil a plan of our meeting house and the front elevation as well as I could. The inside was a good deal like what they had contemplated they were to have. The baptistry sunk and as wide as to allow the baptiser to go in also and the doctor said he was to make another improvement on this to have the bottom gently slope to one side, so that deeper or shallower water might be got according to the height of the person to be baptised. The bottom of a river in which he had often baptised suggested this to him.

He says they have been looking out for a long while for a good central lot of ground in the city, and be prepared to see them in a convenient meeting-house. In that case perhaps, we will have to send to Dundee for a plan of Meadowside meeting-house and a copy of the contract of copartnery.

28th of January. I feel I have very little new to communicate to you in the way of news. You have nearly gotten all. You will be well acquainted by this time with New York and some of its inhabitants. You will have your own conceptions of them. You will be wrong as to persons but you may be pretty right as to the streets etc. of the city. I was not very far wrong in my ideas of them. The buildings are higher than I conceived them to be and there are more people on the streets than I thought of.

There is a great variety in the appearance of the people,—because you see there are people here from all the countries of Europe and from all parts of the Union,—Dutch, French, German, Spaniards, English, Scotch and Irish and then there is the black population of all shades, from dimish yellow to jet black. The porters are chiefly black. It is black men who hoist up my bales into the store and do other work. There is difference of appearance among the French and German as

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compared with old country people. I was down at the wharf the other day where a Havre packet was about to go out and a great many French and Germans were on the quay, no doubt, seeing some friends go away. They all look strange like, just like as if the men had slept all night in their clothes; have long shoes, not cleaned and their beards not very nearly shaved. This city, as you know, was once a Dutch settlement before the English took it, and this accounts for the many strange, uncouth names met with in it. It is Britain the people in this country venerate, and however unwilling they are to acknowledge it, they feel an inferiority in some things. Their literature is all English. They have nothing scarcely to read, but reprints of English works. You will have seen perhaps from the "New World", I sent to Margaret Brown and Miss Easson, if they took them that the great sheet was filled with nonsense from the popular works of England. I have to conclude this in a hurry as I am to get it and some others sent off in Mr. Buchanan's parcel."

(Mr. Buchanan was the British Consul at New York at this time, and a useful friend of our father's.)

He speaks then of the economy and care he is using in the use of the clothes he has. Speaks particularly of reserving his marriage coat and best hat for special occasions, saying: "I must take care of my clothes as to buy more will try the purse."

Under date of February 4th, 1841, he says:

"I am looking out for a house to you and whenever I fix, I will advise you. I thought I would have gotten the one under Mr. Monroe, but he told me yesterday that the present tenant was to remain. It will be, I think, somewhere about Canal Street and I would like it on the North River side of Broadway rather than on the other. The house rent is the part of our expenditure which will be heaviest,—\$300.00 or upwards of sixty pounds is no trifle, but we will live cheaper in some things.

I am begun to do a little. I am trying the market as well as I can, and hope to remit soon to the owners, the proceeds of my first two consignments. The profit will not be great, but I will not have kept the money long for them. I am beginning to weary for you all. You will have sent James most likely away or will do. I pay the half wages of the boy Messrs. Halliday & Shaw have, and have promised to do so till the 1st of May and if James were to be here before that time, he would learn from him how to do and also places, so that he would be able himself to assist after that period."

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He then tells her about tearing his trousers which are becoming old, and tried to mend them himself, without much success. He thinks he could not keep them for mother to mend and "could not well ask any of my boarding ladies to do it for me." He says:

"I miss you often on Sunday morning when I have to turn away among my clothes, shirts and stockings, a job I do not like next to the shoe cleaning."

He next describes a fire which excited considerable interest as he watched the destruction of the building, and the volume of water thrown upon it by the firemen and he says:

"To be in the center of a New York crowd is to be in a situation in which you must keep a good look out. The jostling when it begins is no child's play. They are so rough and so rude. Every one acts as if there was not a living creature worth the least attention or regard but himself. Just let me get safe or get on. You may have your toes tramped, or your feet splashed, or your ribs crushed; all that is nothing. So if one is not disposed to act on these principles, just let him keep out of a crowd. There is something of this apparent throughout. If one is about to leave a room for a news paper or an auction room where there are many going out or in, and if he, on opening the door find another was about to come in a contrary way, good manners would say, give way till that other had passed. Well you may do so, but perhaps you will have to stand for two or three minutes and then have to press your way after all. Giving way is not the creed here at all,—no—look out for No. 1 and let others do as they like or fare as they may. It is a treat even to get a man in business to speak civilly to you. They will answer, but just in such a way as they care nothing for you. It is the manner, I believe,—entirely the manner. The people are just the same at bottom as with you.

There is the same thing seen in a measure in conversation. If two or three are talking and if you want to take a part, you must not let there be any pause as you will have to wait long enough, but just observe when apparently the person in possession of the house is about to conclude and then thrust in, although you should cut off a word or two of his conclusion. I have seen this done often. After one gets a little acquainted, he sees a number of small things which were unobserved at first.

I am feeling well and can say that I have never the least touch of homesickness. Not one question. I often dream that I am in Dundee, but I have been in America; have returned with the intention of just going out again, and had by some outward event or another, I have not got so soon away as I

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expected. These indicate, I think in some measure, my feelings. I think often, I may say constantly, of you all, but it is to have you here with me, never to go to you. I hope I will continue to enjoy these feelings.

February 5th. I had a long walk this morning after breakfast up Greenwich and Hudson Streets and the neighborhood with the view of seeing about a house. I merely wished to see what houses are to let,—there are no end of houses. I saw plenty that would suit us from two hundred to three hundred a year, but I will not be hasty in fixing for a place until I hear from you and until the season advances a little, as I think houses will not be dearer.

Last night I called on Mr. Wood, a partner of an umbrella manufacturing house—a member of Laurence Street church, an Englishman from Norwich. He came to this country 14 years ago. Their store is very near Mr. Wilson's on the same side, a door or two up from Beekman. Several more of the members were there when I called, or came in the course of the evening. We had a long talk about church matters, politics and the old country. He and his brother live together, and their families,—a great line of small children, and two young mothers. They seem to be thriving in their business, and quite pleased with their circumstances. Mr. Wood is a good man and think his friendship will be valuable."

When I went to New York with Jessie in 1855, this family was living at Eltona in a beautiful home near the East River, surrounded by country places. The family were then more grown up, and consisted of one son and a number of well educated, attractive girls. I remember distinctly the contrast between them and some of our neighbors, and was impressed by the difference between educated, cultured people and those who were illiterate and lacking in the amenities of social life. Jessie and I were hospitably entertained in their home for a week or ten days. The business of Mr. Wood, whose son was then associated with him, was on Pearl Street.

"The weather continues frosty and cold. The natives of this country are far from hardy people. They talk away about their health constantly, and speak about this kind of food, and that kind of food as being healthy or otherwise. A shower of rain or damp streets will keep both old and young in the house, and the least leak in the shoe makes a great ado. One of our boarders the other evening told me he had changed his shoes three times in the course of that day.

Saturday February 6th. Since I have got a store I can call my own and some little things to look after, my time is running away pleasantly enough. I attend public sales when

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any of our manufactures are to be exposed, and try my own goods occasionally in this way. This is a safe plan as I get the sale guaranteed by the auctioneer.

I hope a vessel will leave Dundee for New York about the beginning or end of April and bring you in her. I am wearying for you all. It will be three months yet before I have the pleasure of seeing you. You wonder how I will look. I know how I shall feel. I have shaved my beard as I used to do. I did not like myself at all with so much hair on my face as I had. I think you will say I did right. Most of the men here are what we call dandies—dressy, empty, vain like creatures. I cannot help when going or returning to the meeting on Broadway, to see the evident, self complacency with which they strut along,—unworthy of men. There is a good deal of variety in their appearance, and one can easily see that there is a variety of national character or appearance among them; one can almost tell the old country man with his full, honest-like face, and decent-like raiment; the emigrant Irishmen, or Irish girls; the German; the Frenchman or Spaniard, with his mustachios and tuft of hair below the underlip; the genuine Yankee from the neighboring country with his loosely fitted broad soled boots, long skirted great coat, and round-brimmed hat and wax colored countenance, their lips and wide mouth. There is a peculiar cast of countenance very common to the countrymen in this quarter. I cannot describe it to you, but I have noticed it much and so will you when you come.

I am amused to hear Mrs. Ward, the English lady boarding in the house, rate the Yankees. Oh, she is warm when she hears either English ill spoken of, or America praised. The landlord has given ultimatum to Mr. Ward that the rent of his store is to be raised \$50.00 and she is very eloquent on the subject. I asked her tonight before tea what she would give if it were possible for 24 hours in England. She said she would be better without as she thinks she would hang herself when she came here again. She said she would not submit to be vaccinated. She had such a horror of anything American incorporating itself with her body. I said she need not mind that as she had been too long of thinking about it as she was at least one-fourth American already from the food she had eaten since she came to this city. She seemed to consider it useless to resist vaccination on that ground, but consoled herself that the half of the eight years she had been on this side had been spent in Canada under British rule.

Such feelings are very foolish. I sometimes tell her so, but she says, "stay till you have been two years here". I am thankful I have yet nothing of the kind and I hope you will not be so weak as give way or indulge in anything of the sort. She has been disappointed, poor body. Her husband was

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bred to the law and she was a lady. Now that will not do here. There are no idlers. There may be some young sparks, male and female, but their fathers were born before them, and it is ten to one if they will not need to apply themselves after these are gone. The professional men or women need not come here in the expectation of at first meeting with ease and affluence. There is more difficulty here than in Britain in this line, but the industrious, persevering man need have no fear. Nothing for nothing here, more perhaps than anywhere, but much for labor and industry, more here than anywhere else.

The clergy have a great influence here as in Britain, but there are no complaints; the subjection is voluntary, and if they rule, their subjects yield a voluntary submission. The popular divinity is not the same as with you. The preacher is everything, and just get plenty of preachers and you can do anything. Money is the Alpha and Omega of all the story. The endless variety of meetings too is the same; meetings, societies, committees, etc. one would think forms the religion of the devout here.

We have a young man sleeping in the same room with us who does not keep good hours, and last night, when Mr. Whyte and I went to bed, he was not in. I lay until 11 and then fastened the door inside. I was determined he should keep good hours or not be with us. He came with his light just as the clock struck 12, and often did he try the door and called softly, but, of course, we were both asleep. At last he went away, but I do not know where. As we were dressing this morning, he came in and asked first Mr. W. if he had fastened the door, who answered in the negative. He then said, it must have been me. I said, it was, and that I would do so every night at 11. He seemed to be a little sulky, but he has come in, in time tonight as he is now in bed, and I write this just beside him. It is an excellent plan to keep those youngsters right. If they do not come in, in time, shut them out. I will not be disturbed by their folly, and knowing they will find a locked door, they will either come at proper hours or not at all.

I long to see you all and I will note a difference in all the children; in Jessie, Matilda, James, David and Edmond, little fellow, he will almost have forgotten me, and William who never knew me.

8th February Postscript. The Virginian has arrived with goods from Mr. McGavin and Messrs. George Inglis and Son; nothing else for me."

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The next letter is from mother under date of February 7th, 1841.

"I wrote you last by the *Britannia* this day week. Mr. Cameron left here on Thursday and I thought it too soon to send off another letter by him. I intended to have requested him to call for this in Liverpool the day before he sailed, but Matilda did not see him when she called with the other letters, and Mr. MacLean also missed him, so that we had no opportunity to do so, and his father does not know his address in Liverpool, nor what day he would call at the post-office.

William has been better last week and cut two teeth. He was very fretful for two or three nights, and slept little. I had to sit up with him a good deal and our bedroom being so cold and without fire, he has caught a little cold. Last night, I slept in the nursery, and sent Jessie, Matilda and Edmond to my bed. I kept on a little fire, and will continue this arrangement till the weather is milder and William better. I feel often very anxious on his account, and the more so that you are absent. When he is well, he is very spouky, but very little affects him. He is not what like Edmond was, but I hope if he had some more teeth, he will get stouter.

David and James have been complaining of cold, and David has a sty on his eye, but there is nothing serious the matter with them. There is not a family just now, but have some complaints. The weather is more severe than we have had for some winters. I shall think it is nearly as cold as with you. The boys' cloaks are getting too small for them and David will not put his on for fear all the clerks will laugh at him."

A good part of this letter is taken up with description of church affairs and other personal matters. There is evidence that the absence of our father is much felt in the *Meadowside* church which he has left and mother, in considerable details, describes the small attendance and lack of interest in the services. She describes a missionary meeting at which Mr. Andrew Low presided and she says:

"He spoiled the whole, by saying at the end that the speakers had done very well, though he could not agree with all they had said. Some of the speakers had alluded to exhortation as an ordinance, and I suppose it was this that he could not agree with. He makes a very poor chairman."

She also speaks of a number of newspapers having been sent to father by different friends with postage unpaid. She fears he will not receive them and says:

"I did not know till last week that the payment of postage had been neglected and fear now you will miss a good deal

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of information that we supposed you would have had about affairs here. I am weary for another letter. It is a fortnight now since I have had any, and I have hardly been so long before. I hope you will soon write fixing the time for us to come out. I am very well in health, but dull in spirits. I do not think I would consent so easily again to another separation. It is cheering to hear you continue so well in health. I fancy sometimes how you will look with the large whiskers and would like to see you at the shoe brushing."

The next letter from father is dated February 12th, 1841. He begins by saying:

"If I did not think you would be expecting a letter along with some others, which I am to send by this conveyance, I scarcely would trouble you with this for really I have nothing to say. I am just going on in a regular easy way. Rise at the same hour in the morning; breakfast alone, drink tea and go to bed at the same time all to a minute, so that knowing one day, you almost know all. The place now has little novelty and I am almost at home.

I have the prospect in my next of having to inform you of having taken a house. The one below Mr. Monroe is not to be empty, but the one next his from top to bottom is advertised to let. You will perhaps find it in the news paper, "apply to W. De Forest, 61 South Street." It is a large house and the present tenant pays but \$250.00 and city taxes which are not much. He entered between terms. Mr. Monroe told me of it and urged me to lose no time in making application. I did so. Mr. De Forest said that he wanted \$300.00, but if no good tenant offered him that sum soon, he would let me have the house at \$250.00, and requested me to call again about the beginning of next week which I said I would do. I gave him my address and referred him to two or three of my acquaintances. I think I may get it and according as rents go, it will be cheap, and it is in a good place of the city and just the next house to the one I referred to lately on the map. I have not said anything about it to anyone. I have learned or rather I am more deeply impressed with the wisdom of keeping all my matters to myself.

I cannot get that done in my present circumstances so well as I would like. I am in the same store as Mr. Shaw and he knows a good deal of my movements, but I do not grumble about that, as in many things, I get the benefit of his knowledge of the way in which business is done in the city, and other little things. He dines in an eating house right across the street from our store along with P. Arklay and James Whyte, and these call up for him before going over and after they have done, they come often up and sit for a short time.

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By these constant visits, every movement with us is observed and marked by them. Not a piece or a bale can leave without their knowing and I have no doubt, but that they keep their friends in Dundee and also in this city advised of what is done. I do not know very well how to get rid of this, but I must try to get their visits a little more seldom. It does not suit. They examine all the goods, pass their opinion and crack a joke if they feel disposed. Arklay is with Martin & Co., just in the same line, and one does not like that every step should be made as open as the newspapers.

The United States Bank has resumed specie payment as have all the banks in Philadelphia, but it was obliged to give in, and so have all the other banks there. The shares of the United States bank fell from fifty to twenty-five in the course of a day or two, and this produced some failures among the brokers, and yesterday the failure of a very large banking house was announced which seemed to cast a gloom over business people.

These things may keep business moderate, which is as well in one sense that it should be so. There is by far too much billing here, too much paper afloat, too much credit, and until that is a good deal curtailed, things will not be healthy or safe. This accounts for the extravagance in the style of living among people in business, and the shortening of credits and keeping speculation within proper limits will hamper many, and produce perhaps some few failures.

The high rents of this city are the effects of that speculation—there is nothing in the circumstances of the place which warrant them. The ground store of a building is as high, if not higher than in the very center of London. There is nothing to justify such prices, but the mania of 1836 made extravagant prices, and they have not yet altogether come right. If one would judge from the number of "to lets" on the stores and dwelling houses, he would think there were at least three times more than were wanted. I see I could get my store after the 1st of May next at the rent I have offered, but I will not now be rash if the proprietor tried to draw me for \$100.00 of a rise, I must try him with \$50.00 of a fall,—at least he deserves it. It is all here, without any disguise, "how much can I get out of you."

This has been a very cold day. Colder a good deal than you ever have it. One does not feel inclined to go out at all and unless I have on my pea jacket, I feel the cold through my clothes like cold water. There is a little snow on the ground, and a hard frost. The people here apply this word to hoar frost alone. They say it is cold, but never talk of frost, but as applied to "rime." I had a discussion with Mrs.

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Allen on that subject. She laughed at me when I came in one evening and said it was a severe frost. I made her acknowledge their use of the word was not the proper one.

They have a peculiar way of using the word "fix". They use it a good deal as we use the word "sort" in Dundee, "To put to rights" they say to the maid, "fix about the house" that is "redde it up". One of our ladies today said to a young man, a beau in his own eyes, that he was right to fix himself out a bit, that is, to give himself a brush up. I laughed at her as an English woman for speaking in that Yankee style. She said before I was long here, I would have to speak in the same way, otherwise they would not understand me. I am less anxious to imitate the speech of the people here as I see them. I generally give them it broad enough, and if I have to repeat my words, it is just what they have to do to me. They mumble it, so that scarcely any articulate tone is perceived at all.

You will, of course, let me know about your arrangements for coming out. I would like to hear of your being shipped, that would let me know that every day was bringing you nearer me. I hope you will get all your little matters arranged comfortably with the assistance of our friends. I keep very well in my health and feel wonderfully contented.

I spent last evening with Dr. Barker and Mr. Monroe was there. We had a talk, you may be sure, about churches and church matters. I gave them my views on the meaning of the word (here follows a Greek word) and they did not seem to object to it. Mr. M. said he liked it. The doctor said he thought I was rather ultra. I think he is rather popular in his views and language, but both are good men, and I hope to be happy in the fellowship of the church.

My carpet shoes are much admired by the ladies. Last night, they were examined, not for the first or second time, and I proudly informed them again they were the work of my youngest daughter. Mrs. Hill would like to have her daughter to make something like them. They are very comfortable things. When I come in to tea with no intention of going out that evening, I put on my grey coat and carpet shoes, and then I feel quite easy and comfortable during the evening. If the streets are splashy or the night very cold, it is the best way to stay in doors and it is wonderful how we get amusement. Last evening, I wrote out my notes of discourse, and Miss Kelly mended five pairs of my stockings, for which I must, and do feel under obligation to her. I promised to speak a good word for her to some worthy young man. My ink is frozen this morning, and I can scarcely get my pen wet. The frost spoils the ink too."

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He then speaks of another fire on the corner of Wall and Pearl Streets. In fact, they seem to be of common occurrence.

"I can see what I have often heard of before coming here,—the prejudice between the white and black population in reference to color. Some time ago a black man went into an omnibus and the driver ordered him out, with which he refused to comply, and was straight-way dragged out and seriously injured in the process. He brought an action against the driver, but failed, the jury acquitting the driver. They are looked upon as an inferior race, and will not be associated with. I never met on Broadway, any colored and white girls walking together. Twos and threes of blacks or mulattoes, but never any whites with them, and the same is true as to men. The blacks are generally poor people, although not all so, and many of them are not very well behaved. They dwell in the worst part of the city, do all the dirty low kind of labor—porter, chimney sweeps, etc. The car men or curlers are a very respectable class of people, and so they may, as their fares are very high. Many of them are possessed of considerable property.

I wonder often at the people here how they spend their money so freely, use cabs and omnibuses on all occasions, concerts, lectures and any get-up attracts crowds. A dollar or half a dollar, if it can be had, goes for a few hours gratification. Dress and flare up to the very limits of ability. We must not do so, my dear, but try to keep moderate, and try to make up our lee way. I settle just to live as we did in Dundee as to food and anything else, and although you do not sport a velvet coat and flowered bonnets on Broadway, or I do not have such a shining coat as many, we will enjoy the happiness of being free of craving, and that I am sure we will enjoy better. I do not envy many of those I meet on the street, whose history and circumstances I know. They seem as so many children, fond of display, without anything substantial.

I wish you were all safely landed and well. All the children will be citizens of the United States, for all who come under 17 are considered so. I feel a little at a loss to eke out this letter as I have nothing in the meantime worth of writing. I have got my cards printed, and will send a few of them over to be circulated among my friends. James perhaps will be on the way out."

Under date of February 17th, 1841, he writes about the renting of a house as follows:

"I have taken today a house for us all—entry on the 1st May next. Rent \$275.00 per annum,—185 Laurence Street on the left hand going from Houston to Bleeker about one third of

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the distance from the latter. I have tried to give you an elevation and section of it."

On the last page of his letter, is found this elevation and section. The elevation shows one of the regular old fashioned New York houses, evidently two stories with basement, and on the first floor is a large parlor with bed room and pantry, which is rather different from the plan of houses today.

"There are plenty of apartments in it, but they are not large. The basement, ground and second floor are all laid out nearly alike. The parlor on the ground floor is only about 13 ft. square, the second story parlor is about 14½ or 15 ft. sq.; the others are just about capable of holding a bed and allowing dressing room. It is perfectly self-contained. There is a door to the back both from the basement or kitchen or lobby. There is a small closet behind containing small conveniences and a small water cistern. The cooking water can be gotten in any quantity of the best quality just around the corner in Bleeker.

Mr. Monroe's house joins it on the north and is exactly of the same elevation. Mrs. Monroe will be handy for you to apply to when you need information on any little thing. You will be fully nearer the meeting house than you are now. It is just in the next block—between Prince and Houston—about the middle. This rent includes all I have to pay. The Proprietor pays the taxes. I called on him yesterday and got an offer of the house binding till today at 11:00. I went up yesterday afternoon and Mrs. Monroe kindly accompanied me over the house. Both Mr. and Mrs. Monroe urged me not to hesitate in closing for it, as they were sure nothing could be done so well in the city. Every one I have spoken to says it is cheap, so that is so much settled. You will not need therefore to bring out your round table, as there is no place that would conveniently hold it, and besides it would not be worth carrying at any rate, and you may sell the two best beds, too, if you get anything like their value. I wish I had you all comfortably settled now.

Last Lord's Day I spoke in the afternoon as I mentioned to you in my last from Col. II, 2 and 3. I felt considerable liberty, although I have never felt yet the liberty I used to feel at home sometimes. I dined with Mr. Monroe and got a steak of the right kind, well cooked and excellent potatoes. I am to drink tea there tonight. Mr. Monroe is a good simple minded, benevolent, consistent believer. He reminds me very much in his manner and conduct in his way of speaking of old James Dundas. He is in very easy circumstances, as he was—has a little property over his income, and liberal and kind to

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those in need. He offered yesterday to be my surety to the Landlord for which I thanked him, but I would rather have paid before hand and taken discount. Mr. DeForest said nothing today when I settled with him about a surety, although it is commonly done here. They are such an erratic race, and I did not say anything either. We exchanged missives on the subject to prevent any misunderstanding.

There was a great ball in the city last evening—\$20.00 tickets. The Herald newspaper, in estimating, said half the extravagance and two-thirds of the folly of the city would be at it. Our boy in the store has a sister, a dressmaker, in Broadway, and he said she was making eight dresses to be there, for which she would receive \$40.00, and he thought they were all for one family. Young sparks were there, who have not for years been able to buy a pair of boots to themselves. You would wonder at the display of extravagance and the folly which are seen among the fashionables. It will be the last thing I would think of to try to imitate them.

The ladies almost all artificially heighten their color. Miss Ward and I were talking on this subject the other evening, and she said, "just observe Mrs. Hill's face when she is in full dress, or when there is anything like a party here. I am sure it is as thick as that upon it," showing the point of one of her fingers. I rather dissented when she said that. She was sure one could scrape off a teaspoon full, at least. Now, she is a good faced woman, the wife of a minister, and considers herself a decent woman, and this marks the prevalence of the practice, and the little count that is made of it. I am told many of the ladies eat chalk to make themselves pale and I am sure many of them are pale enough at will—most of them poor, half boiled, skinny like creatures—tight laced, hump shouldered bodies and you will think so when you see them. Some there are exceptions, but so the general run appear to me and a great many of the gentlemen are not much better. There are such a number of foreigners here, and many of them by no means of the best sort.

I did not know till a day or two ago that Mrs. Allen, who boards with me, was the editor of a monthly publication called the "Mother's Monthly Journal." I was shown the two numbers of this year and have perused them. There are some pretty good articles in them, but the best ones are not those of the editor.

When you come, try and bring some oatmeal, a load if you can get it, although you do not use it yourselves, it will be a treat to some here.

There was a hoax attempted to be played off on the public in the news papers about the falling of the Falls of Nia-

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gara. It was said in a communication that Goat Island and the rocks over which the water now tumbles had come down, and that instead of a Fall, there was nothing more but a long rapid. I did not see the article that appeared in several of the papers, but I know many in the simplicity of their minds believe it, and when I heard of it, I felt a little sorry that the wonder of the world had not stood until you and I had a sight of it, but I am glad to say that it still stands, and we have a chance yet. If we had only dollars enough, we could enjoy ourselves finely, but we must try to keep within our means.

The failing of the United States Bank has caused rather a damp on business at the present time, but there are few goods in the country and they must be gotten more or less and will be bought. The banking business in this country has been pushed to a dreadful length and ruined thousands. The Americans have gone ahead in this in style, but they will come right in time, and industry and economy get their proper reward. All that wild gambling system will be put down by and by, but in the doing of it, a great many will get themselves a great deal curtailed.

In this city there are a good many young men out of situations as clerks. Many of them had been in business during the high times of '35 and '36 and had failed and many of them had given up situations as clerks to commence in business on their own account and hadn't yet begun when the crash took place, and thus find themselves without anything to do, so that this is not the place at all for idle clerks to come to. It is my opinion, but I confess that I cannot be considered a very competent judge, that the rents and habits of the people of this city will gradually come down as there does not seem to be anything in the circumstances of the place to warrant the high prices and the expensive habits so prevalent, but it will, of course, take some time to effect this."

In his next letter dated February 25th, speaking of the irregularity of mails, he says:

"The number of letters received at the postoffice of Boston by the last steamer was so great that the postoffice people were unable to sort them all in time for the first mail and therefore only a part was sent and then next day a part and next day more, so I got only today, yours and Mr. Henderson's, Mr. Penman's and Mr. North's. I had one letter from Dundee on Tuesday with a few others from different parts. Your letter was charged by the Boston postoffice double and I thought I had no more to do than when I went to the store to send the boy with it to tell them the mistake and get back my 20 cents, but he returned and told me that unless the letter

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had been opened before them and thus seen to be single, I would not get anything in return.

I went up myself, a good deal excited by the injustice of such procedure. The man told me such was the law. He did not make it. I said the postoffice people might have charged it triple, would I then have had to pay it? He said, although it had been quadruple, I would have had to pay, and you would have kept the money? "Most certainly". I think it a strange proceeding, but as I went down I saw how it was. The law is made for the lawless and if the postoffice authorities had not resorted to something like this, I do not believe there would be many double letters paid for in New York. The people of the city are from all nations under the sky, and those none of the best of them. I will know how to proceed in the future when any letter is charged me double, of which I have any doubt, I will send up the boy with it to the postoffice, and let them open it themselves. So much for experience. I can observe an entire want of courtesy in every officer of the government I have come in contact with,—custom house and postoffice people. This one would not expect from the nature of the government, but so it is,—short and imperious. Generally in Britain, while there is firmness, there is smoothness.

I am determined not to credit, at least, till things are more settled than they are, for I can see that business is not by any means sound yet. It is coming to that, but there is a great deal of rottenness. Bad as matters were in Dundee, they were a great deal worse here and are yet. From beginning to end here, there is nothing, but wind—banks and all—just gambling and misleading, credit and extravagance, and the people in Dundee have been, in many instances, trusting lads here with thousands, who, if they had seen and spoken with, they would not have credited with fifty. Even James Watt, with all his sagacity, had a bill returned on him the other day. James Shaw, whose store I have a part, has lost in this way a good deal more than he has made in commission. I see often notes of unpaid bills left on the desk. I mention these things, not with a view that they should go further, but merely to let you see what comes under my observation, and my reasons for adhering to the cash system for the present at any rate.

I have had several letters from Mr. Wilson, Bristol, and he seems disposed to do something with me, also has recommended another merchant there to send me something, so that with his business and the carpets, table cloths, etc., and Dundee trade, I think I will get something like a livelihood for us all. I am, in fact, doing fully as well as I expected and am perfectly contented and would like to be thankful.

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I have never yet, as I said in my former letters, had one single wish to be in Dundee. I am now wishing I had you all here and am happy to think there will be opportunity for you shipping at Dundee. This will be, by far, the best and cheapest plan as you will get your furniture with you. I will pay them freight here and if you have little money from what little things you sell, let it all out in clothes for yourself and let them be flannel stuffs. Upper clothing can be gotten here as cheap or cheaper than in Dundee. Your passage most likely will neither be long nor rough. It is the best season. Ship so as not to leave before 1st May, but as soon after as you like.

I think you will like this city well. There is a great deal more life and comfort and sport than with you, but I can assure you, a soft one will not do here. One must have his eyes about him and awake, else he will be soon done for. I shall be very glad to see Mr. Cameron. He must buy his experience as others do and I am afraid he will pay well. I will write to Mr. North this packet. He should come on to Liverpool and take a steerage passage in one of the lines. He will do well enough in this country, as he will see a little of the world and can go back at little expense if he should get homesick. This is not the place for easy and "canny" living, but for hustle and pushing and active exertion. I should have said, I got two "Dundee Chronicles" also today, one from H. Henderson and one from Mr. MacLean as I judge from the addressing. These papers go the whole length on church and state matters. I am amused at the light they hold up the church and its abettors. Church establishments look extremely ridiculous from this side of the water. Mr. North's letter is very smart and well written. He seems a clever man.

I know I will perceive a difference in the children. What a comfort you are all keeping well. I know Edmond will be a fine fellow when he comes to New York, so I hope will William. He will be near running by the time I see him if he keeps moderately well. I am happy to think you keep well. Keep up your spirits and go through your work and that will give you satisfaction to look back on. After I do get my business here in train, I will let you see I will not soon put myself in difficulties and although we all may have to earn our bread with our hands, we will do so in peace and in comfort.

Among the lower orders of the people here, there is an unaccountable and strange feeling of hostility to Great Britain. They talk of war,—how they would whip her and slang of that kind. An English vessel is now riding out on the East River and on Sunday had her flag hoist as is generally the practice,

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you know. The British Ensign, of course, was displayed. A boat full of half drunk, foolish Yankees went on board and ordered the mate to take down his flag, else they would. The man was alone and very wisely, to prevent mischief took in the obnoxious article. No further violence was offered. To-day the captain having come, who had been absent on some business, the whole vessel is nearly covered with flags, among them the Union Jack and Ensign are conspicuous. The same clan, I am told, are a good deal chagrined that no notice of America and her differences is taken in the Queen's speech received by this packet. The Americans think a good deal like the Chinese, that there is no country nor people nearly like theirs and them. Every thing is right,—their language, their institutions as they say, thus everything is unparalleled; very curious to foreigners as they term us all. I have often made up my mind not to cavil with them when I hear them speaking in their own praise, but I confess, I cannot sometimes contain myself and open a little and put matters, as I think, to right.

We had a few days ago, a gentleman boarding with us from Petersburg, Virginia,—a complete American and no mistake. He smoked and spat in style. You cannot think what a disagreeable matter this is, and how prevalent. He held slaves, and there is a gentleman boarding in the house, Mr. Francis, who takes a decided part on the abolition question and before we went to bed, around the stove, we had some warm debates—all in good temper—but all animated. The corn and church questions look extremely ugly when seen from this side, and so does slavery from yours, but in the whole house, there were only three for abolition,—Mr. Francis, Mr. Kelly and myself. The others, clergy and laity, took part with the slave holders. Slavery is demoralizing and is destroying the south of these states. The matter has been agitated and now will never be at rest till the foul blot is removed.

Mr. Francis told me that there are a committee of vigilants in the city whose province it is to help on the poor run away slaves to Canada, where they are safe, and that last year, there were more than 500 who passed through this city and that more than 1000 had got thus to the land of freedom during last year. The tales that I hear and read of slavery are revolting. This young man from Virginia is a member of a Baptist church and is reckoned pious. He prayed one night at worship. His manner and pronunciation were altogether singular. He bought a few of my table cloths and took them home with him and perhaps I may hear again from him.

You may say to Mr. Penman that his manufactures will not do at all here. The duty is upwards of 20% ad valorem

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and is a complete prohibition. I would not encourage any consignment from him under any circumstances.

Mr. Buchanan only saves me the inland American postage which is 25 cents each letter and that is something. The steamer not coming the length of New York makes the postage more heavy as we have to pay postage for letters to and from Boston and that is high as you see. I have sent your parcel per the Rochester and you may send a Queen's Head to James Berrel and tell him to call for it as the ship people may not heed about it. Send one of my cards or more if the postage does not come high to Mr. J. Milsom, Bristol. I see from the post marks that Mr. Penman's letter has been lying in Liverpool for nearly a month. How is this? It is strange that in such a small matter as time and manner of posting a letter, so many mistakes are made.

I have written Mr. North after making inquiries as to his matters. Wages $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars per day, according to ability. Hours 7 to 12 and 1 to 6—10 hours; board $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3.00 per week. No fear of not getting employment. $2\frac{1}{2}$ per day is \$15.00 per week, a goodly sum, equal to $62\frac{1}{2}$ shilling sterling. I have said to Mr. North, he cannot come too soon.

Exhort James and David to conduct themselves properly."

The next letter is one from mother, written from Dundee February 25th, 1841. After acknowledging receipt of certain letters from father, indicating also by what steamers they had come she speaks of her anxiety concerning William since she last wrote. He evidently had been quite sick and mother was very anxious about him. She speaks of the treatment given him by the doctor which was after the genuine old fashioned style and would not be thought of now. After describing his fever, she says:

"Last week William began to recover gradually and is now about his usual again. Edmond too, has had a sick turn for a week,—a kind of fever growing out of a cold which made him very fretful. He has not the sense to be in his bed and will be always on Jessie's knee or mine. He is a little better today and amusing himself with some toys. It has not been easy to get him to take medicine. We have had to force it. He will never say that he is to take it, but when I ask him, says: 'Mama dinna bid me' or tries to speak about something else. I had intended to wean William before we sail, but I think it will be better not to do so.

The doctor was saying the other day that if we had a week or two at sea, we would be wishing ourselves back in Dundee. I answered, "not in Dundee, but at New York."

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As for the former place, I care not, though I should never see it again. I have made up my mind to suffer a good deal of inconvenience and sickness too, though I hope none of us will be quite so ill as Mrs. Japp, and will reckon it nothing if we can only get safely to the other side of the Atlantic. During the children's illness, the church friends have been very attentive. Mr. North is a frequent visitor. He is giving the boys lessons in geology and takes more pains with them than they deserve, for they really are not very attentive to his instructions.

We are preparing to send James out by the Arab, Captain Thoms, which sails on the 10th March. She was advertised for the 18th February, but has put off. Mr. McGavin has not settled for his passage yet, but has promised to do so and expects to get it cheap. Mr. MacLean asked Berne what he would take. He said eight pounds for a cabin passage, but Mr. McGavin expects to get him out for less. He is intimate with the captain who owns the vessel and is also sending some goods by her to you. She is said to be a fine vessel and good captain. James is down almost every day to see how she is filling up. Robert Brown, your late manager, called the other day. He is anxious to hear from you and desired me to tell you so.

Mr. McLean has handed me Rough's invoice and letter to enclose in this. I see Mr. R. had not the primrose colored gloves on hand and they had to be made, else they might have been sent off sooner. The case with them has been sent to Glasgow to be forwarded by the first vessel from Liverpool. John Ewing is to include them with some goods and is to get the Consul's certificate. Mr. R. said he does not think it is necessary. He has sent gloves to New York before without it.

Sandy Walker was up the other night. He thinks it will be nearly a month yet before the Arab sails. If so, we may perhaps all come with her. There is not another vessel advertised till the 1st of May and they never sail at their time. It is a new vessel and her first voyage and they say they are not so pleasant to sail in. Captain Thoms was formerly captain of a whale ship, and will be well acquainted with the north of Scotland. This is the part of the voyage I fear most.

The children are all well and desire to be remembered to you. Edmond is running about again. All your friends are constantly inquiring for you, and desire their remembrances. I believe I have sometimes been forgetful in this respect.

I hope there is no likelihood of there being war with this country, and the states. I have not seen any newspapers

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lately, but am always hearing reports about it. It cheers me to hear you were getting on with a little business and hope by this time you will have your hands full.

I was prepared to hear you had left Mr. Hogg's church and think, from your account, we shall all be comfortable in Laurence Street. From the description in Jessie's letter, we have a good idea of the house and would almost fancy ourselves in it. I have told you all the news I recollect and must now bid good bye. We shall have a great deal to talk over when we meet,—may it be soon."

The next letter is one written from New York March 5th, 1841 by father to mother. It is on two of his large sheets written very closely and all crossed, making it difficult to read. He says:

"I have your letter per Mr. Cameron. (This gentleman is the brother-in-law of Mr. North and is the "Sandy Cameron" of our boyhood days, who was our neighbor, when we came to Wisconsin, and owned in company with Mr. North, the farm with the beautiful spring which became the property of Fayette Thompson and later of Michael Hughes. He will be noted later several times in this history.)

The President got in on the 2nd, Wednesday, after a passage of three weeks. She is too weak for her tonnage.

(This is the steamer that not long after this left port, with a full complement of passengers and was never heard of afterward. It was one of the mysteries of the sea, and in this connection I am interested in the remark of our father concerning it.)

Mr. Cameron called in the afternoon at Mr. Wilson and left his letters for me. I saw him yesterday when he called here at the store. He could give me no news. In fact, I could tell him things he did not know. He is not naturally communicative. I knew that, and did not expect much from him. He is to go to Philadelphia in a day or two, and I am told to Canada shortly.

I will soon have to cease writing you. This will not reach you before the end of this month and then I suppose you will be about embarking and happy will I be when I learn you are all on the way and if I can judge of my own feelings, I think you will not regret the step."

The letter is then taken up with a full account of his becoming a member of the Laurence Street church. He received back from Mr. Hogg his Dundee letter of commendation and presented it to the Laurence Street church people. He expressed himself much pleased

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with his new associations. He gives a description of observation of the ordinance of baptism one Sunday afternoon in the East River at the foot of Orlear Street and Grand Avenue. The place seemed well adapted for the purpose and father was much pleased with the manner in which the ordinance was conducted.

The friendship and fellowship of the people he finds in this church is evidently very gratifying to him and helps much to make him contented and happy. His allusions to the church are very interesting to me because I remember so many of the names in connection with my hoyhood days. He speaks of many conferences between himself and other Christian people whom he meets, and all show a more liberal and broader spirit than I had thought our father possessed. He is never unwilling to sustain his position, but does not seem to seek controversy. Perhaps a quotation here may be worthy of preservation:

"I had a good fight on Sunday evening after worship in vindicating my views of primitive practices. I had Mr. Wilson, the two clergymen, their wives and one or two others of the household on me, but I think I was able to put them right on many things; the pay of the clergy, of missionaries and all their unwarranted practices. I find a great advantage with them in knowing the Acts of the Apostles and Epistles, especially those to the Corinthians. They do not think, and many times I had to help them out with their own quotations, and tell them the meaning and connection.

When we were through, Mr. Whyte complimented me on the way I had managed them and said they paid more deference to me than they did to him when he had to vindicate his views. Perhaps they will not meddle again. I make a point of not interfering in the foolish talk I hear sometimes about this preacher, and that preacher, and this and that meeting and society, but when any question is asked me or any practice is recommended to me, I consider I have a right to say what I think; all, of course, in good temper. You must pardon the egotism which runs through a good part of the above.

I am getting on slowly in my business. I feel little inclination to push and I must be cautious. It is peculiar ground and if I get a living for you all here, in a moderate way, I will be pleased and I think I shall, and by and by a little more. I just feel an inclination again to say that I have enjoyed more comfort within the past few months than during the same time for years. I feel extremely grateful

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to hear of the attention you are receiving from the friends in Dundee. I hope we will have an opportunity of re-paying.

Take care and do not seal your letters or packages with black wax. Your packet per Mr. Cameron frightened me. I suppose it was Mr. McLean who did it, but tell all to whom you have an opportunity of speaking that, though the writer should him or herself be in mourning, I would thank him not to adopt black in anything sent to me. It gives me pain when there is no occasion for it. I think of all the contents of the letter without thinking any of the dress or circumstances of the writer.

I think spring here must be beautiful. I think of the fine sailing we will have up to Albany when you come and see the places which are described by the travelers whose works we were reading lately."

He then tells about a Scotchman, living in New Brunswick, New Jersey, who had been successful in business, but lost everything in the panic of '37 and '38. He has been in New York trying to collect some accounts and was taken ill and father finds him in destitution and tries to help him. He calls on father frequently in his office and pains him with his profanity and use of disgusting language, which father feels it his duty to notice and forbid the use of such language in his office. The Scotchman seems to take reproof kindly and father hopes to have benefited him.

Speaking of the painting of a new sign for his store, which is to cost \$7.00, he says:

"I make always a point of knowing about what I am to pay when having anything done. If one does not look after things in this way, he runs the chance of being taken in.

I have got Peter Arklay and James White prevented coming to the store as formerly. I was about to take down some oxnaburgs on Monday and make them up in another form to sell better, as I thought. I had not laid scarcely the first piece on the table when in comes P. A. "Are you to commence laying Mr. Lindsay?" and in he came and examined all the cloth. I got the matter hushed up and drew away from the table until he went away. "Well, Mr. L." says Mr. Shaw, "I know you do not like these lads to come here, but I cannot help it. I have done what I could, but they will not keep away." I said it was nonsense to have them ever chasing me; not a bale or a piece could be moved, but they observed it and, no doubt, made their own use of it.

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I settled that when we were at work next day, we should lock the door, but did not do it till about the time our visitors generally call.

In the forenoon, just in the middle of the business, who comes running up the stairs, and in, but Peter. "Well," I said, "when we want you, we will send for you." He did not know very well what to say, but looked about him and went off and dinner time when the door was locked up, came J. White rattling to it. Mr. S. went to it and let him in. I said, "James you need not come here unless you like. We have some secret work going on and will not like all New York to know about it." He just looked a little and went away. Since they have never visited us nor will. I had no other way of dealing with the gentlemen. We were not fairly delt with as we had not the chance with them. None of us visited their places of business, to see how matters were moving, while we might as well have been all on the street as to have them continue coming. I saw there was no way of getting rid of the nuisance, but just came out plainly.

I was amused with David's letter. He has improved a good deal in his writing, with which I am highly pleased. Matilda's letter was also well done. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to see and hear of you all getting on.

I have again shaved my beard as usual. I did not like myself at all with it, nor I am sure would you. I am sure I am stouter than you ever saw, or I ever was. I cannot find an opportunity to weigh myself, else I would, just to see how much I have put on since I left.

I am acting stoutly on the teetotal plan, not from principle, I must say, but just it never occurs to me to transgress. I never see ale, porter or spirits and very seldom wine. I have not tasted ale since Captain Japp was here. The people who like drink take it over the counter or at the bars as they are called here. This, I feel no inclination to do. I have only been in one such a place in America and that was the one over the way where I went in to get a glass of wine with P. Arklay when I first came to the city. I ordered a pint of sherry and as we went out after discussing it, were charged \$1.00 for it. I paid it with a deep and audible grumble and resolved, as it was the first, it should be the last. That overcharge of one dollar has saved me several since. Had it been 12½ cents only, I might have gone back oftener than once, but as it was, they have seen no more of my money and that is the secret here. Serve yourself as much as you can, else you will have to pay sweetly if you require the service of others. Serve you as much as you can others, and make them pay as sweetly.

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All produce is cheap, all labor high. You will get fine pork, ham to your breakfast for 8 or 8½ cents per pound, half of what we pay in Scotland; coffee at less than half price and the same of sugar. I never feel the least misgiving here to use as much of everything as I need. Flour is just half what it is with you, so that what with bread stuffs and cheap groceries, we will get plenty to eat for a while at least.

I think I see a year's lee way already before me in my business, and if I could make our first year's expenses only, you know I said I would be satisfied. I am running no risk; never buy what I cannot instantly pay, and then I have no thought of tomorrow in the way I had in Dundee, nor ever shall I have. We must try when we get all set fairly down, to be as saving as possible, and as industrious, and so go ahead a little. Capital is real useful here, not credit nor bills, but real capital and such we must try to obtain by diligence and economy.

Business is dull. The country people are not coming in much yet. The Banks are breaking up in several quarters and very few have money to pay. The Americans have carried the paper and credit system to a length unknown in other countries and are suffering from it. A great part of the funds of the banks consisted in the debt of several states and as these have not been able to pay the interest of it regularly, these bonds fall in value and so the banks were not able to pay their obligations either.

What would be the consequence were the British government unable to pay their dividends? General ruin and confusion. The whole social fabric of the country would break up. This is just taking place in miniature here, as far as some of the states are concerned. The money was borrowed by the state governments and lavishly laid out in improvements as they are called,—railways, canals and roads. It was all very well while the money was being expended, or if the works after finished, would yield as much net revenue as would bear the debt, but this was found not so to be, and another loan perhaps was attempted which would not take, and so the creditors must just look where they can for their interest.

Direct taxation has been tried in Pennsylvania, but the law, I am told, is a dead letter. The Yankees won't pay if they can avoid it. They have been too long accustomed to freedom from the tax gatherers voluntarily to submit. They can talk big about honor and national character only when it concerns others, but when it comes to trying the contents of their own pockets, they are not much to be trusted. I will not trust one of them. Rather let the goods lie than expose myself as I see poor Shaw has been treated.

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The novelty of the place and circumstances is now gone, and I am wearying to see you all and get into the bosom of my family. I will cheerfully let those board who choose, but I will stick to the old country plan of having a house and table and fireside of my own, however small and plain these may be.

I have just learned that Mr. Knowles is not to go to Halifax at this time, and therefore I will not send either David's or Matilda's letter by this conveyance. I have to pay the postage to Boston, 18 cents, and then you will have to pay one shilling each. I will try and get them sent in an easier way if it cast up. I would like just to harp upon one string, but that is useless. I am wearying to have you all here."

This letter from inscription on the outside was not mailed until March 15th and is marked "paid to Boston and goes per Britannia steamer from Boston".



JAMES LINDSAY



DAVID LINDSAY

CHAPTER VI.

A United Family—1841



SEVERAL vexatious delays postponed the departure of mother and her six children from Dundee. With remarkable fortitude she looked forward to sailing for America, a great undertaking for a woman with a large family. Our next letter is from mother to father under date of March 6th, 1841, in which she acknowledges receipt of his letters of the 7th and 12th of February. She says:

"I was surprised when Janet came in this morning at half past seven and wanted 8 pence for another letter, but it was an agreeable surprise and I was not long of wakening up to read it. When I come to New York I must not indulge in such long lying in the morning as I do here, but I shall have you to spur me up and have greater inducement to rise early. My last letter by the *Caledonia* would make you rather dull and you would, no doubt, feel anxious till you hear again. I am happy to have better news to communicate this time.

On Tuesday I sent word to Mr. McGavin that I would like to see him and would call there at the house or shop, whichever was most convenient for him. He said to call at the shop next forenoon, which I did. He received me kindly and asked how I was getting on now.

Mr. Anderson, broker and agent, for the *Peruvian*, said he would take us all, exclusive of James, for forty pounds, give us a stateroom to ourselves and allow us a chest of drawers or ward robe in the room. We would also use our own beds, blankets and sheets. I hope to be able to tell you by the steamer of the 18th, our arrangements as to coming out and to have everything fixed. We wish we were all with you.

Mr. McG. thinks the best way to do with the furniture we are not to take with us is to sell it in the house by public "roup". He thinks it would bring most this way. We will dispose of all the chairs and tables; the lobby table is a pretty thing, and I should like to keep it, but it would be very troublesome to pack. I think I shall bring the dressing table in our room. It is a convenient thing and we can pack little things in the drawers of it. The folding-up bed, I shall dispose of, and the boys' bed is not worth carrying. The best beds we would not get anything like a price for, and I think it best to bring them and the green bed in the nursery. Of course, we will bring all the mattresses, feather beds and pillows, etc.

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It seems the general impression here that there will be a rupture between this country and the United States. I do not suppose, even though this were the case, that you would return and I feel the more anxious to get out. I think I would feel my mind at rest were I with you. Last night I could dream of nothing but war and confusion and awakened two or three times in a fright. If war should break out, it would spoil your trade and many others, but you can hardly be worse where you are than in Dundee. I hope the two nations will see their own interest better than quarrel about trifles. Each has too much at stake, if they saw their own true interest."

The allusion by mother to the prospect of war between the United States and Great Britain doubtless refers to the tension then existing between the countries, growing out of incidents connected with the Canadian rebellion of 1837-8.

The rebels had taken possession of Navy Island in the Niagara River above the Falls, where they fortified themselves and by means of the *Caroline*, a small steamer which they had secured, were obtaining supplies from Fort Schlosser on the American side. In order to stop this a small party of Canadians crossed the river at night, cut the *Caroline* loose from her dock, fired her, and set her adrift in the river. In this undertaking an American named Durfee was killed, supposedly by a Canadian named McLeod who later was arrested on American soil and held for trial. As the United States and Britain were not at war, the seizure and destruction of the *Caroline* was an unlawful act, and the arrest of McLeod was claimed to be unlawful. As there was also friction between the two countries over the boundary lines between Canada and some of the New England states, feeling ran high. Finally McLeod was released by the United States and the Ashburton treaty followed by which all questions were settled.

Mother speaks in a letter of March 14-16, 1841, of several gatherings of friends to which she has been invited. Of one of them she says:

"I did not enjoy myself as the good cheer and kindness of the Eassons should have made me. There was a good deal of talk about the probability of war between this country and the states, and I cannot feel comfortable when this question is agitated. Surely it is not so much thought of with you as with us. There has been nothing else spoken of within two or three weeks till the Americans gave up McLeod. I doubt whether anything will bring a rupture between the two nations, but if so, America will come out at the worst. I am

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surprised you take no notice of this in any of your letters, but it was only with the President the dispatches were sent concerning the release of McLeod, and we cannot have any answer to these letters till she returns. How different we feel when we are ourselves are concerned in any question. I could hear of war with Egypt and China with unconcern. Were you here, or us with you, I should not be so anxious. Should war be declared, we will not get out, and might not hear from each other for a long time, and what an uncomfortable state that would be.

I came home from the Eassons' at 11. Your name was often mentioned during the course of the evening. Mr. P. said he would like to hear you again singing, "Up in the mornings, no for me". No one could have liked it so well as myself, but we will get all your songs yet, I hope, in New York and perhaps a tune on the piano too.

Edmond is wondering when his "wee boatie" will come. He has not forgotten you. There is never a day but he talks of papa, and coming in a big ship to New York. I think you will note most change upon him. James and David too are taller and stouter. I hope you will get some use of them when they come out. James, lazy fellow, would not write you by Mr. Cameron. He was afraid you would make a fool of his composition and wanted some of us to dictate. I told him it would not be his letter at all if we did so, and so he would not write.

We are getting our things sewed up to be ready to leave."

She then speaks of having a young woman helping her with the sewing, making dresses and outfits for Jessie and Matilda, thinking she will not have much time for this kind of work when they reach New York. She says:

"Matilda is to stay at home after next week to sew for herself. William takes up so much of my attention, I can hardly get a stitch put in. He is getting an old fashioned chap and will not stay with any one else if I am in the room. I have bought new suits for James and David; olive green jacket with bright buttons and green Tartan trousers. They have vests both like the jacket and trousers. I will not give them the new jackets here if their black ones will wear at all. Neither will any of us put on our new gowns. We have been wearing mourning all winter for David MacLean, but our clothes are getting very shabby now, but we need not care.

I amused myself in the afternoon while nursing William with reading over all our first correspondence, and felt my heart lighter and my spirits cheer by doing so. In these letters we looked forward to more wordly prosperity than has

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fallen to our share, but I trust the affection and confidence breathed in them is still the same. For my own part, I know it has increased ten fold. I looked forward with pleasure at the prospect of being united to you at first, but how does my heart beat with the fondest emotion at the thought of being re-united. My greatest pleasure will be to attend to all your little comforts."

Mother's letters increased in frequency as the time drew near for her departure from Dundee. Her next is dated March 27, 1841.

"David is continuing to please his uncle and will, I think, be some use to you if you had him out. He is getting more particular about his dress, and keeps himself much cleaner than he used to do. James will not come out before us now.

Mr. North is very much pleased with your letter. He intended to have sailed from Greenoch and there is no vessel on just now, either there or at Glasgow. He thinks of coming with the Peruvian. He has been often up lately and seems a very intelligent, well meaning lad. His conversation is rather profitable than otherwise."

I now come to mother's last letters from Dundee, giving particulars of the preparation for her departure. On April 10th she writes as follows:

"I wrote last by the Great Western from Bristol and enclosed my letter and one from Jessie to the care of Mr. Wilson. Since that time we have been all well. James is still at Keith; William has stood the weaning well, and is growing fatter and stronger since. If he keeps on, he will be a fine fellow yet by the time you see him.

Mr. McGavin has now fixed for our passage by the Peruvian 1st May. We are to have a small state room with four berths and our own beds. The Captain stuck long at fifty pounds, but has come down to forty-seven pounds. I have not seen Mr. McG. since he fixed and do not know whether this includes our furniture. The Peruvian came around from Arbroath last Monday and has begun to load. Captain Pitkaithly has engaged to forfeit freight if he does not sail on 1st May. I hope he will keep his word. It will be very teasing if we are kept long waiting after we are all ready.

Mr. North is to take a steerage passage along with us. I am told there will be upwards of 50 passengers, but we are the only cabin ones. The captain's wife goes with us. Together we have the prospect of being as comfortable as we can expect; three weeks will soon pass over and once on board and past Broughty, every day lessens the distance from you.

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I am glad to hear you are getting on so well. We are all willing to second your views in trying to go ahead by industry and economy and I hope yet to see the day when all our debts in Dundee will be paid.

James Dundas has given Jessie and Matilda a present of a handsome silk gown and Aunt Mary is to give them each parasols. She also gave them very neat little brooches so they will be nearly as smart as the young ladies on Broadway. Aunt Mary is to give James and David new straw hats. I understand they are generally worn in summer time. William and Edmond will be worse off for summer dresses, but I can get some little things for them in New York and they are easily made.

Edmond has got his 'boatie' and is to take care of it and bring it out again to papa. Mrs. Lidell gave him a present of a Noah's Ark when in Glasgow. He has it carefully laid past with some other of his toys to let papa see them."

I think perhaps some of my younger brothers will remember this wonderful Noah's Ark which was about the only thing in the form of toys we had to play with when we first came to Wisconsin.

The Peruvian did not sail on the 1st as expected and on the 2nd of May, mother writes as follows:

"I write you a few lines just to say we are all well and expect soon to be on the way to you. Our furniture was sold yesterday and brought a tolerable price on the whole. I do not yet know the amount. We are bringing with us the two posted beds, and curtains as they would not sell well; two ward robes; chest drawers; tea table; all the carpets; pictures and books; mattresses, beds, blankets and sheets; two set china; ale and wine glasses; globes and stool; your dressing table; most of kitchen furniture; bed room ware and seat cushions; buffets and little desk. I have given you the list of them that you might, if you see fit, be buying any little things you know we need. I have been advised to sell all the rest as the freight is high and there is very little room in the Peruvian. We have sold all our common crockery and will require a set of plain dishes.

I have not time to tell you of the kindness of all our friends and the interest they take in our welfare. I shall soon, I trust, have a better opportunity of doing so. I have seen our state room. It is a very small place, but a few weeks will soon pass over and we must just make ourselves as comfortable as we can for a short time. The Peruvian will go out to the Roads on Wednesday or Thursday and sail on Sabbath next.

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Lord's Day evening.

We had rather a trying scene parting with the church this afternoon. We have come out to drink tea with Mr. MacLean and I add this after he has gone to the school. I thought to have enclosed this in his letter, but he has not had time to write. He has been busy helping us and will let you know when we all get under weigh. We are to be out almost every night this week with some of our friends. I feel that I cannot write more and my pen is very bad. The weather is fine and we have every prospect of a good voyage. There will be upwards of 70 passengers. There are only three ladies in the cabin besides ourselves and captain's wife, (these were Jessie, Ellen and Betsie Menzies, our old time friends), so we, at least, won't be very crowded and the captain has promised to pay us every attention."

This letter is post marked Dundee May 3rd and reached Boston May 19th by the Caledonia from Liverpool, sailing May 4th.

There must have been still further delay in the sailing of the Peruvian for I find among this old correspondence, a letter from our Aunt Margaret, under date of Sabbath afternoon, May 9th, 1841, giving an account of the death of our grandfather Edmond. It was directed to our mother, care of Mr. Malcolm McLean, Wellgate, Dundee and post marked May 10th, from which I quote:

"My dear Sister:

We have your kind letter to my mother this forenoon and would have written particulars of our dear father's departure ere now, but we all hoped you had sailed and that the trial of hearing this painful intelligence would be softened by your beloved husband's being the medium of its communication.

Though prepared in a measure for this sad event, it came with a great shock to us at the last. We did not perceive my dear father was dying till Tuesday forenoon. On Sabbath and Monday he had been more tranquil and composed and slept occasionally and we were at a loss from the great weakness and sinking of strength whether this was a change for the better or a precursor of his great change. My father himself thought he was dying for I heard him often say: "Tell me my soul can this be death?" But we had hoped he would rally.

On Monday night his sufferings were very great. For many hours his cries were harrowing. On coming down in the morning, I was much grieved at his appearance. He was comparatively tranquil, but in a cold perspiration. He seemed suffering much and his countenance was changed in appearance. I remained with him till 12, till mother came down as

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she had fallen asleep and I did not wish her disturbed. She had had so much fatigue. Dr. Watson came at 2 and saw at once our father was dying. He told us to write William immediately as he did not think he would survive the night and it proved too true. He died exactly at eight.

We were all beside him and he was sensible till within fifteen minutes of his departure. He spoke last to my mother. The Lord was gracious and granted his earnest prayer that he might have a peaceful departure. There was not even a struggle. He slept in Jesus peacefully as a child in its slumbers, so that we could scarcely tell whether he was gone for a minute. We have the consolation of knowing that "what is our loss is his unspeakable gain." This Glorious Gospel of the blessed God supported, cheered and comforted his mind. He delighted to dwell on the Divine Sovereignty of God; on the riches of Divine Mercy and Sovereign Grace in the redemption of sinners through the righteousness of our Lord, Jesus Christ. Those who came to comfort him, went away comforted and instructed when they saw the faith and hope of the Gospel giving him through Grace abundant consolation.

William arrived here on Friday at eight P. M. The body will be committed to the Earth on Tuesday. We feel as composed as can be expected. Mrs. Inglis has been very ill. To her it recalls her former loss and herself and children have lost a parent.

All the particulars regarding yourself and family in your last are very interesting and we thank you for communicating them. It gratifies us to know your friends have been kind and attentive to you.

We have met with much sympathy. On Friday we had a very consoling and sympathizing letter from Mr. Jas. Inglis. He says he will be here on Tuesday and bring the boys with him. There were letters addressed to dear father on Thursday from Mr. Lindsay and Tom. Mr. Lindsay is wearying for you all. Tom is well, poor fellow. He will feel his father's death very much. I wrote him very candidly last mail so as in part to prepare him. Some of us will write Mr. L. by the first opportunity.

Your last letter gratified father exceedingly, but he thought you had sailed ere he departed. He even spoke of you last week and Mr. L. and you had his best wishes. We have great reason to be thankful that William is with us. He is very kind; feels his father's loss very keenly; is much to be sympathized with on our account. All of us again unite in kindest love and sympathy for you and wish you a prosperous and speedy voyage across the Atlantic to Mr. Lindsay.

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Believe me, your affectionate sister,

MARGARET EDMOND.

P. S.—Say to Mr. McLean, we will be obliged if he will write us immediately after you have sailed.”

This letter from Aunt Margaret to mother would indicate that mother could not have left Dundee until the 11th or 12th of May, possibly the latter as they did not reach New York until the 3rd of July, lying at quarantine on the 4th of July. They must have been over seven weeks on the ocean. Personally I have but two distinct recollections of this voyage;—one in mid-ocean when one of the sailors made for me a little ship which he rigged with masts and little sails and which I threw overboard by instruction of the sailor in the thought that I was sending it out to tell father in New York that we were coming.

The other which is a very vivid recollection even today, is of seeing my father approach our ship as we lay at quarantine in New York on the 4th of July. He had learned of our arrival and engaged a boatman to take him down the bay to meet us. I remember his approach in a green painted boat. He was dressed in white which made an impression on me. I have no recollection of his coming on board and the meeting between him and his family, but his approach is as distinct in my mind as though it had occurred yesterday.

I think from what was told by mother and my older brothers and sisters that the passage was an uneventful one so far as usual sea experiences are concerned. The weather must have been favorable for nothing was ever said about a severe storm. The route of the Peruvian was around the north coast of Scotland, stopping at some of the northern ports for a supply of fresh water and provisions. The passage was longer than had been anticipated, and neither the supply of water or food proved sufficient, so that during the last part of the voyage both water and food were furnished in reduced quantities, and the water became stale and distasteful before we reached New York.



JESSIE EDMOND LINDSAY

CHAPTER VII.

Westward Ho!—1842-1844



IMUST now trust to memory and family reminiscences concerning the two years spent in New York before the next move which brought us to Wisconsin territory. These years in New York had much of pleasure and satisfaction. Many warm friendships were formed, and but for the inability of our father to succeed in his business, we would probably have remained there. Those with whom father had become acquainted before his family joined him gave mother and the children a warm and hearty welcome, and I know from the testimony of mother and my older brothers and sisters that these friends were cultured, warm hearted people.

The family became associated with the Laurence Street Church where father was an active and loved leader. With some of these friends I became personally acquainted later, when in 1855 I spent some weeks of the summer with my sister Jessie in New York, most of the time the guests of the Woods, the Turtons, the Blairs and the Farquharsons. It was quite a new experience to me, going to the comfortable, pleasant homes of these people from the more uncivilized surroundings of our life in Wisconsin.

The last two pages of father's diary, begun at New York and finished at Fox Lake, are devoted to a record of the births of the children of his second marriage.

"New York, 19th Dec., 1841. I think it proper, being removed far from the Dundee Parish Register in which the births of our children are recorded, to record here in addition to that on a few pages before respecting the births of the eldest four, the following, viz: **Edmond** was born at Forebank, Dundee, on 22nd June, 1838, at six o'clock evening. **William** was born in Tannage Buildings, Dundee, on 15th July, 1840, at noon. **Thomas** was born in 191 Greene Street, rear, New York City on 1st May, 1843, at a quarter past ten o'clock morning. Near Fox Lake, Dodge Co., W. T., 2nd January, 1845. This day **Anne Margaret** was born at half-past 9 morning.

As in the Last, 29th January, 1846. This day at ten P. M. **George Inglis** was born. D. L.

On 18th January, 1846, our daughter, **Matilda**, was married to Alexander Frederick North by Townsend Green, Justice of the Peace for Fondulac County, in his house. D. L.

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On 16th May, 1848, at 20 minutes before 8 o'clock morning, our son **Henry** was born. D. L."

Mr. North, who has been mentioned frequently in these letters between father and mother, and his brother-in-law, Alexander Cameron, who had married Eliza North, preceded us in going to Wisconsin by a year or more. They had settled on a small farm in Waukesha County which became a part of the Edgewood Dairy Farm of Mr. Kieckhefer. Later they went westward to another place near Fox Lake, or Waushara as it was then called.

When father became somewhat restless in New York, he began to think of a farmer's life as being advantageous for his growing boys, and also giving him better opportunity to care for his family. Mr. North, who was of a sanguine, enthusiastic temperament, wrote most glowing letters from Wisconsin, picturing the new country as a paradise, and so excited the interest of our father, that he determined to leave New York for the new Wisconsin territory. It would seem too, that Mr. North had occasion to come back to New York to meet his mother and sister on their arrival from Scotland.

He tried to induce father to return with him to Wisconsin for investigation and decision whether he would also move west. Our father evidently had found his business prospects in New York becoming more and doubtful, and this added to the statements received from Mr. North and others concerning the opportunities for successful farming in Wisconsin, induced him to decide upon that move.

In a letter written from New York, March 30th, 1842, to Aunt Margaret, mother gives an account of removing from the first home in which we were settled to another house in 199 Green Street.

"Matilda commences to learn the tailor's business. She has to go to a lady six months to learn, and has the promise of a little remuneration as soon as she is worth it. Though she should not follow it as a trade, she will get plenty of use for it at home. We shall soon have four boys wearing pantaloons, beside their father, and we can have a tailor to cut them out for a trifle.

Jessie is getting on well at her business. She made me last week a very handsome white silk cased bonnet, with very pretty drooping flowers. I have not had such a smart thing since I was married. Indeed, in Dundee, I dared not have shown my face with it and it only cost \$4.00. Jessie and Matilda are to have something the same of a lighter material. There is one thing I have got rid of by coming

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here,—that clish clashing and tittle tattling about everything you put on, did or said, which often annoyed me much in Dundee. I can just put on what I choose and do what I wish without anyone to say “why” and “wherefore.”

We still continue to like New York well, and if Mr. Lindsay could only get a little more business done, are as well as we could wish. We all enjoy excellent health and the young folks, all but Jessie, growing taller and stouter.

The boys had on last Sunday morning, smart new suits of their own earning and very proud they were as they strutted along, their trousers strapped down, Wellington boots, etc. Edmond says, “be sure and tell grandma that I have got a new spring dress with fine buttons on it.” Willie is growing and prattling nicely. He is quite mama’s pet and is to be the Benjamin for a long time yet. Edmond recollects quite well his visit to Glasgow and uncle William giving him toddy.

Mr. Lindsay has some thought of taking a tour through some of the western states to try and dispose of his stock. He is selling nothing this spring. I feel glad this was not so the first year, or he would have been quite discouraged. I shall be more anxious if he goes than if it were to England. I have little confidence in American traveling. They are too fond of going ahead.”

It may be well to speak here more in detail of the reasons which prompted father to leave New York and in this connection, a letter written by him from New York October 6th, 1842 to his intimate church friend, James Low in Dundee, may throw some light on the question.

“Business in this city, and indeed throughout the states generally is in a very unsatisfactory state. All is dull. I am not able to sell anything, nor is anyone scarcely, except at public sale, and there the prices are from 30 to 50% lower than what they can be imported for, I mean Dundee goods. I watch every sale of that kind, for whenever I can sell safely in whatever way, I am determined to do so, and let my friends have their money. I have all Mr. Scott’s threads by me, except a few pounds of shoemakers, and what is sold at public sale of tailors’ colored threads, sell a great deal below what I have gotten for his. I do think the prudent course in the meantime is to hold on a little, till invoice prices at least can be netted, but it is heartless not to be able to do anything, but better be idle than doing mischief as many are doing around me.

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There is now a great deal less life in New York than when I first came to it. There are fewer people too and those that are seen on the streets are not near so gay in dress and manner. There are a greater number of thread-bare coats now than then, and altogether it seems an altered place, but perhaps all this may arise from me being more familiar with the appearance of things now than I was then.

There is no doubt, but things will improve in this country as they will soon do with you. Money is said to be abundant here as it is in Great Britain, and this generally precedes a revival. What a shake things have received here. What a turn over and reduction in circumstances. Many a time I have pointed out to me on the street, this and that one as having been once worth one or two or three hundred thousand dollars and not now worth a cent, but dependent on friends for daily bread. This is strikingly frequent in this country.

The extraordinary rise of heritable property or as it is here called, real estate, about 1835 and 1836 has led in a great measure to this. The most of those who lent money on property in these years are getting it now for their mortgages, and in a great many cases, it is not worth much more than the half of the sum they lent upon it. This brings ruin to the borrower. The banks throughout the country have been extravagantly and recklessly conducted, and have given in, and they have not all failed yet, for we hear almost every week of one here and there going down. Things will soon find their bottom, however, and then I hope they will go on smoothly for some time.

I have seen a little more of this country lately, having been as far west as Buffalo, near the extreme west of this State fully 500 miles northwest from this city, but when I look at the map, I find that I have gone but a short way into the country. This is truly a great country, and what it yet may be, one cannot well conceive. As a country, it is rich in everything that the earth can yield. Rivers are long and large; boundless tracts of the finest land, and in many places which I saw, the face of the country was as lovely as good Strathmore."

In addition to the changed conditions in New York of which father speaks, he had determined his business should be conducted on a strictly cash basis; that he would give no credit, and this was another difficulty in the way of his business which seems to have shown no improvement during the next six or seven months, so that he was rather losing than gaining. These conditions in connection with the optimistic letters received from Mr. North, who

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came to New York to meet his mother and sister on their arrival from Scotland, induced father to decide upon his removal.

In regard to his determination to give no credit, he was inclined sometimes perhaps to be too literal in his interpretation of Scripture. He considered that his loss of property by the fire in Dundee was a judgment upon him for going in debt, quoting frequently that passage which said: "Owe no man anything" as a positive command to Christian people. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, staunch and steadfast in whatever he considered right, and immovable from any position in which he thought right and wrong were clearly defined.

The next letter which I am glad has been preserved, is of great interest. It is written from Fox Lake, Wisconsin Territory, September 9th, 1843 by mother to her sister Margaret and I am glad to transfer it here in full.

"I have no doubt, you were wearying long ere this for a letter and wondering if we were lost in some of the woods or marshes of the far west, but I am taking for granted that you knew we had left New York, and supposed you must either have guessed or heard so before now. I was so poorly before leaving New York that I was unable to write, and our removal was so hurried that Mr. L. had not time to advise anyone of it. You heard before that Mr. L. intended visiting Wisconsin along with Mr. North. When Mr. North came down he was detained some weeks waiting for his mother and sister, and Mr. L. saw that by the time he went to Wisconsin and back, it would be too late to take us out, get a house built, and settle down this fall. As there was no appearance of any improvement in trade, and the little cash we had was dwindling away, he judged it best, and so did all the friends he consulted, to take us all along with him. Everyone who had visited Wisconsin, concurred in their description of the beauty and fertility of the country, and with our large young family and so many of them boys, it seemed the most likely way of getting a living and being independent. We had only about a week to pack up all our things, and you may be sure we were hurried enough.

My last letter to you was written in good spirits as I had just recovered from the birth of little Tommy, and had every prospect of nursing him and getting on well, but my hopes in this respect have been woefully disappointed. When he was about three weeks old, my right breast showed symptoms of gathering. We persevered in rubbing it for some time, but the lumps did not dispell. Dr. Barker was then

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called, and he prescribed flannel cloths wrung out in hot vinegar. I applied them for some time and it appeared to be getting better, but it was only for a time. In a fortnight I lost all my milk, and was confined to bed with both breasts gathering. Supported on both sides with pillows, I was determined that suffer what I might, I would not have them lanced. One of them broke a week before we left; the other just the day before. I was in rather a weak state for attempting such a journey, but as my general health was not so much affected, and I could get a berth to lie in most all the way, it was thought the journey might do me good, and so it did, for I got better every day.

We took a steamboat from New York to Albany. From there in the Erie Canal to Buffalo, 400 miles in a tow boat. This part of the journey was tedious, but very pleasant. We had fine weather and could step ashore whenever we liked. On arriving at Buffalo we took our passage on board the ship, *Superior*, for Milwaukee, a sailing vessel of 300 tons burden. We had a considerable quantity of luggage, and this was much the cheapest way, the steamer charging very high for luggage, while the sailing vessel took them almost for nothing. We had 1000 miles sailing on the Lakes and were a fortnight on them. We were ten days wind bound at Buffalo, and I regret I did not write some of you from there, but every day we thought we would be off the next, and that it would be better to write at the end of the journey. I had got a little cold on the canal from sleeping with the windows open, and was troubled a little with rheumatism on the way, and while on the Lakes, a lump on my right breast, which I thought I had subdued, broke out afresh and caused me a great deal of pain.

If you had a good map of America, you could trace our course from Buffalo, through Lake Erie, Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. Milwaukee, where we landed, is on the west side of Lake Michigan, about three-fourths down. After arriving we had 90 miles to go west by land, and this was by far the worst and most expensive part of our journey. It took us — — days."

The number of days required for this journey as named by mother is so defaced in her letter that it is not readable, but from the condition of the roads I have no doubt the best part of a week was needed.

"There are few taverns or houses on the way, and what there are are very miserable, so we preferred camping out at night. While on board the *Superior*, the girls and Annie North sewed canvas together and made a large tent. We

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had four large wagons full of boxes and beds, and the women and children were seated on the top, while the men walked.

We traveled along till sunset and stopped near some house. Our first care was to make a large fire and pitch our tent; then look out for water for supper. We had enough of bread from Milwaukee to serve all the way. We took down our feather beds off the wagons and made them on the ground and tired and weary, slept as soundly as in the finest bedroom. The greatest annoyance we had was the mosquitoes, and they did bite without mercy. Some of us are not rid of the effects of them yet. In the morning we had to be up by sun-rise, breakfast in the tavern and off again. We generally stopped an hour in the middle of the day to rest our horses, and had bread and milk, or bread and water, just as we could get it.

The roads are miserable all the way, full of stumps and holes and corduroy bridges. You have, no doubt, read descriptions of American roads, but the worst does not exceed the truth. Happy, however, we met with no accident and all arrived, safe and sound, six weeks ago. Tommy stood the journey much better than I expected. I could not get milk for him all the way and had to feed him, while on the Lakes, on gruel pap, arrow-root, etc., but he is a hardy little fellow, stood through it all and thriving nicely. Now he gets plenty of milk to drink.

Mr. Lindsay leaves tomorrow for New York and takes this with him. I have written this thus far with some difficulty, having a bealing thumb, (inflammation and gathering of pus) and am hardly able to hold a pen. I had intended to give you an account of how we get on, etc., but will leave Mr. L. to cross this and tell you. I expect a whole budget of news from New York when he returns. We have not got any letters forwarded yet. Write soon."

The "crossing" is done by father as follows:

"New York, 25th Septembêr, 1843.

On 23rd I arrived in this place and agreeably to the within will continue the narrative, but have to say previously that I have received for Mrs. Lindsay, one letter from Mary, one from Mrs. Inglis, one from yourself, all of which I will duly take with me.

I left the family all well. Tommy is thriving remarkably well, and have no doubt, will yet be a fine boy. He is like Edmond in features. Willie is a strong, firm little fellow, not very tall for his age, but round and hardy. Mrs. L. has stated the reasons for the step we have taken and I have no reason to fear that we will be disappointed.

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The country we have gone to is the loveliest I ever saw. We had had very glowing descriptions of it and I certainly expected much and have not been disappointed. The best idea I can convey to you of it is to desire you to imagine a nobleman's pleasure grounds of 20 or 30 miles extent, and then you have an approximation. I have bought 40 acres of the best of it. On this lot there are beautiful clumps of trees with two beautiful streams running through them. One of these streams comes from a considerable distance, the other originates in two large springs among the trees, and running about 200 yards joins the other stream forming a figure resembling a "Y". Between these streams I am building the house, facing the point of junction and about 100 yards from it. The intervening ground we are to make our garden. The house will face about south.

Immediately on the west of the house and on the other side of the brook is a beautiful thicket of trees, among which are some fine large plum trees loaded with fruit. A little further to the west is a beautiful bank covered with the strawberry plants. On the left or eastern side of the house and over the stream, the ground rises rather abruptly and is covered with fine trees also. Behind the house, the ground rises gently for a few yards and a few trees scattered about. On this spot we intend to plant an orchard.

The house we are erecting is to be a frame house, 24 ft. long by 18 ft. wide of one story and one-half—the door in the center with a window on each side of it. This will give us two pretty good rooms below. Upstairs will be divided off so as to form sleeping apartments for us all. I expect it will be about finished by the time I return about four weeks hence.

Soon after our arrival at Fox Lake, I bought four cows, three of which have calves roaming with them. These we took from them and commenced milking. From the calves being so long with the mother, she did not give so much as otherwise, but what we get serves us well and enables us to make butter occasionally. The other cow will calve soon, and thus we will have milk for Tommy, and a little for other purposes all winter. The keep of these cows costs us nothing, as all the country around affords the richest pasture and they go with Mr. North's. We milk them only twice a day, in the morning and evening. At the latter time, they generally come in of their own accord. One of the boys goes for them in the morning. For their winter's keep, hay has to be provided which is gotten all around in the greatest abundance. We made during the time I was there over 15 tons and from 5 to 7 more were to be made before I return. A man will

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cut about two tons a day. His wages is all that our hay will cost us as the boys and myself did all the rest.

I bought also two yoke of oxen which were highly recommended by those who knew them as excellent creatures, and they have turned out accordingly, as docile as lambs, so that a child could work them. One of the yokes is six years old; the other three. With these we have done all the hauling for our house, such as collecting into one place the timber for the frame after it was cut in the wood for convenience of squaring it and fitting the beams together, going to the various towns around for the boards for flooring, siding and roofing. By performing this labor ourselves, we will save at least half the money paid for the animals. They go with the cows and cost the same as to keep.

Except the timber that surrounds the spot on which we built, the land consists of the richest prairie, which requires only to be plowed and sowed to produce heavy crops. We have geese and will have ducks and other poultry next year. We are to sow this fall about 6 acres of wheat and in the spring will sow potatoes and Indian corn. Until next harvest we will have all our provisions to buy. I have already bought more wheat than will give us the flour we will need at 50c per bushel or \$2½ per barrel. On my way home I intend to try and procure at the lowest price, pork, butter and cheese.

At present we live in one of Mr. North's houses and will do so till our own is ready. We thus are fairly in for the farming, inconveniences and toil. We have laid our account for a year or two, but have no doubt but that a comfortable independence can, by perseverance and economy, be secured. It would have been well for us had we known, to take the same step when we first came to this country. We then would have had more means to get along with.

Our live stock will naturally increase every year until we can have more milk, butter, cheese, pork, eggs, flour, than we can consume and having all these in abundance, we cannot be ill off. You people, I know, will think us out of the world and deprived of society. There cannot be a greater mistake. We have plenty of neighbors and the country is filling up rapidly. Mr. North's house is only about one mile from ours, near enough for farmers to be. Others are 2½ miles, 4, 5, 6, 10 and 14; respectable, right people, who have left cities, tired of fluctuating business and seeking in the quiet pursuits of agriculture, peace and independence.

Not being into one's own house, we have not been able to get established anything like domestic order. The order adopted is: one of the girls cooks a week, while the other

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washes and mends and these alternately. Mrs. Lindsay's time is occupied with Tommy and keeping the childrens' clothes in order. Matilda milks the cows and has the management of dairy concerns. The older boys and myself have wrought as above. James is growing strong and active, likes such labor and will soon be able to perform the heavier parts.

We intend next winter, if our means will serve us, to get some sheep, for which also the country is completely adapted. If we can procure sheep of the right kind, the fleeces will bring us money every year; besides, a flock would afford us a constant supply of mutton for the table. Such are our plans and prospects and we flatter ourselves that by the blessing of God and with industry and economy, we will get them realized. All our healths are good, and with the exception of myself, all have increased in weight. Mrs. Lindsay is quite rosy again. I have lost flesh, but am in perfect health.

With respects to all,

DAVID LINDSAY."

This letter is directed to Miss Edmond, care of Messrs. William Edmond and Company, Liverpool. 26th September, 1843, per first vessel.

It may be interesting to note here some incidents connected with our arrival at Milwaukee in August 1843 where we found a city of six thousand people with one principal street, now East Water Street, following the east bank of the Milwaukee River on a natural ridge which had been formed along the bank. East of this, in that part which was afterward the third ward, there was a succession of ridges surrounded by marsh with cat-tails and other small growth. On the west of the river, north of what is now Grand Avenue, there were hills intersected with tamarack swamps, quite a large one where the Auditorium now stands. There was no way of entering the river, which then discharged through a swamp into Lake Michigan, south of what is now called Jones Island. The present entrance was made about 1855 or 1856 when it was called the "short cut" or "straight cut."

Our landing was on a long pier projecting into the Lake from the shore where Huron Street would touch the water, if extended eastward. Father found it difficult to find transportation to Fox Lake, or Waushara as it was then called, as the teamsters were ignorant of its location, so the contract was made to transport his

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family and household goods 90 miles northwestward. As mother states in her letter, four wagons were necessary for our transportation with Mr. and Mrs. Craigen, Mrs. North, the mother of Alexander North, and his sister Annie, who were with us. Three instances on this journey are remembered by me. One was the shooting of a Collie dog which Mr. Craigen had brought from Scotland, and which became mad from the heat and was killed in the woods about where the Blue Mound road now crosses the St. Paul Railway tracks. One was the passing between Twin Lakes, now the upper and lower Nashotah, and the other skirting the north shore of Silver Lake.

At Watertown there were a few scattered houses; a building was nearly completed for the establishment of a general store, but when we made the journey, there was not on the entire road from Milwaukee to Fox Lake, a store where anything in the way of household supplies could be furnished. Our father had been informed of this by Mr. North and so supplied himself at Milwaukee, in addition to what he had brought from New York, with such things as would be needed for house keeping.

On the prairie at a point east of where Beaver Dam now is, the teamsters declared they had come 90 miles and insisted on additional remuneration if they went further. There was no road over the prairie at that time, but an occasional stake to mark the route. I do not know what compromise father made, but after some warm words and a threat on the part of the teamsters to unload and leave father and his party with their household goods on the prairie, some understanding was reached and the journey was completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and Mr. North were living in a combination log and block house, the block house being so constructed as to give shelter to the family, and also provide a defence against Indian attack, and the log house was added later to give larger accommodations. This was located on the farm now owned by Michael Hughes, five miles north of Fox Lake. Father had been invited by Messrs. Cameron and North to make his abode with them on arrival, which we did.

Father immediately made investigation and decided to buy 40 acres of land in the township of Trenton described as the S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 5, Town 13, North Range 14, East, in Dodge County, Wisconsin. He immediately made arrangements

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for the erection of a small frame house, the first frame house built in the township of Trenton, 6 x 9 miles in area. The contract for the building of this house was let to a carpenter named Putnam, a native of Connecticut, who made father enter into a contract to see that his body was sent to Connecticut, for burial, if, by accident, or otherwise, he did not live to complete the contract. Mr. Putnam employed helpers and proceeded at once to his work as described by father in his letter already quoted.

The building was ready for occupancy in November, not by any means completed, but sufficient to provide a shelter. It was covered only with clapboards nailed to the studding which were hewn timbers, a rough floor was laid, and for second floor, loose boards without matching or planing. Our first winter was spent in this unfinished home. Fortunately the winter was not severe, but unusually open so we were reasonably comfortable.

On fathers return from New York, coming through Rochester, the thought occurred to him that it would be a good plan to bring with him some fruit trees, plums, apples and pears. These reached us in bad condition, were planted in the spring in holes dug on the prairie, and not one lived to produce fruit.

Father could have had but very little money because I know the purchase of the land, \$50.00 for 40 acres, the building of the cheap house, and his investment in the cattle and other necessities, practically exhausted his resources.

The land office at that time was in Green Bay and the receiver of the office was Stoddard Judd, who afterward became one of the prominent citizens of Dodge County, and a resident of Fox Lake. Father bought an Indian pony from a man named Baisley for which he paid \$30.00. On this pony he rode to Green Bay to enter his land. The route then was on the old military road through the woods eastward of Lake Winnebago.

We had many amusing experiences in these first days. Each one of the family had some special task assigned. To Jessie was given the care of the geese and chickens, and of course there was great anxiety for them to multiply, so when the goose and hens began to hatch their eggs, the days were full of interest. One unruly hen after covering her eggs for two weeks conceived the idea she had remained long enough on the nest, and insisted upon leaving. Jessie knew that if the eggs were allowed to cool they would prove

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a total loss, so our brother David was called in and put to bed to keep the eggs warm while Jessie labored with the mother hen to get her back to business again. This was a standing joke, which David did not particularly relish when reminded of his service.

When the first calf appeared, it was also a wonderment, and there was so much fear that it would not survive, that it was brought into the kitchen and kept for a while on a rug beside the kitchen stove. I speak of these incidents to show how inexperienced the family was in farming affairs. This lack of experience and knowledge added to the hardships of these early days.

Father could hardly understand how any of those early settlers who were illiterate (and they nearly all were) could instruct him in matters in which he himself had had no experience. The second summer in August he proceeded to plow or break 20 acres on the west part of his second 40, and was told by Messrs. Cameron and North, who had by that time learned something of farming, that it was unwise to do so, that the only proper time to break the new prairie sod was in June when the roots were tender and full of sap. They told him the sod would not rot and that it would be many years before it became mellow and fit for cultivation. Father disregarded this advice and proceeded with his breaking, and for some years this 20 acres was the torment of our lives. I can remember hoeing corn with father on some of it when the sod was as tough and impervious to the hoe as a piece of leather.

With all the hardships and inconveniences suffered, our mother never seemed to lose heart. Her circumstances were so changed and the burdens carried so heavy, I have oftentimes wondered she was able to retain her sweetness of temper and patience. She soon acquired efficiency, too, in her ability to perform new duties. Jessie and Matilda proved able helpers. When we think of the duties of housekeeping then, when everything was done by hand and done by those who were inexperienced, as the making of all the garments worn, the making of butter and cheese, soap and candles, and all ordinary housework, we realize the farm life was very different from that of later years.

Our father never seemed able to adapt himself to the new life. He was awkward in attempting to drive oxen, and he never was able to acquire the usual vocabulary or guide his team. He could never learn to swing an axe. I can see him now as I think of his

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attempt to chop fire wood or as he called it "break sticks," and it was literally "breaking sticks."

He missed also the companionship of educated people with tastes similar to his own, and I think these disappointments and the feeling that he had brought his wife and children to a life of drudgery, had effect upon him and discouraged him, making him somewhat morose and uncomfortable in his temperament.

There were neither school houses nor churches within many miles. Father was determined that his children should be educated, so William and I were given instruction by him. A religious service was established in our home, conducted by father. To these Sunday services came sometimes the neighbors, and we numbered as neighbors all who lived within ten miles or more. As illustrating the inflexibility of father's character, the following incident may suffice:

The second or third year after our settlement, in the early spring, we had knowledge in some way that on the succeeding Sunday a wagon load of people were coming to the Sunday service from Waupun, among them the merchant of the place, Thomas Snow, Squire Hinkley, Justice of the Peace, and others. The shoes which father wore had become very dilapidated and our mother, Jessie and Matilda were feeling very uneasy for fear that father would preach with shoes so full of holes that his stockings would appear. They insisted that he provide himself with a new pair which he said could not be done because he had no money with which to buy. They tried to show him that within a few weeks we would have butter and eggs to sell, which at that time was the only source of income, and they were sure the merchants at Waupun would be willing to trust him. He had determined that he would not incur indebtedness, nor buy anything until he could pay for it, and so was impervious to their urgency.

When Sunday morning came, they planned to protect him by placing in the corner of the room where he was to preach, a table covered with a red spread, placing his chair behind the screen thus provided, and hoped his poverty would not be discovered. The services opened without any revelation, but when he became engrossed with his subject, and waxed eloquent in his sermon, he forgot himself and stepped out unconcerned from behind the curtain, to the chagrin and discomfiture of his wife and daughters.

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During the winter of 1843-44, James and David were busy much of the time cutting, splitting and hauling rails with which to fence the land which was to be cultivated. There was little or no timber suitable for this purpose on the forty acres father had bought, but there was abundance of fine trees near at hand on government land. This was the designation of lands not yet bought by the incoming settlers and which by custom then prevailing were considered free to anyone wishing to use them. A fine growth of excellent white oak timber on what was known as White Oak Hill about a mile south of us was utilized for this purpose. The trees were tall and straight, free from branches for twenty feet or more, giving two rail cuts of ten feet each, straight grained and easy to split.

These rails with blocks on which to build the fence were hauled on sleds with the oxen and dumped in lines surrounding the land to be fenced, and in the early spring, the fence in zig-zag form was built. The timber from which these first rails were made was of such excellent quality that they served their purpose for many years, and many of them were in a good state of preservation when we left the old farm after 25 or 30 years of service. Practically all the rails used on the old farm were cut from government land, but later it became necessary to go further for them.

A letter written April 24th, 1844, by father to our grandmother in Glasgow gives such a good description of the farming operations and family life the second year of our Wisconsin experience, I will use it here. It is directed to Mrs. Edmond, Messrs. William Edmond & Company, Liverpool—per first British Steamer from Boston via Halifax and is marked in the crude handwriting of the postmaster at Fox Lake in the upper left hand corner—Waushara April 25 W. T. Paid 25.

“My Dear Mrs. Edmond:

We were duly in receipt a few days ago of Letter from Mary enclosed in one from William with letter of credit for Fifty Pounds for all of which we beg yourself and friends to accept our warmest acknowledgements. The money I think I will easily obtain when I go down to Milwaukee. It will assist us much in our prospects in this country, as much I should think, as ten times the amount employed in business in Britain and vastly more sure. It is not to be spent, that is used up, but laid out so as to be productive. Our present plan is to buy with it 160 acres of Land and an additional yoke of oxen. The latter will enable us to get on faster with the

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bringing in of wood for the erection of the buildings we contemplate putting up this summer, and also to break up or plow for the first time our land, and the former will furnish us with land to plow.

The great hindrance in the progress of cultivation here is the want of means among those who are settlers. They are almost all poor and hardly able to pay in the first place for their land, and therefore very ill furnished with the means of stocking and improving their farms. We are getting on pretty satisfactorily in these matters, not fast, but gradually, and we hope surely. We are behind the most of those around us in the knowledge of the farming business, so that had we the means it would not be for our interest to go deeply in at once.

This winter the boys with a little assistance have made rails sufficient to fence in about 20 acres which have been all hauled and put up. We are now busy plowing in our neighbour, Mr. Cameron's field, from whom we are to get as much land as will serve us this season,—five or six acres of spring wheat, an acre or two of Indian corn, an acre of potatoes and a little for oats, beans and rootabagoes, a kind of turnip. About midsummer, we will break up all our own 20 acre field for wheat in the fall, and next spring's crop. Then our hay will come to be cut which will be followed by harvest work. These and bringing in wood for our stable and byres, (stalls), will afford us all abundant employment during the summer and fall. None of us show great proficiency in such kind of labour, but we study to be all doing something always, so that by diligence and regularity, we try to make up for deficiencies in other respects.

Each has his or her department and tries to fill it well. Mrs. L. has the superintendence of the dairy and is gradually acquiring experience in butter making. One of our cows only has calved yet, but it is doing very well. When on hay alone, it gave us half a pound of butter daily, but since it has got out to the grass, it has doubled that. The calf yet is getting the greater part of the milk after being skimmed.

We have gotten a few poultry from which we get a few eggs. These we keep to set the hens in order to obtain a crop of chickens for future stock and use during the winter. We have found it difficult to procure many hens at this season, few are willing to part with them as they soon would lay as many eggs as they would be worth, and many of our neighbours lost nearly all their stock in winter by foxes,—their hen houses not having been kept in proper repair. We brought some geese with us from Buffalo which are now sitting and on the eve of giving us about a score of goslings. In this kind of poultry, we intend to deal pretty largely, our

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location being very favourable, having two fine streams of water running on it.

We only lately discovered that in one of these streams, there were some pretty large and excellent fish. Last week we caught with our hands, seven, the size of an ordinary haddock. When we observed them, Mrs. L. knitted as much netting as stretched across the burn (stream) where we fixed it, and thus were enabled to take the fish out with the hand. Had we happened to observe them sooner, we might have got more. They come up from Fox Lake about two miles distant to which our stream forms the inlet in order to spawn and had almost all gone down again before we happened to see them. We are told that in May a finer and larger fish will come up for which we must look out. Had we a gun and could use it, we might get a good many ducks also in this stream of which we sometimes raise 8 or 10 at a time. Partridges are also very plenty in the prairie around us and by no means shy. We are to try to procure a gun and think the boys would soon acquire facility in using it.

We intend to buy a horse and perhaps two this season. We stand much in need of an animal of this kind, were it for nothing but the going of errands. Walking is very fatiguing in this country, whether in winter or summer, but this has been our only means hitherto. We wait for them and our oxen and a cow or two and perhaps a few sheep until the droves of these animals come up from Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, where they are abundant and very cheap. Thence large quantities are brought up to this territory and disposed of to the settlers. They are sometimes gotten from the droves for half the prices at which they are generally sold among the farmers here.

We have bought 8 or 10 pigs to begin a stock of these animals, one of which is in pig and of first rate quality, and cost high, but we all thought it best to pay a little more and secure a good stock in future. Each of the children is to get a heifer calf as it comes, according to their age, to lay the foundation for a little private stock, which in a year or two, if thriving moderately will come to be of some value. Mrs. L. chose the above superior pig as the beginning of hers with the obligation to supply the general concern always with winter's pork. I think hers is the best prospect of riches. Pork has been rather high in this neighborhood this past winter, but I think from present appearances, it will be moderate enough the next.

We ourselves are all keeping well—all the children growing apace. Edmond gets a lesson daily and is becoming a pretty good reader. I was telling him this morning, he would soon be able to write a letter to grandmother. He is a great

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connoisseur in trees—knows the names and properties of them all and can tell what kind of wood any board or piece is which he meets with. He is never idle from morning to night,—whistling, sawing or chopping. Everything he sees done by the elder boys, must be done over in miniature by him and Willie. The latter is also thriving well. He is Edmond's humble and faithful attendant and servant and receives the word from him with the greatest submission. If Edmond says it, it is all sure and right. Mother has some labour in keeping their clothes decent and it is no trifle to keep shoes on their feet. She made for them lately canvas shoes from a remnant of very strong sailcloth we had about us which seem to suit very well for summer. All that is wanted is to have their feet protected from the brush as no stones are about and although they get wet, they soon dry again.

Little Tom is thriving admirably. He is by far a better child than ever I expected to see him. He is fully as good at his age as any of the rest. He can walk around the room by the hold of the hand or a chair, but has not yet begun to speak. He can clap his hands and tell what the cows say when asked and in a good mood. If life and health are granted him, he will soon be a good teamster or ploughman. Such are our circumstances and privileges and we have much reason for gratitude to the Giver of all good for what we enjoy. At present, it is true, we have to exercise a measure of self-denial, but we do so because we hope to be amply remunerated afterwards. Every penny we can husband at present, will, we hope, give us a pound in a few years. We are at a distance from our friends; that is the great drawback to our circumstances. Otherwise with our present means, I do not know well how or where we could be better situated. We have no reason to doubt being able to obtain an abundant and independent livelihood and what we earn will not be so liable to be taken from us if we were doing business at home. The accounts we receive from Dundee should make us doubly contented with our situation. Poor and humble as our present circumstances may be considered, I am next to certain they would have been more so had we remained there.

The face of nature around us has now a very beautiful aspect. The prairie was burned about four weeks ago. This is an annual phenomenon and takes place either in the fall or early spring. Last fall the snow came on before the surface was ready for the fire. On a dry, windy day (Sunday) some of our neighbours set fire to it and as the wind was blowing in our direction, it was on us about 2 P. M. With wet brooms and switches, we kept it from coming too near our houses and stocks and thus after getting our premises made safe, we were enabled to enjoy the new and interesting appearance before us. It consists of a long irregular

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line or wane of flame, generally of about a foot in height, creeping along or running as the wind may rise or fall. When it got into a dry marsh where the herbage had been rank, it crackles and burns fiercely. Sometimes the line of fire breaks and takes different directions till the two lines become parallel and approach each other; when they meet they are extinguished. On the above occasion as the daylight began to recede the brilliancy of the fire increased and when quite dark, the appearance was very beautiful and singular. We went to rest and left it burning round about us. In the morning we were surrounded by a wide black expanse of seeming desolation. Everything scorched and a few embers smoking here and there. This burning retards considerably the growth of the timber, but is a great further to vegetation. It was not a week before the blackness began to give way to a tinge of green and by a fortnight the cattle got a picking of grass and in another week full feed. Our cattle will now cost us nothing for keep for seven months to come.

We are glad to hear of the welfare of you all. Please let some of you continue to write us and if you have any newspapers of late dates, they would be very acceptable. There is a peculiar pleasure in reading old country news here. We can realize so well what we hear of. Mrs. L. wrote lately to the Inglis and intends to write soon to Margaret. Communications from the old country come regularly enough to us, though not so soon as to New York. Best respects from all to all.

Yours, Affectionately,

DAVID LINDSAY."

The gift from mother's relatives to which father refers in his letter was a great help. As indicated by him, he bought with it forty acres on the west side of his original forty and under a tax deed, 80 acres stretching southward from the first forty. This last 80 was lost afterward through decision of a judge in favor of a claimant who acquired a title from the estate of the original owner. Later when we became satisfied the court had erred in its decision, suit was entered on behalf of Henry, George, Annie and Tom, who were minors at the time of the first suit, and their interests as heirs of their father was established in Circuit Court in June 1869 by Judge D. J. Pulling and confirmed in appeal to the Supreme court in an opinion by Chief Justice Dixon.

Two other forties detached from the rest of the farm were later bought, one with a ten pound gift from father's sister, Mrs. McGavin, and the other for our brother Tom with a similar gift from

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our uncle Tom to his namesake. The latter was a timber lot, located about two or three miles south near the north shore of Fox Lake. The title to all this land, with the exception of the eighty secured by tax deed, came direct from the U. S. Government at a cost of one dollar and a quarter an acre and when finally sold for \$50.00 an acre, when the family left the old homestead, had never been encumbered in any way by mortgage or other lien.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Prairie Paradise—1848



URING the first years of our experiences in Wisconsin, our father frequently received letters from friends in Great Britain or those who had been told of his coming to Wisconsin making inquiry about the country. These increased in frequency and imposed quite a burden upon him in responding to such inquiries. In compliance with one request he wrote an unusually long letter. A copy of this letter must have been made by some one and this has been preserved. My recollection is that the letter was considered so useful it was either printed or manifolded to quite an extent and circulated quite freely in Britain as a source of reliable information concerning the new country. It shows so clearly the intelligent grasp father had obtained, and his methodical, painstaking and careful way of handling any subject that came to him. I have thought this letter worthy of preservation, and so have transcribed it almost in full. It is dated Trenton, Dodge County, Wisconsin Territory, 24th May, 1848, and is as follows:

"You know the situation of this country on the map. Wisconsin lies along the west side of Lake Michigan and extends thence to the Mississippi River in breadth and from the northern boundary of Illinois on the south to Lake Superior on the north. I am not sure what it may be as to dimensions, probably the former may be between 200 and 300 miles and the latter from 300 to 400. Where I am is about 80 miles from Illinois and 60 from Lake Michigan, in about north Latitude $43\frac{1}{2}$ and west longitude 88 or 90, so that our time is just 6 hours behind yours. Our morning is about your mid-day.

Little more than ten years ago, this was all Indian country. It was surveyed, I think, in 1836 or 1837 and but few locations taken up in 1838. The manner adopted by the American government of laying out and disposing of the public domain is worthy of the highest praise and contrasts very favorably with that adopted by the British government in Canada and elsewhere. One set of surveyors go over the country and lay it out into townships of six miles square. These are followed by others, who divide these divisions in square miles and then again into quarters. The quarter of a quarter of a square mile or 40 acres is the smallest portion the government officers will dispose of.

The towns or plots of six miles square are numbered in reference to their position from the south and west line of

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the State, thus the western most one on the south line is town 1, range 1 or as it is written T. 1, R. 1; the one next to it on the south line, T 1, R. 2, and so on along that line. The one next to it on the north is T. 2, R. 2, and so on along that tier as the people here say. So you perceive towns are numbered from south to north, ranges from west to east. I have said the towns are divided into sections of square miles of 36 acres. These are numbered at the town beginning at the top at the right hand side, but instead of commencing again at the side under No. 1 with No. 7 and going on to 12, so as to make that number fall under 6, 7 is below 6 and the numbers ascend toward the right hand and so on zig-zag up to 36, the number of squares of a mile each in a town. These towns are left by the government to be named by the people who settle in them. The fractions of a section or mile are described by the relative position; thus south east quarter of the southwest quarter of section 5, T. 13, R. 14 is the spot where I reside.

For about 15 miles back along the Lake is timbered land with a rolling surface. After that (I speak of the road from Milwaukee about straight west to Watertown), is about 20 miles of openings, that is, land covered with trees about the closeness in which they stand in orchards. The openings get the names of the trees chiefly growing on them,—thus White Oak, Black Oak or Burr Oak openings. Before reaching Watertown, we have some 15 miles heavy timber. There our road turns north and runs through another 15 miles of oak openings when a small prairie shows itself. Waupun prairie is on the right and Grand prairie on the left. To the north, east and west for many miles are successive openings and prairies. These mingled as they are here make a beautiful country.

The surface of the prairie rolls, and is covered with grass of 6 or 8 inches high, mixed with flowers of the sweetest odors and colors, and that in constant procession from April to November. In the low parts of the prairie the grass grows from 18 to 24 inches high and is made into hay for winter feed. The other parts furnish a rich and inexhaustible pasture 6 or 7 months of the year for any amount of stock. Both in the openings and prairies are found springs of excellent water. Small lakes of from 4 to 20 miles of area with streams running into and out of them are scattered over the country.

The soil is generally black mould to appearance, such as is to be found in gardens in the old country, from 12 to 18 inches deep without a stone. Here and there, however, we find small boulders, say from 9 to 20 inches through. How these should have come there, I am not geologist enough to say. The soil in the openings is not quite so deep as that on

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the prairie. Under the black mould is 2 or 3 ft. of light buffish colored earth, half sand, half clay, then that mixed with small stone, then white limestone rock at 5 or 10 ft. depth. The land from the first bears the finest crops—wheat, oats, barley, Indian corn, potatoes, peas, turnips, carrots, pumpkins, melons, squash and all such like grow without any manure and comparatively little attention. The oats are not so plump as that crop in Britain—the others are as good and in several, better.

The climate is healthy; I speak from experience. During the five years we have been here in a family, numbering nearly 12, we have not had any case of real sickness. We have never needed the professional visit of a medical man, except when our number was about being increased, and few families of the same extent in the old country could say the same. There have been cases of bilious fever and fever and ague around us, but these among our immediate neighbors, we could almost always trace to a cause,—open house, exposure to the night air, sleeping during the night on the ground, continuing in wet clothes, hard work and poor diet and such like. Avoidness of improper exposure with order and regularity as to diet and work is a great, if not an absolute safeguard from such disease.

In winter the weather is colder by a good deal and in summer warmer than with you. Some days in winter when the northwest wind blows strong, we can hardly show ourselves out of doors. The thermometer will sometimes mark 10 to 20 below zero, but that only two or three times during the winter, and generally extremes either of cold or heat do not extend over two or three days. Some winters we have considerable falls of snow and some very little. The one before last we had good sleighing from the 1st of January to the end of March. The last one we had none at all. We have none of the dark, damp, drizzly days or weeks you have. When it snows or rains, it does so and has done and then clear hard weather.

In winter no hard work can be done without mittens. Cold weather begins about the middle of December and lasts till the end of March or sometimes a little longer. We feed our cattle about five months in the year. July and August are our hottest months. Then is required the lightest covering by day and night. When the thermometer shows 86 to 88 in the house, we consider it hot. Then I assure you the pumpkins and melons and corn grow. Those evenings and nights stir the mosquitos and they do prove troublesome neighbors. From a little before sunset until dark, they prevent all outdoor enjoyment, and I often think what a great deal of comfort might be had were it not for these annoying

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creatures. However, a close house and well-fitted gauze nettings on the windows form a defense from them indoors. October and the first part of November give what is called "Indian Summer", of clear, warm, sunny days and cool nights. This is the pleasantest time of the year as to weather. The end of May and beginning of June gives the sweetest aspect of the country.

No noxious animals infest the country. There are snakes, but they are harmless. There is also the gray wolf, but that attacks only defenseless animals and is getting rare. The prairie wolf, species of the fox, is only about as troublesome as the latter animal is with you.

We have game in abundance and no game laws. Deer now are getting rather scarce, but we have prairie hens, partridges, quails, wild geese and ducks in their season. These prairie hens are very abundant, very like in every way to the partridge at home in appearance, sound, flight and general habits. What is called partridge here is smaller and has darker and showier plumage,—otherwise like its name-sake with you.

The lakes and streams abound in fish of various names and excellent qualities to all who will bestow the pains to take them either by spear, hook or net. I am no sportsman and I have no pleasure in hunting or fishing as amusement, and when I subject them to calculation as questions of profit and loss, I conclude to prefer the looking after the stock and the crops as the more likely to repay time and labor.

A summer morning walk on the prairie is really delightful. The clear sunshine, the balmy breeze and lovely flowers, the extensive prospect, the grazing herds, the fertile fields, the lowly cottage, all make up a sight to soothe and to exhilarate. In enjoying this scene, no painful thought intrudes itself, no reflection of unrequited toil, of hopeless poverty, of lordly or other exaction, of pampered luxury or indolence, consuming the fruits of the wasting labor of the humble husbandman.

Every man here gets the full undiminished reward of his industry. No man comes between you and the beneficent Creator. I am not speaking of politics or blaming any class of men, but simply trying to give an idea of things as they exist here.

Forty acres of the richest soil, ready for the plow, can be got for a trifle more than ten pounds sterling. \$1.25 or five shillings sterling per acre being the uniform price of government land. I say "ready for the plow"—no chopping, grubbing or burning,—put in the plow, sow the seed, track it

The United States of America

CERTIFICATE
No. 2736

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING.
WHEREAS David Lindberg, County of Dodge, Wisconsin Territory, where by
has deposited in the GENERAL LAND OFFICE of the United States, a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Green Bay, according
it appears that full payment has been made by the said
in the provisions of the Act of Congress of the 24th of April, 1820, entitled "An Act making further provision for the sale of the Public Lands," for the North East

Quarter of the South West Quarter of Section five, in Township
thirteen North, of Range fourteen East, in the District of lands
subject to sale at Green Bay Wisconsin Territory, containing forty
Acres

according to the Official Plat of the Survey of the said Lands, returned in the GENERAL LAND OFFICE by the SURVEYOR GENERAL, which said Tract has been purchased by the
said David Lindberg

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in consideration of the premises, and in conformity with the several Acts of Congress, in such case made and provided, HAVE GIVEN AND GRANTED,
and by these presents DO GIVE AND GRANT, unto the said David Lindberg
and to his heirs, the said Tract above described: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the same, together with all the rights, privileges, immunities and appurtenances of whatsoever
nature thereunto belonging, unto the said David Lindberg and to his heirs and assigns forever.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, James K. Polk, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

caused these letters to be made Patent, and the Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.
GIVEN under my hand, at the CITY OF WASHINGTON, the first
thousand eight hundred and forty-six and of the INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES the seventy-fifth
day of September in the year of our Lord and

BY THE PRESIDENT.
James K. Polk
By Henry Watson Sec'y
S. H. Laughlin, RECORDER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

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over, fence it and in three months, there is a crop. Now what a penny worth that is to a laboring man. In fact, to any man.

A little capital to a person starting in this country is of the greatest moment. It is hard to begin to make headway without something to start with, but once make a beginning and life and moderate health granted, moderate success is certain. A settler to be in any way comfortable would need to have as much as would pay for his land, say 80 acres, buy a yoke of oxen, a cow or two, a pig and few boards for the finishing of his house, a plow and harrow and a few other small tools and provide provisions for the family for twelve months. To do all this, he would need to have, after being set down here, about seventy pounds; more, so much the better; less, the harder the squeeze and slower the progress.

The first step for an intending settler is to get lodging for himself and family, if any, of some sort or another. Then to look out for a location. This once was not so difficult as it is now, the most eligible being already taken up. The land being selected, if at a distance from the government land office, he has nothing to do but go to one of the agents for entering lands, point out the spot on the map and deliver him the money. For a commission of \$2.00, he transmits the money to the government land office of the district, guarantees its safety and in due time will deliver a receipt for the money from the government receiver, acknowledging payment for the piece of land, fully specified. This document is a legal right to the purchaser's title. A patent is received from Washington, which he gets by delivering up the receipt.

The first house is generally built of logs, if such can be furnished by the land. These are selected as straight as possible, cut to one length, to suit the proposed dimensions of the house, laid above each other and notched so as to lock at the corners of the building. A door and windows are cut in the sides to suit convenience or taste. A floor of rough boards laid on rough sleepers and the roof covered with boards or shingles according to the ability of the builder. The latter are small, thin pieces of split timber, the size and shape of slates; cost about \$2.00 a thousand. They are put on in the same manner as slates. The laying of the logs of such a building is called "raising" and the neighborhood cheerfully come to assist on being invited by the day and hour being told them.

If the time of the settler's arrival be before mid-summer, he may then get in some crops. He will get his land "broken", that is plowed for the first time for \$2.00 per acre. To do this, two men or a man and boy and four or five yokes of oxen with a strong plow of the shape and strength for

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the purpose are required. The breadth of the furrow cut by the plow determines the number of oxen to draw it. Four yoke will draw one cutting 20 in.; 24 in. or a little more will need five. The plow is made almost as sharp in the coulter and the shear as a knife and thus cuts the sod. A strip of sod, say of 20 in. wide, according to the width of the plow and three or four inches thick is cut and turned fairly and evenly over. The next furrow is turned flatly over on the place occupied by the first and so on, the last occupying the place of its predecessor, till the field presents a black, even, mouldy surface, by the sod being turned uniformly upside down, to the depth of three or four inches. The boy drives the team and the man holds the plow and will break from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 acres per day.

Indian corn and potatoes are planted on this sod by making a slit with an axe and dropping the seed into it. From a half to two-thirds of a crop may thus be obtained, an object for a beginner right away. Land for winter wheat is "broken" in June, if possible, as that is the best season for the operation as then the roots forming the sod are full of juice and tender and consequently easily rotted. It is then allowed to lie till the end of August when a harrow is passed over it and the seed is put in at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acre and well harrowed in. The land, if carefully so dealt with will yield as good a crop as ever it will.

Hay is cut in low parts of the prairie as mentioned above in July and August. A good hand can cut and cock two tons per day. In these months the weather is generally hot. That which is cut in the forenoon, can be put in cock in the afternoon. The procuring of hay thus easily is a great advantage to a settler. At the first he can bring any stock with him or secure it at once without any risk of suffering in winter from want. Two tons of prairie hay is counted sufficient for the wintering of a cow; three for that of an ox and about the same for a horse. Cattle not giving milk or working will do well enough upon it alone, but others need some little thing extra.

Before winter sets in, some erection in the shape of a stable or shed is necessary to afford shelter for the stock. Such is generally for a beginning made of logs and covered with straw or hay. Few tie up the cattle during the winter, but let them roam or keep them in a yard and throw them hay twice a day. Except for this labor and that of making hay and hauling it home, the keep of any amount of stock costs nothing. They are allowed from April to November to run at large on the prairie, generally coming up by themselves in the evening, when those giving milk are shut in the yard and milked, which is repeated in the morning, before

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they are let out. Except once or twice immediately after calving, they are not milked more than twice a day.

Hogs also, indeed all kinds of domestic animals, run at large and pick up their own living except in winter. The acorns that fall in the woods and openings after harvest afford a plentiful feed for the pigs and prepare well for fattening in the pen. These are shut up in October and given as much Indian corn in the ear as they can eat for about six weeks, when they are killed. Pork, you know, furnishes the chief animal food consumed by the people of the United States. Most old country people from the first like it and wonder how they do so here, when so indifferent or averse to it at home. Besides his hogs, the farmer a little advanced, generally kills a fatted beef creature in the fall, part of which he allows to freeze and part he salts down. He dries and smokes all the shoulders and hams of the pork and some also of the beef, so that he has a little variety of such provision all the season.

We plow as much as we can after harvest for spring crops before the ground freezes up. This lessens spring work and yields better than spring plowing. As soon in spring as the frost is out and the ground dry, we sow spring wheat. This is commonly about the first week in April; then oats, peas and barley; then potatoes, beans and Indian corn and lastly turnips. Hoeing corn, plowing following, and making hay occupy till harvest. This we have in the end of July and August. Corn, potatoes, etc., are gathered in October.

The winter is employed in threshing, building and repairing, and making and repairing fences. Every month and every day brings its appropriate employment or work.

Prices of stock and produce range about as follows: A yoke of heavy and hardy cattle \$55 and \$65.00; 3 or 4 year olds \$30 and \$40.00 per yoke; cows \$15 and \$30; breeding sows \$8 and \$12.00; sheep \$1 to \$2.00 each; horses \$40.00 to \$100.00 according to age and quality; geese \$.50 to \$.75 each; poultry 12½c to 25c each. Wheat ranges from 50 to 75c per bushel of 60 lbs., according to the crop and time of the year; oats 25c to 37½c per bushel; barley about 6c more; peas 50 to 75c; potatoes 18 to 37c per bushel. These highest at planting time. Indian corn 25 to 50c per bushel; turnips about 12½c; peas 3 to 4c per lb.; tallow 10c; pork 3 to 5c; hams 6 to 10c; butter 10 to 18c; eggs 6 to 18c per dozen, according to the time of the year. Hay \$2.00 to \$3.00 per ton.

Sale can only be gotten here for this article when the grass is late of coming in and some have not stocked enough or from some who come in late. These about the prices here. In Milwaukee and other towns on the lake, prices are about ¼ higher. Other articles about the same prices or lower.

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The bulk of farmers in our district are farmers and tradesmen from New York State; some old country people,—Scotch, English, Welsh, not many Irish, some Dutch and Germans. The first as I have said predominate and are generally active, intelligent and enterprising. From their education and habits, they know and can manage all the branches of town, country and state matters. In this, old country people have to be shown the way. The male inhabitants over 21 years of age of each town of six miles square annually elect their own officers. These are Justices of the Peace, Supervisors, Assessors, Treasurer, Clerk, Commissioners, School Commissioners, Constables, etc.

It is worthy of remark that deference is paid to these officers to the fulfillment of their respective duties. We, who have been taught to look up to men of a certain class only, would think that officers chosen by the people from among themselves, would be apt to be treated with indifference, if not with contempt, but the fact is very different. Every American sees in a civil functionary, a representative of himself and therefore self respect leads him to act and be respectful toward him. Whether this be the philosophy of the matter or not, however, the fact is as I have stated it.

A certain sum is voted at the town meeting for town purposes, such as laying out roads, school and other expenses. This along with county and state expenses form the amount of taxes to be paid. This is apportioned to each town in proportion or according to its property and laid on each individual free holder by the assessors according to his ability. This is ascertained by the amount of land held, portion improved, amount of stock and other property. The taxes are collected in November. I paid last year nearly \$7.00; some pay more, some less, according to the means as I have said. Besides this money tax, every man over 21 years of age and under 55, has to give at least one day's labor or its equivalent to the making or repairing of roads in his district. This is all the direct taxation to which we are subjected. The United States tariff is the only means of indirect taxation.

Milwaukee affords to us at present the best market for wheat; other grain and produce, we can dispose of nearer home. We get small necessities from the stores in the neighboring villages for our eggs, butter, cheese, etc. Groceries and dry goods are best procured in Milwaukee by the proceeds of our wheat. The difference of prices of wheat and other products in Milwaukee as compared with those here, more than compensate for the time and expense of carriage thither. The journey can be performed to and fro with a load in five days. If a load is brought back also, a day more is needed. The whole of the road is yet, comparatively speak-

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ing, in a state of nature and is not favorable either to expedition or a large load, but better roads are in prospect. Both railroads and plank roads are in agitation and companies formed to make them, so that one or the other means of conveyance it is hoped will soon be afforded to the inhabitants.

The country has filled up and is filling up very rapidly. When we came here about five years ago, our neighbors were mostly at a distance of 12 and 14 miles. Now all the land around my farm is out of the hands of the government and people building upon and improving it. The best location for a farm is that embracing timber, prairie and meadowland. The latter is what I have alluded to as producing hay. These with a good spring and running water form all the essentials of a first rate farm, but such a one cannot now be got at Government price. All the timber lands are now bought up and every spot with water upon it.

Bare prairies are now being settled and will soon all be into second hands. Settlers of these who have not been fortunate enough to get hold of a few acres of timber are putting up sod fences and frame or board houses and digging or drilling for water. This latter mode has in most cases been successful. The land is so rich and so easily rendered productive that a strong inducement is held out to settlers. Fire wood will soon be the greatest desideratum.

Most of the people here are comparatively poor, having come in with little more money than sufficient to buy the land and the beginning of a stock farm. Hence the cultivation of the soil is as yet very imperfectly gone about. They have but few improvements and these of the most imperfect description. However, by borrowing and lending among each other, they continue to get along and every year increases the facility. All are improving their circumstances. Stock increases; buildings multiply; improved land extends; their means advance and by and by, a few years, we will be a rich and prosperous people. Horses are becoming more numerous in farmers' hands.

Few own a thrashing mill, and harvesting machines are to be introduced for the first time this ensuing harvest. Thrashing is performed by flail or cattle or travelling thrashing mills. The owners of the latter go from farm to farm with their machine and thrash for from \$4.00 to \$5.00 per hundred bushels for wheat and barley and half that price for oats. The harvester is to cut and lay in bundles an acre for 50c and will do from 15 to 20 acres per day with a pair of horses and two men. The machine is peculiarly fitted for the smooth prairie land. When each farmer possesses such instruments

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of his own, one can scarcely calculate the amount of bread stuffs this country will produce.

Towns are extending; villages multiply; mills for flooring going up and enlarging all over the country, so that it presents now, quite a different aspect from what it did a few years ago. An old country person learns a great deal by coming to this country. Among other things, he learns to help himself. Everyone has to do it, can, and does it. Every family bakes its own bread, makes its own soap, candles; does its own butchering, salting, smoking, etc. We have to try everything and in most of jobs succeed in some measure, except in mending and making shoes. In this, we almost confess a total failure. In carpentering, we have succeeded wonderfully. Here we had to put to our own hand. If a wagon reach or axle broke, we had to try to replace it, and necessity obliging a commencement, a little practice gave expertness.

No kind of bodily labor is considered here mean or degrading. The minds of the people of this country are completely disabused of that fallacy. If you need to do anything, do it and no one will think the less of you for doing it; but on the other hand, you would be pitied were you to confess disinclination or inability to its performance. I called the other day in passing, on a medical gentleman in our neighborhood, one regularly bred in the east to the profession and found him and his lady busy whitewashing the interior of their dwelling."

This was probably either Dr. Green or Dr. Dexter, two neighbors of ours with whom father had become intimate and established a pleasant friendship.

"On my entering, of course, he laid aside his pail and brush and sat down and chatted a little, while his partner carried on, and when I was about to leave, rose to resume his employment, never imagining there was anything worthy of remark. This is, I think, as it should be.

As the cultivated land here must be enclosed since all kinds of stock, as already said, are allowed to run at large, this hitherto has been done by wooden fences of a kind new to the old country people. After a tree is felled, its trunk is cut into portions of 10 ft. long and these are split by means of iron wedges and a heavy mallet into billets or rails of 4 or 6 inch diameter, the length of the cut. These are laid around the field diagonally above each other with ends lapping a little in the same way that the fingers of one hand go through the fingers of the other when the hands are clasped. These built 7 or 8 high, make a fence, sufficient to turn any ordinary animal without the expense of posts or nails. To go expedi-

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tiously about the making of the rails has to be learned by every old countryman. The hire for making them in the woods, if the timber be suitable, is 75c per hundred. The making of these and hauling them to the spot where they are to be laid up is the regular winter employment of the settlers for the first few years.

Another job which those whose means are limited used to follow in winter is the cutting and hauling logs to the saw mill. These are from 12 to 16 ft. long of any manageable diameter, straight and evenly squared off at the ends. The sawyer saws the logs, and takes half the board produced for his hire. The settler can thus, without money, procure boards for his dwelling or other necessary purposes.

A considerable amount of business is carried on among us, while comparatively little money circulates. The land offices absorb nearly all the circulating medium of gold and silver we have. We exchange labor, one doing that for another, which that other cannot so well do for himself, while he pays back by labor, which he can perform better than the other. We lend the use of teams for labor; barter oxen for horses, or grain or vice versa and so on. An American is the greatest and most inveterate trader. He is ready to "swap" anything he possesses,—his horse, his wagon, his clothes, to the shirt and that too, if any sufficient inducement is offered. Yet not many make rich by such business. The people here live better than those of the same means do with you. The standard of requirements is higher pitched and the means of physical enjoyment is more within the reach.

There are no really poor, nor any enormously rich. I refer to this state in particular and to the agricultural districts of the northern states generally, for in the Atlantic cities, society in many of its features is a good deal like that of old countries. Castes or classes are unknown with us. Here we have a practical exemplification in outward circumstances of what James in Scripture teaches; is ground for rejoicing, namely the brother of low degree is exalted and that the rich is made low. All occupy the same level.

At a town meeting or any other meeting, there is no difference. The man owning hundreds of acres or thousands in bonds or mortgages is no more attended to than a man on a preemption and with difficulty getting his living. It requires some philosophy in the man, who in the old country was accustomed to receive a little of the homage there paid to wealth and rank and whose word was usually heard with respect and some effect, to feel himself without mortification, not one whit more regarded than his poor and ragged neighbor. On the other hand, it gives a stimulus and confidence to him who in his native land, felt himself, because poor, to

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be overlooked and neglected as nothing. So much we have for the effect of republican institutions.

A little above, I have used a word which perhaps will need some explanation. A preemption is where the government gives credit for a year, on a portion of land, not exceeding 160 acres. This it does to any one over 21 years of age and a citizen of the United States or who has declared his intention of becoming one, and really makes a settlement on the land and never has before taken the benefit of this law. These restrictions are intended to prevent speculators keeping land out of the market by claiming under this law. Thus I have endeavored in as few words as possible to give you some idea of the state of things in Wisconsin, at least in that portion of it where my lot is cast. But I am afraid you or any other old country person cannot realize the real state of what I have tried to set before you.

One particular, however, I must have let pass unremarked on,—that is, the state of religion in this country. The people in the northern states of America are a religious people in their own way and as Wisconsin is peopled by them chiefly, religion will be about the same as to amount and character here, as in others. There are a few, however, who have come under my observation professing infidelity. But I am sad to say, these instances have been chiefly from our countrymen. I never saw a man working in the field on Sunday but once, and he was an Englishman. We have among us the adherents of the various denominations, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, etc., etc. Agents from the various Home Missions established in the East as also agents from Bible and Tract Societies appear among us.

Looking at the population of this state as a whole, as far as I am able to judge, real godliness exists about in the same degree as it does in the northern states of the Union or in Scotland and England.

Let me try now to apply myself shortly to the question—Is Wisconsin a good country for old country people to come to?

I should say it is better in many respects than Canada, Australia or New Zealand. In the former, the winters are severe and longer. The land is dearer and ten-fold worse to make a farm out. These things I know from what I learned from people settled here who have come from Canada. Wisconsin is superior to Australia in soil, in water, in cheapness of land and in proximity to well peopled countries. New Zealand is too far removed from such and too new for English or Scotch settlers.

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What class of population of the British Isles would you most encourage to come to Wisconsin? Decidedly the laboring man, especially if he has a rising family and a little fund of savings. The labor of a man working only for wages will bring him three or four times the comforts of life which his labor will procure him in Scotland or England. Not so much in the shape of money as in what that will command. A moderate workman will get \$10.00 a month and board all the year around, especially if he would take the half in produce and half in money. He would get such board as he is altogether unaccustomed to in the old country.

The savings of the money portion of his wages would soon buy him a small lot of land on which he would soon be able to commence on his own account. If well behaved and moderately active and intelligent, the status he would occupy here, would be far superior also. He would enjoy the acquaintance and company of the best, sit at the same table and fireside. We have this illustrated at this time at our very door. A ditcher of the name of P. from Lincolnshire is making sod fences at so much a rod for some of the settlers on the prairie beside us. He was a ditcher at home and you know ditching is not considered with you a very exalted species of labor. Here he makes over \$1.00 per day, boards and lodges with his employer and is "Mr. P."

Some habits and employments with you are, however, not at all suited to this country. Thus fifteen miles to the westward of us is a settlement of people from the potteries, Staffordshire. This originated from the strike frequent among the workmen there. Instead of going idle until the makers should come to their terms, the workers resolved to club their weekly payments and assist some of their number chosen by lot, to emigrate to this country. The Club or Society was to defray their expenses out and furnish each family with maintenance for a year with 20 acres of land and a cottage.

This would seem liberal and wise in England, but has not been found to work well here. The people thus sent out had not been accustomed to any kind of management or forethought, so when put down here, they trusted to the Society at home for everything and made no exertion to provide for themselves. The consequence was that they were nearly all starved. All the children, good for any kind of service, have been taken by their neighbors and any little thing earned by them over their board has been handed to the parents at home in produce."

I think in the above father refers to the settlement of English people near Pardeeville, whose experiences would correspond with his description.

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"The idea of their all sitting down together and of only having twenty acres of land is foolish. People at home cannot arrange what is necessary here because without being on the spot, they cannot realize the true circumstances of the case. If a settler can often only buy a cow, how much would that add to the support of his family? The keep costs nothing all the year around, but a day or two labor in making hay. His firewood costs nothing, but the bringing home and chopping. House rent nothing. But nothing, I beg to repeat, can be got without some severe labor at first and that sometimes hard, but always richly repaid.

This country holds out inducements also to the middle aged tradesman of small capital with the young and increasing family. Here he can make with but slender means, a sure and ample provision for them and for himself in advanced life. For a few hundred pounds, he can purchase a fine farm of two or three hundred acres with all advantages, with house and other improvements, ready to his hand.

An elderly man, a painter from Holland, bought the other month a farm of this description just beside us. It contains 160 acres of excellent prairie, a large portion of which is enclosed and under crop; forty acres of good timber, house and well of good water for \$1600.00 or about 340 pounds sterling and his purchase was considered by the neighbors rather high. Having some means, he thus avoids the privation and hard labor which those must undergo who have land to select and a farm to make.

To the Capitalist of a few thousand sterling, this country affords the sure prospect with judicious management of an ample increase. Twelve per cent, is, I believe, the legal rate of interest on money, lent on bond and mortgage but double or triple that rate is often paid. This is often done in the case of pre-empted land, when the pre-emption expires and the pre-emptor is unable to pay for his farm. He has been going on improving and trusting to some quack for the means of paying, which has failed him. He, in such circumstances, applies to someone who has the means at hand, who purchases from the government in his own name, the land at the government price and gives the pre-emptor an obligation that on his being paid by a specified day the money advanced with such an addition as may be agreed on, he will convey to the pre-emptor his farm. This eludes the penalty of the Law for usury, recompenses the man of money and assists or serves the poor man. I question if there be anything immoral in these transactions.

Many are making money fast in that way, but such transactions would not suit an old country capitalist right away. He would require to be in the country at least a year before

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he could advantageously touch anything, even, I would say, so much as purchase a farm. He could do the thing so much better after being here a while as would amply repay him for his year's keep. If I had a friend of this description coming to this country, I would simply urge him on his arrival to get himself and family accommodated in the best way he could with a dwelling and keep his tale to himself and look on for a year at least. This, I confess, would be a very submissive one indeed, one in a thousand who would comply.

In making his arrangements for coming out to this country, the emigrant need dispose of only all wooden furniture, grate and fire irons. The former are bulky and easily injured by carriage and cheap in this country and the latter are not needed at all here. Everything else, may advantageously be brought along, but no money should be expended in laying in a stock of anything. **Money is the best thing that can be brought out** and can be much better expended here when it is seen what is wanted. Sovereigns is the best shape in which to bring out money and if the amount be considerable, it might be proper to make insurance.

Liverpool is the best port to sail from and New York the best port of landing. Great care must be taken in making agreements for passage from there to Buffalo as the swindling of emigrants is notorious on that route. The safest way is to pay as you go and trust no one. Passage and freight from Buffalo to Milwaukee can be arranged with more confidence and safety. The means of conveyance from Milwaukee to any part of the state is constant and easily procured.

To all contemplating settling in this country, I would say, digest well the subject and if it could be at all possible, come out yourself first and see the country and then return and make your decision. But in a thousand cases, not one occurs where this is possible. I do not recommend this on the ground that the country may have been misrepresented, but because it is almost impossible by any description to make an old country man realize the truth respecting it. A better country in state of nature could not be. The climate healthy and not too hot for old country constitutions and a most fertile soil, ready for the plow and every facility for prosecuting with success and comfort, agriculture in all its branches.

But every man does not like farming. Many have not been accustomed to bodily labor, inseparable in some degree from husbandry. Many would feel uneasy in the plain, often ragged, wet and muddy clothes which we are often obliged to wear and contrasting these with the dress they have been accustomed to appear in at home, feel as if they had sunk in society and done anything but bettered their circumstances.

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Those liable to make such reflections are not exactly suited for farming in this country. Self denial is absolutely necessary here at the first. It is the sure and certain prospect of future benefit that cheers and makes the mind submit contentedly to the want of the little comforts and conveniences enjoyed in older and better settled countries.

To the man who has had to bear anxieties and annoyances of business, this country and its mode of living afford a happy change. Its sunny sky and verdant plains transport him as it were, back to the days of youth and enjoyment before the mind had been burdened and sickened by the cares and vexations invariably attendant on commercial pursuits. It seems altogether as if he now had to live in summer lodgings. No painful collisions, no chaffering and over-reaching, no anxieties about the appointed day for the fulfillment of one's own obligation or that of others. Not that we are altogether without care or annoyance and disappointments, but what we do experience of that sort are not so serious, do not go so deep, nor seem so frequent. A feeling of perfect freedom, of independence, seems to pervade the mind in our daily occupations. You need to beg favors from no one, court no one, for you get the fruit of your labor as it were, directly from the land of the beneficent and great Creator. How pleasant to sit down with your family to a table liberally covered with the gifts of Providence—the fruits of your own labor and industry.

I have omitted to mention in the proper place, the rate at which the land as we cultivate it may be said to produce. When winter wheat yields from 20 to 25 bushels per acre, we consider we have had an ordinary good crop. Last year our sod yielded about that. Spring wheat about 30 bushels; barley 25 to 30 bushels. I never measured either our potatoes or turnips and therefore will not venture on any quantity, but say that the former are of as good quality as I ever saw anywhere. Indian corn gives 40 and 50 bushels as a general crop; peas I should say 30 or 40, although of them I cannot speak decidedly, never having but patches of them and unmeasured both in regard to ground and product. We plant pumpkins among the corn and the season before last, we had 7,000 on nine acres and besides the crop of corn. Last year we had frost for a night or two in July which greatly hurt the corn and pumpkins and such like. Melons and such like fruit we plant but in small patches as we have not the means of keeping them for any length of time.

As I have said above, our manner of cultivation is very imperfect and where land is so abundant and labor so high, we do not calculate how much per acre we can raise, but how much in the aggregate. The land as yet is mostly cultivated

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by oxen. These are easier procured and easier kept than horses. In the first year or two, they do better than horses. They are mostly as good in every respect for road travel. Now, however, as land is getting more subdued and more grain to be carried to market, horses are beginning to be more common amongst the farmers. Prairie land, if broken at the right season, scarcely shows any sod at the third plowing. Then an ordinary yoke of cattle will plow it easily enough. At the second or cross plowing, two yoke are required.

The above sketch of our country and mode of procedure is comparatively brief and I feel very imperfect. I have referred to that portion of Wisconsin alone with which I am acquainted and by a statement of facts embraced within my own experience have endeavored to enable you to enter in some measure into the character of the country and the state of its agricultural population. Tradesmen, such as blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, etc., etc., with you, would all improve their circumstances equally by coming here, if average tradesmen and steady and persevering.

I have said nothing about farming in the woods or openings. To make a farm out of heavy timber land never could be attempted by old country people and as to farming in openings, I cannot say anything from experience, but refer to our friend who has chosen for himself such a location. If you think anything above communicated may be useful to be known to my fellow-countrymen, I leave you at liberty to make what use of it you please. I remain,

DAVID LINDSAY."

In speaking of the small capital with which most of our neighbors entered upon their new life, father might have emphasized a custom universally prevalent during these early years, namely that of borrowing from each other tools and implements in common use. While we were poor enough, we were better supplied than some of our neighbors with necessary equipment on the farm. From his warehouse in New York father had brought a set of steelyards. This was for several years the only device in the neighborhood for weighing farm produce, and was in such continual demand, it was difficult to keep it at home for our own use. A set of blocks and tackle was another piece of equipment brought from the New York warehouse. This was so much in demand at the raising of buildings, father established a price of one dollar for each use of the equipment with a penalty for retention beyond a reasonable time.

The grindstone was the article that most concerned William and myself. It was not easily transported, so the practice of bring-

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ing scythes and axes and other tools to the grindstone became quite common. At that time there were no ball bearings or other devices to lessen the power required to "turn the grindstone", nor did ours have a treadle, but was hung on a wooden axle revolving in sockets in the sides of the wooden frame three or four inches in width. The friction was so great that considerable exertion was required. Often the neighbors would come unattended, expecting the loan of a boy to assist them. Many a bitter experience was ours on such occasions, when a neighbor would appear with scythes or axes to grind, and one of us was delegated to "assist". The length of the task seemed interminable and the power required seemed to increase with every revolution of the stone. No such thing as a "tip" was forthcoming, and sometimes hardly an expression of thanks. We dreaded the coming of such visitors. In my imagination I can yet feel the aching muscles in my arms and the irritable impatience for the completion of the job.

Our fanning mill was also frequently in demand, but the borrower in this case, fortunately for us, did not expect the boy to accompany it.

During these years improvements were made, larger area of land cultivated each year, stock was added and father felt encouraged. A team of horses was added to the equipment. I well remember them. Two large strong animals, the one a bay, full of life and spirit, who was known by the name of Major or Maj. for short and the other one, black in color, strong and with a more quiet disposition, named Michael or Mike, composed the team. I am not quite sure, but I think they were bought from different persons. This thought is confirmed by a recollection that one of them, Major I think, cost \$110.00 and following the custom of the old country, we were cautioned by father not to tell what price was paid. This policy of secrecy on all matters of this kind was not understood by our neighbors. When we consider the practice it does seem unwise because prices were established by transactions among the farmers, so that it was advantageous to all concerned to know the prices paid in affairs of this kind. Father, however, clung to the practice in which he had been brought up, considering it unduly inquisitive on the part of his neighbors to wish to know about his business.

These two horses proved a valuable addition to the farm equipment and were under the charge of our brother James, who early

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developed a love for horses and became the authority in our family in handling them. A light democrat wagon had been bought prior to this and I remember one 4th of July when Major, who was the more showy and attractive horse of the two, was hitched to this wagon and James, David, William, myself, and I think one of the neighboring boys, drove some miles north to attend a 4th of July celebration. These celebrations were always held during those early years and no one ever thought of missing them. The exercises were held in a grove and Mr. Jennings from Waupun was the orator.

In approaching the grove, our horse became frightened with the unusual noise of the band. He became unmanagable and ran away. The wagon struck a tree and turned turtle,—the horse was disengaged and ran wild. The wagon in turning over, buried William and myself below the box, the others having jumped or been thrown clear of the wagon. Our heads were below the side of the wagon box and would have been crushed, but for an intervening log on which the edge caught. We both had a very narrow escape from death.

These 4th of July celebrations were important events during the early days but of late seem to have passed out of existence. We were nearer the days of the Revolution then than now and the celebration of Independence Day was more definitely fixed in the hearts of the people. The custom during our boyhood was to have annual celebrations in all parts of the country, taking in certain districts, and as the villages grew they were held alternately in such places as Waupun, Beaver Dam and Fox Lake. Committees were appointed some time before the day, consisting of representatives from each of the three villages, who decided which place should have the celebration and arranged the program. Notice was published in the papers and special invitations sent to men of local prominence. The President was selected, a reader of the Declaration, an orator and marshall, with numerous assistants. The principal officers were usually selected from residents of the village in which the celebration was to be held.

The place was in a neighboring grove, a platform was erected and temporary seats of plank or boards arranged in front of the platform. A brass band was always engaged when possible, although in the earlier days, the instrumental music sometimes was furnished by fife and drum. Occasionally a quartette composed of the best singers available or large chorus choirs, organized in later

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days, furnished vocal music. Representatives from the schools or Sunday schools of the neighborhood were given a part in the exercises and appeared in the procession with uniformity of dress in some measure designating their school. The young folks were provided with banners and mottoes and entered heartily into the occasion. A picnic dinner followed the exercises, to which contributions were brought by those participating and the day closed usually with a large public ball in the principal hotel of the place. Later, following the patriotic exercises in the grove, a street vaudeville performance was sometimes given, in which jest and humor predominated with the most fantastic costumes and ridiculous performance that could be imagined.

Usually the program was as follows:

First: Music.

Second: Reading of the Declaration of Independence.

Third: Prayer by one of the clergymen.

Fourth: The oration.

This latter feature was an occasion for budding orators or aspiring politicians to come to the front. The introduction to the oration was usually an allusion to the causes which lead to the American Revolution with a tongue lashing for George III and his advisors, followed by a brief history of the organization of the government. A general spread eagle style of oratory was popular. There were exceptions, however, when the oration was of a much higher order, both entertaining and instructive.

The general effect of the celebration was to rekindle and foster the spirit of patriotism and thankfulness for the blessings inherent in our form of government and was altogether beneficial and enjoyable. I should not omit the enjoyment of the younger element for whom it was the one gala day of the year. Neighbors who lived so far apart that they rarely met found an opportunity for friendly visiting. I look back upon them as occasions to be remembered.

The grand marshall of the occasion was the great man of the day. I remember one celebration in which General Blake, a veteran of the War of 1812, filled this position, mounted on a spirited, prancing horse, arrayed in a brilliant and showy uniform with a broad sash and sword. He was the observed of all observers and a

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terror to the youngsters who were not orderly enough to suit the great man. The procession was formed in the main village street, headed by the band. The officials in carriages, followed by the participants, were led by the grand marshall to the adjoining grove with flags flying, drums beating and the usual accompaniments suitable to the occasion.

Improvements in roads soon began and two were laid through our farm, one from east to west along the south side of the first land bought, separating it from the tax title 80, which was known as the Big Spring Lot. Another intersecting this one, running north and south, was difficult of improvement, as it traversed low ground and crossed one of the streams twice within our farm. For a long time it was impassible.

We were one mile south and about five miles west of the village of Waupun, and about five miles northeast of Fox Lake. These two villages were our trading places.

A barn 30 x 40 ft. was built three or four years after our settlement on the farm. The timbers necessary for the frame were cut by James and David and sawed in proper lengths. Logs were cut by them also and drawn to a sawmill about three miles northeast, known as Miller's Mill. The logs were hauled to Miller's Mill and sawed on shares, furnishing the boards for covering and the planks for the floor. A neighbor, Plymat, who was a carpenter, undertook the job of building the barn. When the time came for erection of the frame or the "barn raising" as it was called, the neighbors round about were invited.

One incident connected with this is fresh in my memory. At such times it was customary to finish the "raising" with a sort of picnic and I was dispatched to Fox Lake on our Indian pony to bring home some necessary provisions, among them enough dried apples to make apple pies. Apple pies were not a common article of diet with us and I remember with what longing eyes William and I looked upon the pies as they were brought out for the picnic dinner for the barn raising. We made calculation as to the number of men to be fed and the number of pies baked by mother and our sisters, and the conclusion was that there would be a few pieces left for us. But unfortunately one of the neighbors had brought with him his two boys about the ages of ourselves and their father served them with the remaining pieces. It is strange how incidents

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of this kind will cling to our memories as we grow older. I can almost feel the expectant taste of these lost pies in my mouth today.

This barn was supposed to stand by the points of the compass and on the west end there was a large sliver projecting from one of the oak boards which covered it. When we were working on lands west of the barn, but within clear view of it, I remember well how we watched as the sun approached its meridian to see it strike the sliver. Then we knew that dinner time was near at hand.

The principal, and perhaps I may say the only amusements we had as boys in those days were the fishing in spring time with torches and spears; the games of base ball which were always played by the men at noon time when road work was done and the farmers in the road district were gathered for this purpose; and the 4th of July celebration the **one** great event of the year.

The fishing was done at night in the creek that ran through our farm from north to south. This stream was one of the two principal affluents of Fox Lake discharging its waters into that sheet of water a few miles south of our farm. In the early spring suckers (a coarse meated fish) made their way from the lake up the stream to deposit their spawn. With torches made of dry poplar wood or bark from the shag-bark hickory trees two of us would wade the stream at night. One carried the flaming torch and the other a spear. We were attended by one or two of the younger brothers bearing torch wood and ready to carry the fish as they were thrown out by the spear man. The water was cold but the excitement of the sport caused us to disregard such discomfort. The fish dazzled by the light lay often in pairs motionless on the bottom of the stream and became victims of the many-pronged spear. The most prolific fishing grounds were found in the rapids of the stream which often yielded us abundant reward for our efforts.

In connection with these experiences, I might speak of our first attempt at boat building. In our creek there were places where, in its course, it had widened or deepened, forming what were known in our vocabulary as "swimming holes" and ponds. These would be insignificant to our eyes now, but in our boyish eyes they were important factors in our lives.

One of these, known by us as the "Big Pond", was supposed to be the dwelling place of some wonderful fish, differing from the suckers we knew and of prodigious size. The water was too deep

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for our manner of fishing. Stories were told of the great fish that had been seen near the banks leaping for insects. We were determined to explore the mysteries of the pond, and to do this a boat in the form of a scow was built. With this boat, equipped with a torch larger than usual and aided by our brother James, we made our first night of exploration on the mysterious waters of the pond. It was a memorable occasion, long remembered by our older brother and his juvenile crew.

In speaking of the amusements of our younger days, I ought not to omit some allusion to the singing schools, the spelling schools, and debating schools or lyceums of that time, for they not only contributed to our recreation and pleasure, but were instructive and beneficial in many ways.

The singing schools were held in the district school houses once a week and taught by an itinerant teacher, who usually had a school each night of the week in neighboring districts. His remuneration varied from \$2.00 to \$5.00 an evening and was secured by a subscription paper passed from one to another in the district until sufficient pledges were obtained to pay for twelve or more lessons. The attendance was not confined to the school district, but usually included an area three or four miles in each direction from the school house. Some of the teachers might not pass a creditable musical examination according to the standards of today, but they filled an important and useful place in the community of their time. The teachers were able to add somewhat also to their income by furnishing the books, which were usually changed from winter to winter, and were sold to the patrons at a fair margin of profit to the teacher. In some cases he did not receive this emolument, for the pupils would appoint one of their number to secure the books at a lower price than could be obtained by single purchase.

These singing schools brought together the young people of the neighborhood and many of the older ones too, who enjoyed the occasion. At the close of the school a concert was usually given, which was, in certain cases, very creditable, not only to the teacher, but also to his pupils.

The spelling schools had in them more excitement and enthusiasm. These gatherings were often prompted by competition on the part of adjoining school districts to determine their proficiency. The usual practice was for one district to challenge the adjoining

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school to a contest, inviting the challenged school to visit them on a certain night, bringing their teacher with them. Preparatory to such contests there was intensive study of the spelling books, and when the long looked-for evening came, the visiting school came in large numbers with sleighs and other vehicles.

The rule was that each school choose its champion speller, who selected his or her assistants. The contestants were arranged on either side of the school house, which was filled to overflowing on such occasions. The pronouncing of words was in the hands of the two teachers, alternating each other in this duty, using by agreement a specified spelling book; usually, however, the schools in the township or county used the same text books, so there was no difficulty on this score. After the contest was ended, there was as may be imagined, much enthusiasm on the part of the winning school.

At the close of the contest an hour and sometimes more was spent in declamation and dialogue. The schools tried to excell each other in this department, and their efforts were enjoyed by those who came to join in the sport.

Before such contests competing schools would prepare by holding evening contests between the pupils of the school. These occurred frequently and as I look back on these experiences, it is a pleasure to remember these preliminary gatherings. The pupils themselves would choose the two who should be their leaders, and it was supposed that these leaders would always choose the most proficient spellers. In making their selections, however, it was frequently demonstrated that personal preference rather than proficiency was the criterion by which selections were made, and it was no unusual occurrence to find that the young man or young woman who was selected as a leader would indicate as his or her first choice a favorite rather than the best speller.

In preparation for the forensic display which was to occur at the contest between the districts, declamation and dialogue also followed the spelling exercises, so these practice nights in the home district were always enlivened by the same kind of entertainment as that given in the general gathering. There were occasions in the preparation and contest when the spelling book did not contain words which would sufficiently test the ability of the spellers, and then the dictionary was used. It was amusing many times to find that simple words would prove greater obstacles than those that were more complicated.

It is agreed between School District No. 11 in the
Town of Trenton and Jessie Lindsay a qualified
Teacher of said town that the said Jessie Lindsay is
to teach the common school of said district for the
term of four months for the sum of Ten the dollars
per month, and for such services properly rendered
the said district is to pay to the said Jessie Lindsay
the sum that may be according to this contract on
or before the first day of May 1853.

Given under my hand
the 3^d day of December
A.D. 1852

David Lindsay
District Clerk

I agree to the
within contract

Jessie Lindsay Teacher

James Lindsay
Treasurer

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As settlers came in, school districts were organized and school houses built. The first experience of this kind in our township was a singular one. There had been several divisions and sub-divisions made before there was an attempt to build a school house. The first district was practically the entire township and later by sub-division a considerable part in the northwest corner was designated as a district. The tax levy was made, not in money, but in logs with which to build the school house. Our father's assessment was five or six logs, I am not quite sure about the number. The size of the school house was determined and the logs were to be cut in length and diameter accordingly. They were hauled to the appointed location and the farmers called together for the raising. The skeleton of the house was built, by placing the logs in position, the rafters in place and I think some of the roof boards were put on, but settlers continued to come in so rapidly that before further progress was made, there was another sub-division of the district and no school house was built in our neighborhood for several years.

In order to obtain the state appropriation a school was held in our home or that of one of the neighbors, taught by our sister, Jessie, for a three or four months term in the winter. For several years this was the only school in the district and one of the original contracts which lies before me as I write is such a vivid reminder of our early experiences, I am pleased to be able to give it a place here, where it may be preserved and interest the children and grandchildren of those whose names appear as the contracting parties.

The reputation of Jessie as a teacher seems to have been recognized beyond the confines of our own neighborhood as evidenced by the following overture through her brother-in-law in a letter received from an official of a school district in Waukesha County. The offer, a tempting one and a correct representation of the salaries received by school teachers at that time, reads as follows:

"Palmyra, Wis. May 11, 1853.

Mr. Alex North,

Dear Sir:

I have sent you these few lines to let you know that we want a school Mam in this District the clerk hired one but she balked, and I told him of a lady that I had the honor to be acquainted with, if not engaged might come. The last mam was to get \$2.00 and her board in one house all the four months, now sir if Jessie Lindsay is not engaged say whether

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she won't come, or not, by return of post, if she will come she can come right along to Palmyra and inquire for me, and I will see her right after, and bring her to the clerk. The Scholars consist of Scotch and English and a small sprinkling of Yankies.

Your compliance with the above, will oblige, your Svt.

(Signed) John McCulloch.

They may give a little more than \$2.00 per week.

Direction on this letter:

Mr. Alexander North

Howards P Office

Waukesha, County.

Mr. Love, please forward this correctly."

Notwithstanding the possibility of promotion in the way of salary as indicated by the postscript and "Board in one house" our sister did not think best to accept the invitation. The direction of this letter shows a postoffice which does not now exist.

I remember one winter when it was not convenient to spare the necessary part of our own home for the school, it was held in a deserted log house belonging to one of the neighbors. The house was not in proper condition and was miserably cold with a floor of rough boards. The equipment was a square box stove in the middle of the square room; desks made of slabs or boards on projecting supports around the walls and seats made of slabs with the flat side upward supported by legs inserted in holes and placed far enough from the desks, so that there was room for us to sit. The stove was kept nearly red hot on cold days so that the scholars near the center nearly roasted and those in the far away corners shivered with cold.

A rebellion was started toward the middle of the winter by the boys who claimed that the teacher was partial in letting the girls have the warmest seats. A conference was held and a compromise agreed upon by which each Monday morning on alternating weeks, the boys and girls were to choose their seats. The Monday on which the boys were to have their first selection, one of them who was considerable of a wag, arranged that they would unite in so choosing their seats that they would alternate, leaving a vacant space between each boy, so that the girls would be compelled to take the seats which were left. Our sister Jessie very soon saw this scheme would not work, and by virtue of her official authority, the compromise was declared invalid and we went back to the old plan.

CHAPTER IX.

Joys and Sorrows—1849-1861



ABOUT three and one-half years after our settlement, on January 18, 1846, our sister Matilda and Alexander F. North were married. Mr. North and his brother-in-law, Mr. Cameron had divided their farm interests Mr. Cameron retaining the farm near our home and Mr. North taking the one at Pewaukee which they had first bought. I remember our father objected to this marriage on account of Matilda's age, thinking they ought to wait for a year or two. I remember a scene between Matilda and our father when he had refused his consent, and she was in tears. However, he decided it was unwise to object longer and gave his consent.

The marriage was performed at the home of Dr. Green, a neighbor living northeast of us about two miles. The officiating official was his son Townsend Green, who had been elected the preceding spring a Justice of the Peace. He had a sister named Caroline who was an intimate friend of our sisters, Jessie and Matilda. Her brother, Townsend, had never performed a ceremony of this kind and was very reluctant to undertake it, but as he was the only Justice available, he finally was persuaded to undertake the job. It was commonly reported on the authority of his sister, who caught him in the act, that in preparation for the ceremony, he was discovered in the log stable in front of a yoke of oxen with a copy of the statutes in his hand, going through the ceremony, using the oxen as substitutes for the groom and bride. This, of course, was a standing joke for a long time. The question may be asked,—why was a Justice chosen instead of a Minister? This is easily answered when it will be remembered that there were no churches and therefore no clergymen competent to officiate.

The death of our father in 1849 was a great loss. In August of that year, our father, mother, Anne (who was between four and five years of age) and myself made a visit to our sister Matilda at Pewaukee driving Mike, our black horse, with the democrat wagon. We made the trip from our farm to Pewaukee in one day, leaving soon after daylight, carrying our food with us, and making two stops on the way, one of which was east of the village of Watertown, by the bank of the Rock River under a large thornapple tree near the location of the old Rough and Ready mill of that time. I think

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I could nearly locate the place now. The distance was called sixty miles and we did not reach our destination until about midnight. I speak of this as comparing the means of travel at that time with the present.

Father remained a week or more and then returned, leaving mother, Anne and myself with our sister. Father expected to return for us in a few weeks. During this time, our sister Anne became quite ill while she and mother were visiting at the home of Miles Taylor, on whose farm is now located Lake Side Station of the St. Paul Road, and whose daughter Emma afterward became the wife of our brother James. Anne's sickness proved to be typhoid fever and gave us great anxiety.

Soon after father returned to his farm, he began to suffer from a bilious attack which developed into a low fever. It was not thought serious at first, but became more alarming, and a neighbor, Julius Hewitt, was sent for mother. When Mr. Hewitt came, our sister was so ill that mother could not leave, and as there was nothing in the message brought by Mr. Hewitt which indicated that father was in immediate danger, he went home without mother. Father's condition had become worse during the interim and when Mr. Hewitt returned his illness had assumed such a dangerous form that another neighbor, Fayette Thomson, was dispatched immediately for mother. She returned with him, but soon after Mr. Thomson had left, father died. He was buried on the farm in a beautiful grove of trees across the stream from our home. We can realize something of the anxiety of mother at this time as she left her only daughter who had begun to improve, but still was a very sick child, to find her husband had gone before she could reach him.

This sad affliction was the beginning of a new epoch in our lives. It placed upon mother new responsibilities and greater burdens. She, however, had a helper in our sister Jessie who shared mother's care of the younger children and was helpful in every possible way. James and David, too, were old enough to carry on the farm work, and we soon adjusted ourselves to the new conditions. I was eleven years old when father died and William about nine, so that we, too, were soon able to be of service.

Father left us an inestimable inheritance in the example of a blameless life, deeply consecrated and reverent. He was a strong character with high ideals. He was rarely gifted intellectually with a deeply religious nature. He was not easily moved when a decision

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was reached and was often somewhat austere and puritanical. He was reticent in the expression of his emotional nature. He lacked the flexibility of character necessary for adaption to the changed environment in which he found himself in America, especially among some of the uneducated, illiterate settlers in Wisconsin eighty-one years ago.

His influence for righteousness was felt in whatever circle he moved. The Bible was his supreme guide and with its pages he was thoroughly familiar. A large part of the New Testament he had committed to memory and much of the Psalms, Proverbs and the Book of Ecclesiastics were equally at his command. He continued to conduct Sunday services in our own home until a short time before his death, when he identified himself with the Disciple Church at Waupun. This congregation met in the school house of the upper town, as the western section of that village was then called. In this fellowship, he became a leading factor.

I well remember our first experience at the service of this church where we became regular attendants summer and winter, driving six miles over the prairies with little regard for weather, always on time; usually only two remaining at home to care for the house-keeping and "chores". The first day we all entered and took seats together to the surprise of the congregation as we did not know the custom which ordained that the men and boys should enter by the north, and the women and girls by the south door, and take their seats on the corresponding sides of the house. The day was warm, doors and windows were open, and the preacher, "Father Wirt", was in the desk without coat and with open vest. Altogether it was to us a new experience.

Father's death in the prime of his manhood (he was in his 52nd year) not only brought added responsibilities to mother, but to her children who soon recognized their obligations to her and to each other.

There was with mother as with father a deep reverence for the Bible and its teachings, an abiding confidence in God and His promises. She rested on His assurance that the widow and the fatherless would not be forsaken by Him in the time of need. She recognized her obligation to "Train her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord", and although naturally of a retiring disposition, sometimes almost bordering on timidity, she courageously took upon herself the duties of her husband in the conduct of regular family wor-

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ship and the study of God's word. The reading of the Bible and prayer followed the morning meal as regularly as the rising of the sun, and each member of the family entered upon his daily service with better equipment and lighter heart because of such preparation.

The regular Sabbath attendance at church services, as during the life of our father, was never discontinued. Summer and winter with her family around her, she was found in her place. Thus, by precept and example, did she influence her children, who have all tried to walk in her footsteps, and become disciples of her Lord and Master whom she loved and honored during a long and useful life. I have always regarded the family government of our mother as ideal. The nobility of her character in her relation to her children shone with steady light, holding their affection, and guiding their feet aright. We owe her that which can never be repaid. I wish here to express our gratitude in loving acknowledgment.

For a few years, the wheat which we were then raising seemed to deteriorate. It was a variety named Hedgerow. In form the heads were short and heavy, nearly as large in circumference as in length and when nearing maturity a blight attacked it, so that the kernels became white and imperfect. This blight became so serious that its further cultivation was abandoned, and the last year of its cultivation in a crop of nearly forty acres, the most of it was unharvested, and burned in the field.

The production of wheat and oats and of all kinds of farm produce, had increased largely but it was difficult to find a market. To illustrate this, I will mention an experience the year before David left. We had heard from some source that a better market could be found at Sheboygan for our grain than in Milwaukee, and in May or early June, after our corn was planted, James and I with two yokes of oxen and two wagons left for Sheboygan with loads of wheat and oats. Mother and Jessie prepared food in the form of bread and butter, and a few roasted chickens, so that we would be independent of hotels, for we knew that hotel fare would make much inroad in the probable receipts for our grain. We took with us pillows and quilts, for beds under the wagons, where we slept after our oxen had secured their suppers from the grass growing by the road side.

Our first night was spent about six or seven miles west from Fond du Lac. Late the second afternoon we reached a plank road in progress of construction at that time from Sheboygan westward.

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Our oxen had already begun to show fatigue, and we found our loads too heavy. At Glenbeulah or Greenbush (I am not sure which,) we lightened our loads by selling part of our oats for 10c a bushel. At Sheboygan Falls, we were offered 40c for the wheat and 12 1-2c for the oats, half cash and half store pay. Our oxen by this time were foot sore and as we learned we could get perhaps no more for the grain at Sheboygan, we sold at Sheboygan Falls, taking half in store pay; denim cloth which was then largely used for clothing, some calico, rice, sugar, a pair of shoes for myself and other merchandise which I cannot enumerate. The prices obtained on this trip were so much more satisfactory than we could have obtained elsewhere, that we returned home much pleased with our experience and the next week David and I loaded our wagons again for a second journey. The reports of our success prompted a number of our neighbors to make similar journeys.

Four year's after father's death, David felt a strong desire to visit Scotland. The secret spring which moved him to this was very largely the recollection of a girl cousin about his own age, for whom he had formed a boyish attachment. The ostensible reason given, of course, was not this, but a desire to visit his aunts and uncles and see the old land once more.

In May, 1853, David left for Scotland with a promise that he would be home in time to help us in the harvest. No doubt his recollections of the many deprivations experienced on the farm, and the lack of encouragement in outlook for much profit were the causes which determined him to remain in Scotland. At any rate, we did not see him again until 1876, when he visited with us, taking in the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia on his way.

When he reached Scotland, he wore a full black beard, and when he presented himself unexpectedly to his aunts in Dundee, they could hardly believe his identity, but were inclined to think he was an imposter. An engagement followed between himself and his cousin, but was broken off later because they both were convinced that it would be improper for cousins to marry. The attachment was very strong on both sides, and David did not marry for many years, not until 1884, when he was 54 years of age. His return, however, to Scotland, brought us again more closely in touch with the old country and our Dundee relatives.

When David decided not to return, an arrangement was made between James and mother by which he undertook to work the farm on

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shares. I was able to do part of a man's work and I found recently on one of the old account books which mother kept, a charge to James for my services at \$4.00 a month. I suppose this must have been a fair measure of my earning capacity, but it did not leave a large net surplus if mother had made proper charge for boarding. This munificent salary too was only paid during a few months of the summer, but it was probably all that James could afford under the circumstances.

About this time there was an improvement in crops, growing out of a change in the kind of wheat used, which I think was,—first, a long bearded wheat, "Black Sea", with long soft straw which was liable to lodge. This was followed by a variety called "Club", a most excellent wheat which like its predecessor produced largely and was of excellent quality. It deteriorated too, after a time, and was followed by a more hardy variety called "Fyfe." Threatenings of war in Europe had a tendency to advance prices, so that altogether farming took on a much more encouraging outlook, and proved profitable both to James and our mother.

July 18th, 1853, James married Emma Taylor. The back part of our house was re-arranged and occupied by James and his bride. Within a short time, James, from his savings, was able to buy a farm of his own joining the old homestead on the northwest. On this a house was built, into which he moved during February 1856. William and I, although mere boys, took upon ourselves the responsibility under mother's direction of conducting the farm with the aid of necessary assistance during the summer months. The high prices for farm produce continued and farming was remunerative.

The winter of 1854-5 William and I had been able to spend three months in a private school at Waupun. We were joined in this by our friend, David Gray, and later by Charles L. Hewitt, the son of one of our neighbors, keeping Bachelor's Hall. We took provisions from home Sunday nights, sufficient to last until Friday night, when we came back to the farm, spending Saturdays and all holidays in necessary work, such as cutting and hauling wood for fuel. This school was taught by a Mr. Haskill and was held in the lower part of the Odd Fellows Hall building. There were made many pleasant acquaintances. School was attended by both boys and girls, or young men and young women, and friendships formed which continued for many years.

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The next winter I was able to get a few months of the same kind of instruction in a school taught by Prof. Johnson. That winter I was accompanied by a neighboring young man, John Lyle, and we paid for our board \$2.00 a week, returning to the farm as before, Friday night and going back to the school either Sunday night or Monday morning. These two short terms with part of another term at Fox Lake during the winter of '59-60, of which I will speak later, finished my school education, less than twenty-four months of attendance. Other opportunities, however, were open to us not usually available to the boys on the farm.

Both father and mother had a love for good reading and this was never lacking in our home. An instructive library was brought with us and this was supplemented continually with periodical literature, such as newspapers and magazines. In politics father was a Whig, and the "Courier & Inquirer" of New York, edited by G. Watson Webb, was the weekly newspaper that, during the first years, gave us information concerning current events. Later father became a Free Soiler, and had he lived would doubtless have been among the first to identify himself with the Republican party. The "New York Tribune" succeeded the "Courier & Inquirer" in the home. Later when the abolition of slavery became an engrossing subject the "National Era" published at Washington, was added. In this paper was published the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", by Harriet Beecher Stowe, in weekly numbers. This wonderful story stirred the heart of the country as no other writing has ever done, and, no doubt, was largely influential in making Abraham Lincoln president, and determining that our country should not continue half-slave and half-free. "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal" was a monthly visitor as far back as I can remember, and "Harper's New Monthly Magazine" and the "Atlantic Monthly" were added, beginning with the first issue of each.

A Scotchman named James Mair who had been a book-seller in Edinburgh came to Wisconsin to become a farmer bringing with him a well selected library. After buying his farm, he found himself lacking in money required to buy necessary equipment. We were able to supply him and being hungry for books, proposed a trade which resulted in the addition to our library of a number of valuable and instructive books, and to his farm of a needed nucleus of fowls, pigs and other stock. Among these books was "The History of the Girondists" by Lamartine in three volumes. I remember the intense interest with which I read them, and thus gained definite

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knowledge of that tragic epoch in European history, the French Revolution. Because of their intrinsic value and the sentimental association connected with these volumes they are today among the most precious books in our library.

Realizing that the opportunity for good reading is of inestimable value in the formation of character I had the pleasure of aiding in the installation of a school library in our own school district, one of the first in our state, following the enactment of laws providing for this valuable factor in our common school education.

When I was about sixteen years of age, in attempting to do a full man's work in the harvest field, I broke down in health and was not able to perform full work for a year or more. In the summer of 1855, being still far from well, my sister Jessie proposed to go with me to New York where she thought the sea air would be the best tonic I could have. There she renewed acquaintanceship with many of the old friends whom we had left in New York twelve years before and I made the acquaintance of many, whose names were household words. While in New York, Jessie made the acquaintance of a sea captain, a friend of one of the families in which we visited. He was the commander of the Black Ball Packet ship, Isaac Webb, and Jessie was persuaded to take passage with him for a trip to Scotland where she remained until the following summer. I remained in New York several weeks and then returned home, sufficiently restored in health to take up usual work.

During the winter of '56 and '57, I taught a four months' school in a district situated about half way between Waupun and our home. A school month at that time was 22 days, two weeks of six days each and two of five days, so that my school term was 88 days for which I received \$1.00 per day or \$88.00 with board in the families of the pupils. The time in each home was determined by the number of pupils attending school and unfortunately for my comfort the largest families were in the extreme corners of the district. The teacher was expected to be janitor also; to sweep and dust the school house, build fires in the morning and have general supervision of all affairs. In this school, I had young men and young women much older than myself. I was able, however, to be home every Sunday and every second Saturday also.

The next winter I taught in a school district six miles north of Waupun on what was called Wedges Prairie, and the experience there was similar to that of the winter before. My wages were ad-

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vanced and the boarding was more comfortable. I well remember when I received my wages at the close of my first experience, \$88.00 which was paid to me largely in \$1.00 bills, clean and crisp. I felt rich and on the road to prosperity.

The following winter I taught in the home district and an old letter which has recently come to light written by my brother Henry to David in Scotland, throws light on incidents connected with this winter. In writing Henry had forgotten to place any date. That, however, is easily supplied by the incidents recorded. It must have been December 26th, 1858. He writes as follows:

"Dear David:

Although it is not my turn to write, it does not make much difference. Our school commenced about six weeks ago to which Thomas, Annie, George and I attend. William goes to school at Fox Lake and boards at a Mr. Roberts to whom we sold a heifer a year ago last spring and had not got all the pay and did not expect to get it any other way. It is a Mr. Gorton that teaches the school. William says that he thinks he is a very good teacher, but does not have very good government. Edmond teaches the school in our district for \$25 a month. Besides the common branches, he teaches us singing, which we all like very much and he thinks we are making good progress. There are about forty scholars come to our school. We have got a melodeon on which Edmond and mother make very good music. William has got a flute which he can play very well and Tom got a fiddle too, but none of us have made much progress in playing it.

There is a Lyceum in our district every Saturday night in which Edmond and William take a part and we all like to go and hear the debates. They also have a paper of which Edmond is the editor. Yesterday we spent a Merry Christmas at James' house and Emma provided lots of good things. We expect they will spend New Year's Day with us. We have a good library in this district. There are thirty volumes and expect to have some more by next spring. Edmond is Librarian and it is kept in our house. Edmond has sold his half of the threshing machine for one hundred and twenty dollars. I cannot recollect of anything else to say.

I remain,

Your brother,

HENRY LINDSAY."

The next winter 1859-60 was my last opportunity at school as I have said. William and I were able to get a few months at Fox

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Lake under the tuition of N. E. Goldthwaite, who conducted a Normal school, in the old Baptist church, then located opposite the Wisconsin Female College. The latter is now a part of Milwaukee-Downer College but was then located at Fox Lake.

This Normal school was open only to young men, but during the illness of some of the lady teachers in the Female College, the young women came across the street to our school and recited to our teacher and in our classes. Here I met for the first time, Miss Celia E. Hawes. My attention was called to her by her proficiency in recitation, and the manner in which she placed her demonstrations of algebra and geometry on the blackboard. She impressed me as a girl of unusual ability, and I sought her acquaintance. A warm friendship followed, which ripened into an attachment, followed later by our marriage. She was the daughter of Dr. C. B. Hawes, living 6 miles west of Fox Lake, whose name as well as that of his daughter, will appear frequently on future pages. Dr. Hawes was not a graduate medical practitioner, but this title was given him by his neighbors who appreciated his effective assistance in cases of illness.

The school experiences here were among the most pleasant of my life and friendships were formed, other than that to which I have alluded, which have continued during all the years that have elapsed. An illness toward the end of the term of this school compelled me to leave before its close. I have in my desk now, a memento of these days in the form of a paper published by the scholars in the management of which I was associated with C. E. George as editor. It is interesting now to look over the pages of this record of our early efforts. Several of those with whom we were associated in this school gave their lives in defence of their country in the Civil War; others who served, returned broken in health, but are still living.

At the close of this school, a partnership was formed between Prof. Goldthwaite and myself, under the name of E. J. Lindsay & Company. The term of partnership was for one year. We bought the business conducted by O. N. Gorton, whose stock consisted of drugs, books and stationery, Yankee notions, toys, fancy goods, wall paper, etc. This business did not meet our expectations, and as I look back upon the venture and consider the inexperience of both partners, and the unpromising outlook from the beginning, there was little else to be expected.

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The summer of 1860 was one of intense excitement. The nomination of Abraham Lincoln in June was followed by a most strenuous campaign. Companies of "Wide-Awakes" were organized in every village and hamlet throughout the North. Uniformed with cape and cap, carrying blazing kerosene torches, they marched nightly in grotesque processions, escorting the speakers, and often in zig-zag form in honor of their rail-splitter candidate. I was an enthusiastic member of the Fox Lake Company, doing loyal duty in our own village and elsewhere, for reciprocal service was rendered by adjoining towns on occasions of political meetings. My equipment of cap, cape and torch was preserved and used by our children in after years.

October 15th, 1860, our sister Jessie and George L. Scott were married in the old farm home in Wisconsin. George L. Scott was a school mate and friend of her girlhood in Dundee. He had emigrated to Paris, Ontario, in January, 1851, to open a branch store for Elliott & Thornton, druggists, of Dundas, Ontario. The new business was carried on under the name of Geo. L. Scott & Co. Mr. Scott was not a partner but as manager received a salary of 60 pounds a year and 10% of the net profits. Jessie and her husband established their first home in Paris, Ontario, thus removing another from the home nest.

As the term of my partnership was about to expire, it was a question what I should do. My position at this time is so well indicated by my letter to Jessie, written April 7th, 1861, I will quote in part. After speaking of the school at Fox Lake, 1860-61, which was attended by William, Thomas, Anne and George (Henry remained at home to care for affairs there and attended the home district school) I write:

"William and Tom went home about four weeks ago to get up the summer wood and prepare for the spring farm work. Anne and George will finish the term which closes next week, with some very interesting exercises, of which you may perhaps read in the Fox Lake Gazette. George has devoted the most of his time to Latin, in which he has made good progress, and is considered one of the most thorough scholars in school.

He is quite a favorite with both teachers and pupils. Anne is also doing very well in her studies. She is to teach the school at home the coming summer, a four months term, \$3.00 a week and board at home.

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My own course is still undecided. Our partnership year expires next week, and I have no idea yet what I shall do the coming summer. The postoffice appointment has not been decided, but I became disgusted with the whole thing some-time ago and gave it all up."

There had been suggestions that I try for the appointment, as there would be a change on account of the incoming Republican Administration, and the position with the office in our store was thought to be a desirable combination. Some influential friends offered help, but the scramble for the position soon convinced me I had no chance. This question, however, took on a new aspect later as will be seen:

"There are one or two men talking of buying us out, but we have made no arrangement as yet. Perhaps I may stay in the business myself, may get a situation in the Bank here, or may go back on the farm. The "College" continues to prosper and is growing in popularity. Our editor has asked me to report next week's proceedings for the paper and speak of what has been done the past winter in the line of improvements."

At this time, there had been no separation of the interests of mother and any of her children in the farm. Everything was held in common, including the investment in the business of E. J. Lindsay & Co. at Fox Lake. Part of my time was now spent on the farm and part in the store at Fox Lake.

About the first of May, 1861, a farm of 120 acres adjoining the home farm on the south was bought from Hiram Wood. The purchase of this farm and allusions to other items of family life at this time are told by William in a letter to Jessie, written May 12th, 1861, from which I quote, as follows:

"We bought the Wood farm about ten days ago for \$2,200.00 to be paid for as follows: \$670. on the 25th of June, \$500. a year from then, \$500. in two years, \$300. in three years, besides a mortgage of \$300., which Fisher holds against the place, which, if paid on the first of July next, amounts to \$330. Mr. Fisher says he is in no hurry for the money, and that we may let it run as long as we like to pay the interest, which is 12 per cent. The other notes draw 10 per cent interest after the 25th of June, next. Hewitt's folks got a judgment against Wood this spring, and were to have turned him off, had we not bought.

We had to let Wood have the use of what ground was sown (about 35 acres, which is about half of the plow land), also

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the house and a small pasture. We thought first of buying him off and getting full possession this Summer, but perhaps it is better as it is. Harvest hands are likely to be very scarce, there are so many going to the war. Wood is to go off in the fall, and it is said by the neighbors that E. J. is to move in. Whether this is so or not, I cannot tell. E. J. is still at Fox Lake and is to sell out as soon as he can, so as to enable us to pay for the farm as soon as possible, which I think we can nearly do next year, if crops are good and prices fair.

Everyone thinks we got a great bargain of the place and so we do, being less than \$20. an acre. In closing the purchase of this farm, Mrs. Wood insisted on her prerogative, the established custom at the time, that the purchasers should buy and give to her the material for a dress before she should sign the deed. There was no definite rule determining the kind of value of the dress, and occasionally, as in this case, there was diversity of opinion, which required diplomacy and compromise in settlement. Barney Hughes sold his place of 80 acres to John McElroy for \$2600., half this spring and the rest in two years.

Times are hard here this summer, caused by a depreciation in values of southern bonds by which a great number of our banks are secured. The Waupun Bank and about forty others have failed within the last two months."

As an illustration of financial conditions at that time, we were charged 15 per cent exchange for a New York draft when paying for a bill of wallpaper ordered the previous winter and due in June or July 1861.

At Fox Lake, I had joined other young men in forming a company which later was known as Company D of the 8th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers.* William J. Dawes, who became Captain when the Company was mustered into the service, was chosen as the leader or drill master. The headquarters were established in our store, where the orders were posted, and in the evenings we drilled in Tarrants Hall, which occupied the whole of the upper story of a brick building on the south side of Main Street where it turns southwest and becomes Mill Street. This preparation was continued with

*It was this same regiment which owned the famous eagle "Old Abe." To Capt. Perkins of the Eau Claire Co., later Co. C of the 8th Wis. Reg., there had been given an American eagle by an Indian who had captured the bird when a fledgling. The eagle was cared for by the Company, occupied a conspicuous place on all public occasions, and caused the Company to be known as the Eagle Company. When it became a part of the 8th Regiment, the eagle went with it, and gave its name to the larger body of men. The eagle went through the war, escaping the bullets of the enemy, and returned with the Regiment to Wisconsin. It had become a great favorite with the soldiers in time of battle, screaming with delight on its perch where it was carried. On returning to Wisconsin it was given the name of "Old Abe," was cared for by the State at Madison, and was a prominent figure at reunions of its soldier comrades while living, and preserved after death as a memento of the great struggle in which it had participated.

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increasing interest until the sudden illness and death of our sister Anne in August. Until then I had drilled regularly and had attained the rank of First Sergeant. Several years previous I had severely cut my right foot by jumping over a fence on to a scythe. It soon became apparent that this injury, which many years later made necessary the amputation of the leg at the knee, would prevent my joining my comrades when the time came for enlistment.

The crushing blow to mother in the death of her only daughter and her reluctance to spare her son when she needed the comfort and support of her children as never before helped me to abandon the thought of military service, and thus seemed to make clear the path-way of duty.

The sudden death of our sister, Anne, was one of the saddest events of our family life. It is fully described in a long letter from Mother to Jessie, August 25th, 1861, from which I quote in part:

"I will try and tell you such particulars of Anne's sickness and death, as I know will be interesting to you.

On Wednesday before finishing her school, she invited eight of the little girls of her school to tea and exerted herself a good deal entertaining them—swinging, jumping the rope and playing at "I spy". When they went away, she said she was tired. She had not played so hard since she was a little girl.

On Friday, she finished her school. George and I went over in the afternoon, and I was very much pleased. She conducted the exercises so simply with no attempt at display. She gave some prizes and cards, on which she had written their names. I said she might have them sing a song for us. She sang "We Delight in our School". She dismissed them, telling them that they had spent a very happy three months together. Hugo Flemming called out "I wish school was not done. I would like to have more". The children left in a quiet, orderly manner. In the evening she was a little tired and read and played on the melodeon and sang. She had practised a good deal this summer and improved in singing and playing.

It was a very warm night, and Anne and I slept on the floor with our heads to the window. We had done so several nights before. Next morning she helped me with the housework, and she must have laid away all the little things she had at school for after her death, I found them all so nicely arranged. About ten, she came into the kitchen and said her throat was a little sore and it hurt her to swallow. I put a cold bandage on it and she laid down on the lounge.



ANNE LINDSAY

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About half past eleven Celia Hawes and her father came unexpectedly. Celia had not visited us since last November. Edmond was to have gone for her on the next Friday, and she was to stay over Sunday. Anne enjoyed Celia's company. She had taken the bandage from her throat, and placed a handkerchief in its place. I thought she had better put it on again, but she said she had washed her throat in cold water, and it would not be any worse. Mr. Hawes left in the middle of the afternoon, and Anne lay down on the bed in the parlor. I put on the bandage again, and about five made some thoroughwort tea and gave her, which made her sick. In the evening she was peevish and thirsty and at twelve at night, she was evidently worse.

Soon after daylight William went for Dr. Woodruff, that he might come before he went anywhere else in the morning. It was past nine before he came, and I was very anxious fearing it was scarlet fever, as there had been several cases in the neighborhood. The Doctor said it was a case of malignant scarlet fever, and required prompt treatment. He left an emetic to be given every 20 minutes in as much warm water as she could drink. He told us also to get ice instead of letting her have cold water. All his directions were attended to except that, for we could not get the ice until Sunday when we sent to the village.

Tom, Edmond and Celia went to church at Waupun Sunday and they brought ice home with them in the afternoon.

On Monday morning, the doctor made a little variation in her medicine and told me to dip a swab in powdered camphor and rub her throat, also to apply hot fomentations and the pork rind bandage alternately to her throat. She was rubbed with pork fat. I remarked that there was no eruption. He said it never did when the throat was so much affected.

She continued about the same all day, asked me in the forenoon to comb her hair and asked about Maria Mullen, whom she had heard was sick with the fever. She wandered in her mind and seemed to be busy in school and asked me how to spell "leisure". When I told her, she was satisfied.

At tea, Edmond told me I had better go to bed awhile, and he would watch the first part of the night. I did so, for I felt very much as you did when your father was sick. My throat had been sore all day, so that I had difficulty in swallowing. The doctor said the next morning it was a sympathetic feeling, and that he never attended such cases, but his throat was more or less affected.

The weather during her sickness and several days after was most oppressive, the warmest we ever experienced, and I thought it aggravated her disease. On Tuesday the ther-

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momometer in her room was 92 with both windows open. At about midnight, William went for the doctor, but all was over.

We soon saw it would be necessary to lay her away at once. Edmond went to the village to order the coffin, and Tom went to tell Mr. Johnson and Mr. Dunshee, Mrs. Wirt and Mrs. Walker, also."

Mother then tells about many of the neighbors coming to offer their help, and speaks of two who took charge of Anne's body in preparing it for burial. There were no undertakers near us at that time.

"Our two hired men dug the grave about two feet west of your father's. It seemed a dreary day. Mrs. Dunshee and Mrs. Gray did not go home until about dark, as they staid trying to comfort me.

Edmond's throat was sore, and by Mrs. Fay's advice, I made a poultice of chopped pork and onions and applied it. Edmond slept on the floor in my room to be near me.

The neighbors within two or three miles came, and a great many of our friends from Waupun and Fox Lake. We thought best to conform in some measure with the custom of the country, and after the burial went to the school house where Mr. Wirt gave a short discourse. They sang a hymn, "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee". There was nothing done or said to harrow our feelings. Mr. Wirt made some good remarks. James, I think, has told you of his subject. Though we could not agree with him regarding the state of the dead, we think of Anne as sleeping. Her spirit has returned to God, and she will awake at the resurrection morning. It remains with those who are left whether they shall join her then. We sorrow not for her, for we know with her all is well. Her work was done, and well done, and she entered into rest. She has been removed from the trials and temptations of this world.

Her brothers feel her loss deeply. They did not know how much they loved her until she was taken from them.

It is four weeks since Anne died, and with me the wound is as fresh as ever. There is an aching void at my heart. Her clothes still hang in my room, and there are little remembrances of her all about me that I can not put away. It is well I have not had time to brood over my loss.

Our harvest began Monday after her death, and we have been very busy. I have felt very nervous on the boys' account, for they have worked hard. George came in one day and said he had bound two acres and a half. It made me fairly tremble. They are all well, but thinner in flesh than you have known them."

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Mother speaks at some length of the probable cause of Anne's sickness. Some of the children in her school had been ill with a severe cold, and she had visited them, bending over them. Doubtless in this way she had been exposed and her own sickness was the result.

"I would have been glad if you had been here when Anne was ill. You might have thought of something that would have relieved her, but there would not have been time to send so far.

Her death has deranged all our plans for the winter. She and the boys were going to school again and I thought I would go down to the Lake and keep house for them. Anne had made great improvement in her studies and everything else during the past year. She seemed to be impressed with the value of time, and whatever "her hand found to do," did it with all her might. She saw how much trouble I had about getting help, and said she would not ask to teach any more, though she liked it very much, but would stay at home and help me. You can imagine with what pleasure I have been looking forward to her school being finished.

Edmond has been at home since the middle of June and we have been so happy together this summer. He has left the volunteers. The company he had joined have offered their services to the government, and been accepted. Several of the boys, school comrades, have been killed and wounded at Bull Run. Frank Dexter was taken prisoner. Julius Hewitt is at Washington in the 5th Regiment.

I have written to my sister, Margaret, inviting her to come and live with us. Anne wanted me to do so since we heard of my mother's death, and the boys thought it right also.

It was a good thing Edmond had the fever when a child, for I do not know how I could have cared for her without him. He waited on her with all the tenderness of a father, none of the rest came into the room after Saturday and we used every precaution to prevent infection."

I quote but a small part of mother's letter, wherein she writes so fully of the neighbors, speaking of them by name, telling of their kindnesses and helpfulness.

The death of Anne was a blow to our family, and especially to our dear mother, whose life had seemed to intertwine around her only daughter. There seemed to follow a strengthening of the ties that bound our family together. Our mother needed the devotion

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and love of her sons more than ever, and it was given her in fullest measure. No mother was ever blessed with a more noble and devoted daughter, nor brothers with a dearer sister. Her life was full of promise and she had endeared herself to all who knew her by her sweetness of disposition and nobility of character.

CHAPTER X

A Diversity of Occupations—1861-1867



RIENDS in Fox Lake as well as mother and my brothers urged me to consider teaching. My application for the position as principal of the Fox Lake School was favorably received and I signed a contract to teach for the school year at \$40.00 a month. On October 1, 1861 I began my task of teaching 200 pupils with the assistance of the Misses Roberts and Purdy. At the beginning of the second term the attendance had so increased that I was given another assistant.

With the thought that teaching might be my occupation for some time, a home in the village seemed desirable. We also planned that Thomas, George and Henry would return to the school conducted by Prof. Goldthwaite. The way now seemed open for the marriage of Miss Hawes and myself and the establishment of a Lindsay home at Fox Lake.

In a letter to Jessie I give an account of our marriage which is an event of sufficient importance to have a place here:

"We were married on Friday evening, October 25th, 1861, at the home of Dr. Hawes, about six miles west of Fox Lake, at seven, and came down here about nine the same night. We had a very quiet wedding. Mother, William and Tom, two or three of Celia's friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Goldthwaite were the only guests beside Elder Fish and wife, the presence of the former being rather necessary to assist at the ceremony.

Celia wore a brown figured silk. As I can't describe dresses, I'll send you a piece. I wore a black coat, black pants and white vest, and "Aunt Jean's linen shirt".

Aunt Jean from Scotland had sent me, some years before, linen from which mother made me a special shirt for Sunday wear. As this was the only garment of this kind owned by the family when my brother James was married, it also served him on the occasion of his wedding and was known as "Aunt Jean's shirt".

"William went up to Mr. Hawes' on the Thursday preceding and brought down a load of Celia's things. Mother, William, and Tom came down from the farm on Friday and got things in order as much as possible, so that we went to our own house on coming down.

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Mother, William, and Tom remained at Mr. Hawes Friday night and Mr. Hawes came down with them the next day. Mother staid all day to assist Celia to put things in order."

Then follows a detailed description of the house, its location and the beginning of our new life. In this letter I speak of my interest in the Civil War, then in its second year. I mention the young men of our neighborhood, who have gone and say—

"Of the seventeen young men who composed our Lyceum in the College, last winter, eleven are now in the United States army."

January first, 1862, Prof. Goldthwaite was elected County Superintendent of Schools and his place was taken by Prof. O. N. Gorton.

Mr. Gorton was an old experienced teacher, who had taught in Brockport, N. Y., Janesville, Wis. and had preceded me in the Fox Lake School. In a letter to Jessie, after speaking of my entrance upon my new work, I say—

"I have never been so busy as this winter. Am doing quite an Insurance business, and this added to my school duties, and some attention to the store, leaves me very little leisure.

Tom, George and Henry have been with us all winter attending school here at the college, so you may imagine we make a very cosy circle around our kerosene lamp in the evenings.

William has about two weeks more of school. He has given very good satisfaction, but has not fallen in love with teaching."

In the spring I had arranged with J. P. Jackson, General Agent for Wisconsin, for the Cayuga Chief Reaper and Mower, manufactured at Auburn, N. Y. by Burtis & Beardsley, to sell a few of the machines. On the farm we had been using a J. H. Manny machine for six years. This, we sold and bought one of the Cayuga Chiefs because of its superiority and in order to test it thoroughly with a view to its sale in the future.

As I was unable to leave my school to obtain customers away from home, I induced my brother, James, to spend a week at New Lisbon among relatives of his wife, the Taylor brothers, so as to secure the introduction of a few machines. In this he was successful, thus paving the way for sales the following year. This was the beginning of an indirect connection with the Auburn firm, which had an important bearing on my future business experiences.

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April 25th, 1862, Prof. Goldthwaite and I sold our business to Homer Germain of Fox Lake, who immediately removed the stock to his place, where he was conducting a somewhat similar business. We were thus relieved of an uncomfortable and unprofitable business which we were induced to purchase because of our inexperience.

About the middle of July I closed my school and with Celia went to the farm to help with the harvest. We remained on the farm until about the middle of September, 1862 when we returned to Fox Lake. Mother and the brothers remained on the farm and an agreement was entered into by which my interest in father's estate was determined, and set aside for me. This amicable adjustment, characteristic of our family relations, is given in a letter from Mother to Jessie written September 28th, 1862, which brings us closely in touch with the life on the farm at that time. I quote from it at some length:

"We have all been very busy, and the time has slipped away. The boys commenced going around with their threshing machine as soon as they were done stacking, and though there have been a good many rainy days, they have had errands to town or some tinkering to do, and they could often plow when they could not thresh.

The excitement about the draft subsided when Trenton raised her quota of men. The taxes on the town will be increased once and a half to raise the \$6,000 for bounties for volunteers. We gave \$25. in the meantime. James gave the same, and Edmond gave \$25. at Fox Lake to the County fund. He and Celia returned home nearly a fortnight ago.

James was mistaken about Edmond being engaged for the winter term of school. It was generally thought he would get \$50. a month, and Mr. Furgason was willing to give that, but the director and treasurer would not consent to give more than \$45.00 and as Mr. F.'s term of clerkship expires this fall, he did not like to give it on his own responsibility. The school meeting is tomorrow; no teacher is engaged yet, and it will be decided then whether he will get it.

He has been busy, since he went down, with insurance business and helping some of the merchants to take stock.

Mr. Hawes, Celia's father, was married August 26 and has gone east with his wife. He is expected back soon, and then will stay with Edmond and Celia until their house at Fox Lake is finished and put in order.

We have threshed two-thirds of our wheat and find it yields about 18 bushels to the acre, which is good for the sea-

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son, wheat generally being a poor yield for the amount of straw. Oats and corn are good. We have sold 550 bushels of our wheat for \$.86. Help has been very scarce. We have had to pay a dollar a day for hands to thresh.

We have had a settlement of affairs, and the result is that Edmond has got his share, in the shape of half of the farm bought from Hewitts, valued at (his half) \$1250. and the house and lot at Fox Lake valued at \$250., and he pays us \$120., the amount spent on his house furniture, books, etc., which was not mutual property. He gives up his share of the estate in favor of the younger boys. William is to work here another year, when we expect, with moderate crops, the Hewitt farm will be paid for, and he will have the other half of it, and some stock, giving up also his share of the estate.

Counting the Hewitt farm at \$2500 and valuing the stock and implements at moderate prices, and this year's wheat at 60 cents before it was threshed, then deducting the debts, showed an increase of \$2800.00 since Edmond and William took the farm. (The Hewitt farm referred to in the foregoing was the 120 acres bought from Hiram Wood in 1860).

We have hired a young man with a yoke of cattle to plow at 75 cents and we board himself and team. Edmond's land is to be plowed with the rest, and he will work it himself or not, as may be decided later.

The boys have all been working hard and are about fagged out, so you must excuse their not writing at present."

A postscript is added by myself to this letter, as follows:—

"As mother intimated, I intended to write to you and enclose with hers, but I have just entered upon my new duties as Railroad and Express agent, and as the business is new to me and it is the busy season in both, these and the insurance business, I have not a moment to spare. Will write soon."

This postscript to Mother's letter tells the story of a young man, who seems to have placed a higher value upon his services than did his employers. He struck for higher wages and lost his place. Unlike some others who have had similar experiences, in this case it "worked for good" to the striker and resulted in turning the current of his activities into new channels more conducive to success than would have come to him as a teacher.

At this time Fox Lake was connected with the outside world by a horse railway between the village and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Northern Division line, passing about two miles from the town. This line was operated by Messrs. Hardy & Town-

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send under contract with the owners of the short line, who were all residents of Fox Lake. Passengers and their baggage were conveyed to and from the Junction by a small passenger car operated by one horse, which connected with all passenger trains on the steam railway, while the freight cars were operated by two large horses with a simple contrivance by which they pushed the freight cars ahead of them on the horse railway line.

Mr. Hardy had charge of the office work and his brother-in-law, Mr. Townsend, the Operating Department. Mr. Hardy became tired of his work, for which he was not fitted by education, and offered to turn it over to me. He was the regular agent of the St. Paul Railway and also of the American Express Company, so that in taking his work, I became his successor in these two official positions. There was a munificent salary of \$30.00 a month paid by the Railway Company, and added to this was a commission from the American Express Company depending upon the amount of business secured. I entered upon these new duties without other experience than a short apprenticeship under Mr. Hardy. The work was entirely new to me, and I soon found it required close attention with long hours.

As I record these experiences at the beginning of my business life, I am impressed how step by step each change brought with it some element of education which proved of value in fitting me for the larger responsibilities that were coming. The service demanded during the balance of this year was a strenuous one. From early morning until late, the railway and express business in which I had no helper either in the clerical work or manual labor, occupied every moment of time. All freight incoming and outgoing was handled by myself, even to the loading of the car load shipments of flour from the mill. This last seemed to me at the time an imposition, and I still think it was, but it was not mine "To reason why, but to do or die." I remember well how inwardly rebellious I felt when the mill teamster would cover the platforms with his barrels of flour, late in the afternoon, while I was employed with the other necessary work, and as darkness was coming on I faced the task of loading unaided the hundred barrels into one of the small freight cars then in use. This was not an unusual occurrence. I was fortunate if able to accomplish this before the arrival of the evening passenger train from the east, when it became necessary to be on hand to care for the baggage and express.

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The evenings were largely devoted to the necessary bookkeeping incidental to work at the station and my insurance. In this latter, the dear wife was a faithful, willing helper. The night before the coming of our first born, we worked together on the monthly reports until past midnight. Neither of us had ever heard of an eight hour day.

A few days before January 1st, 1863, we learned that W. H. Williams had underbid Messrs. Hardy and Townsend, who had been operating the road, and would enter upon his work the first day of the year. He was also appointed Railway and Express Agent, and I was again without a job except my local insurance and the possibility of enlarging my reaper and mower business, and perhaps adding to it some other farm implements.

Then occurred an interesting episode in my experience. Mr. L. S. Mallory, who had been the successful applicant for the office of postmaster when the Republican party came into power, had become tired of the confinement of the office. He remembered that I had been an aspirant for the position and proposed to me that if I would buy the fixtures and equipment of the office, which had cost between \$300. and \$400., he would resign in my favor. With the endorsement of the leading citizens of the place, it was assumed this would insure my appointment. The arrangement was made. Mr. Mallory resigned January 1st, 1863 and I was made deputy postmaster, paid Mr. Mallory for the equipment, which required about all the cash available, and entered upon my new duties.

A petition for my appointment signed by practically the entire number of Republican business men of the village and supplemented by personal letters from some of the influential politicians, went to Washington, and it was supposed the matter was settled. In this case, however, as in others, "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gee".

In securing signatures to the petition, one citizen was unfortunately overlooked. D. D. Thomas, a most influential Welshman, who had conducted a general merchandise store at the lower end of the town, was closing out his business. Whether he really desired the office or simply because he felt inclined to resent the slight, I never knew, but he quietly called on his friend, Hon. A. Scott Sloan, the member of Congress from that district. He told him what had been done at Fox Lake, and remarked that he was going out of busi-

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ness and would be pleased to serve as postmaster. Mr. Thomas had rendered valuable service to Mr. Sloan in his campaign, and was known to him as a most estimable man in every way, with a large personal following among his countrymen in Wisconsin and had no difficulty in securing the influence of the Congressman.

Nothing was known of this for sometime when an untraceable rumor began to circulate connecting Mr. Thomas with the post-office. I well remember the night, when distributing the evening mail, I spied an ominous looking official envelope from the third assistant postmaster general, directed to David D. Thomas, Fox Lake, Dodge County, Wisconsin. I went home with a heavy heart, which was not lightened by the reports that began to circulate through the village concerning the plans of the new postmaster. It was reported he was to move the office to his building at the extreme southern end of the village. He would have no use for me, nor the fixtures and equipment, into which I had put practically all my cash resources. These and other unfounded rumors caused me several unhappy days and sleepless nights.

Acting on the advice of my good friend, Hon. Wm. E. Smith, I called on Mr. Thomas, who received me kindly. He said he expected eventually to conduct the office himself, and would prefer to retain the present location, if the rental was reasonable and if the fixtures and equipment, which he understood I had bought from Mr. Mallory, could be purchased at a fair price. Furthermore, he would be pleased to have me remain as his deputy at such a salary as he was confident would be satisfactory.

I remained in the post office only long enough for Mr. Thomas to become familiar with the work, when he took charge himself. He paid me for the equipment the amount I had paid Mr. Mallory and in every way treated me justly and kindly.

This was the beginning of a friendship that continued until his death, with one who later became my business partner, and whom I learned to trust and admire for his many excellencies of character.

This office is the only one I ever sought. Every position of trust and responsibility that has come to me during my long life has been unsolicited. I early learned I was not a successful office-seeker.

Early in the year of 1863 Mr. Hawes sold his farm at Randolph, Wisconsin, for \$7,000 to his nephew, Henry Hutchinson of Ran-

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dolph, Vt., who came west and took possession in April. From the stock on the farm her father gave Celia two cows and a colt, which were taken over to the old Lindsay farm and remained in charge of my brother Henry. During this winter, George was at Wayland Academy at Beaver Dam and William and Tom were teaching.

About this time, I was appointed local agent for the Singer Sewing Machine by Mr. Kassen of Milwaukee, who had charge of the business of the Company in Wisconsin. While I acquired some aptitude in operating it, and teaching customers, Celia was the expert in this department, and also proved herself an efficient helper in making sales.

On leaving the post office, I at once took up more actively the sale of reapers, spending the last week in March and sometime in April canvassing the townships of Pewaukee, Lisbon and Delafield, Waukesha County. My headquarters were with Matilda, Mrs. North. On account of their acquaintanceship and the esteem in which they were held by the farmers in these towns, she and Mrs. North gave me valuable help.

With a model of the reaper in a walnut box which was easily carried, I tramped over the country, introducing myself as a brother of Mrs. North. This was usually effective in giving me opportunity to operate my model on the table or floor with the farmer, his wife, and children, as interested observers. The good points of the new labor saving machine were shown and orders obtained. J. P. Jackson was still the general agent for Wisconsin and from him I received a commission of \$10 for each machine sold and settled for. Guided by the advice of Mr. North, I called on only reliable, responsible farmers, so that on every order obtained the machine was delivered and paid for.

The machines were shipped to me at Milwaukee by lake. I gave an order on J. J. Tallmadge, the Milwaukee agent of the boat line, to the farmer who presented it at the dock, received his machine and took it home on his wagon. When I knew that all had been delivered and it was time for hay-making, I again visited each of my customers, set the machine up as a mower and showed the farmer how to operate.

When harvest was ready, I made my third visit, changed the machine, operated it in the grain field, and received cash and notes in settlement. I think, in every instance, these machines were the

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first used by my customers, so that personal care was required to ensure successful operation and satisfaction by the purchaser.

In the delivery of these machines to the farmers, I became acquainted with C. M. Cottrill, who was at that time chief clerk in the office of the boat line, and had charge of delivery to the farmers who came in with their teams for the reapers. Later Mr. Cottrill became my agent for the sale of the machines in Milwaukee, and when I became a resident of the city, a friendship was formed which continued until his death. I have spoken in detail of this experience, because it was the beginning of my relations with the manufacturers of the Cayuga Chief Harvesting Machines, which later proved an important factor in my business life.

This year 1863, was an eventful one for us. When I lost my position as railway and express agent and the post office plan had failed, there was left for me only the insurance and other agencies. These in such a small town as Fox Lake did not promise much in the way of opportunity for expansion in business. I was ambitious to find something that would offer larger possibilities.

Sometime before this, I had been urged by a friend, Rev. Geo. W. Freeman, to return to teaching and accept the principalship of the public school at Lake City, Minn., where he was pastor of the Baptist Church. A much larger salary than that given at Fox Lake was offered, as well as the position of assistant for my wife. This, however, did not seem altogether desirable and was declined. From the Equitable Life Assurance Company of New York overtures were made looking to my acceptance of the general agency of that Company in Minnesota, with headquarters at Rochester. This was tempting, but after careful consideration was declined.

Another suggestion came to me about this time from J. B. Smith, the leading merchant at Fox Lake, namely to join his brother-in-law, Augustus Chamberlain, in the purchase of a general merchandising business at Ripon, Wisconsin. This had been offered Mr. Smith on what he considered favorable conditions and he thought it could be made a large and profitable business. With Mr. Chamberlain, I visited Ripon and looked the ground over. While there were promising features in this proposition, there were objections, which caused me to hesitate and finally decline the venture. Looking backward, I can see that I was wisely guided in these decisions. The time had not come for me to enter upon my life work.

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Up to this time, I had not entirely given up the thought of farming, which was the occupation with which I was most familiar. Several of our old neighbors and friends had gone to Minnesota, which was then being rapidly settled. Reports came to us of the fertile lands in the southern especially the south-eastern part of the state, where lands equal to any found in Wisconsin could be bought for one-quarter or one-half the prices prevailing in our own state.

With this temptation before us, William and I, with a horse and buggy, started for Minnesota on a tour of exploration on May 27th, 1863. We spent two days at New Lisbon with cousins of the wife of our brother James, looking after some of the reaper trade which James had started the previous year.

We crossed the Mississippi River at La Crosse. After visiting an old boyhood friend and neighbor, Chas. L. Hewitt at Money Creek, we turned north and westward via Saint Charles, where other old neighbors had settled, to Rochester and Oronoco. At this place we spent some days with a number of friends, who had gone from Waupun. Oronoco on the Zumbro River, at this time was thought to have a promising future on account of its valuable water power, and the fine farming country surrounding it. Later we learned to our sorrow there were serious obstacles preventing the realization of such promise, but to our inexperienced eyes these were invisible.

Our friends were enthusiastic and urgent that we should join them and "Grow up with the town". The appearance of the country was beautiful, the enthusiasm of our friends contagious, and the result was the purchase by William and myself of a half-section of land, 180 acres, one and a half miles southeast from the village, for which we were to pay \$1,275. William remained at Oronoco to close the bargain, while I returned to Wisconsin to borrow the necessary money until we could sell the farm we owned adjoining the old home.

If this had been consummated, our plan was to move to Oronoco in the autumn, where William and I would engage in business. Fortunately, owing to defects in the title to the land and difficulty in borrowing the money, the purchase was not made and the program for the time was not carried out.

Later, however, William, Tom and I were unfortunately induced to invest in a merchandising business at Oronoco, which proved an unfortunate venture as will appear in our history.

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During this year William became interested in flax raising in Canada which he thought could be made profitable. In preparation for such a move, should it seem advisable, he sold me his half interest in the farm, which we owned in common. In order to do this, I borrowed from our brother David in Scotland £250, giving him a mortgage, dated September 18th, 1863 on the farm to secure the payment of the note. My confidence in the success of the Union Army caused me to expect that before maturity of the note the return of normal conditions in our currency would enable me to repay David with little or no expense to me for interest. I sold his Sterling draft when received for nearly seven dollars per pound and when the note was due, Sterling exchange had nearly reached the normal point and my expectations were in part realized. William later abandoned the Canadian flax project and invested in Minnesota farm land near St. Charles.

During October, 1863, William and I considered the plan of bidding on contract for operation of the Horse Railroad, on the expiration of the contract made by Mr. Williams. In this plan William would have operated the road and I would have taken up again my former work of Express and Station Agent. This, however, did not materialize. In the meantime, William and the younger boys were carrying on the old farm and operating a threshing machine profitably.

I had accepted employment from E. B. Richardson, who was handling grain at Fox Lake for his brother-in-law, Nelson Van Kirk of Milwaukee. I was soon able to do the work so satisfactorily to my employer that he gradually intrusted me with increased responsibility until the management was practically left with me, while he found more congenial interests among his associates "Up Town." I received the munificent salary of \$30 per month to which I added my income from the insurance and other agencies. I was also steadily gaining in business experience and acquaintance with business men. I employed a man to plow the land on my farm in preparation for seeding the coming year. Thus closed this eventful year, one full of influential experience.

The opening of 1864 found William teaching the school in the old home district and caring for affairs at home; Tom at Detroit taking a course in Eastman's Commercial College, and Henry at Wayland Academy, Beaver Dam. I left Mr. Richardson and was operating the grain warehouse of John W. Davis, the banker at Fox

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Lake, with much better remuneration than paid by former employers.

Early in the year, I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Van Kirk, who offered me the position held by Mr. Richardson with a salary of \$600 for a year. He allowed me a month or more to harvest and care for crops on my farm as well as time for my agencies. I was to have such help as I needed to handle the grain. I entered upon this work about the middle of April, having arranged with Mr. Davis to employ my brother William in my place. When in September I learned that Van Kirk and his partner were to buy grain at St. Charles, Minnesota, I recommended William as a competent man for them, and he was engaged on a salary of \$50 per month. This gave him an opportunity to pay some attention to his farm near that place. Drafts were again ordered this year. Money was raised by contributions from those liable and the quotas of Fox Lake and Trenton were filled by substitutes who received from \$300 to \$310 each. William and Tom each contributed \$80 for this purpose. This year the North or Marsh 40 acres of the home farm were sold to our neighbor, Cortez Calkins.

In the early winter, William was busy making rails and posts for his farm near St. Charles and later taught school nearby for a 60-day term for which he received \$100 and "boarded around" in the families of his pupils. Tom sold his 40-acres of timber on the north shore of Fox Lake, the gift from his uncle Tom, for \$1,000. Mother took 10 acres, James bought 10, and I purchased 20 acres.

During the winter of 1864-65, Tom taught the Waupun Upper-Town School, receiving a salary of \$45 per month. George was at Wayland Academy and Henry at home on the farm with Mother.

In April, 1865, William, Tom and I entered into partnership and bought the merchandising business of Mr. Bascomb at Oronoco, an unfortunate undertaking for all. I invested \$2,000 by selling that amount of seven-thirty U. S. bonds, resulting in a return to me several years later of about \$1500 with no interest or dividend in the interim. My brothers fared no better and in addition lost valuable time in their fruitless efforts to build up a profitable business against unexpected difficulties. They were inexperienced and we paid too much for the business. The water power proved unreliable, owing to the terrible spring floods which carried away the dam year after year. The village did not grow as was expected but went backward until the outlook became hopeless.

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Our sister, Matilda, kindly offered to assist in the selection of fresh stock when we started, and the first week in May, she and I spent some days in Milwaukee for this purpose, a new experience for both.

This summer, Mattie North, Matilda's daughter, taught the school in the home district and boarded with Mother, a pleasant arrangement for both.

Our Uncle William (Mother's brother) after an unfortunate and checkered life, had enlisted the beginning of the year as a substitute in Company B, 48th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers. After a short service in Missouri, he died in a hospital in St. Louis.

May 30, Celia and her father, with our baby George, left for Vermont and New York to visit her birthplace and the home of her girlhood near Potsdam, N. Y., and her scores of relatives at Randolph, Vermont.

The next year brought important changes in our family. A letter from Mother to Jessie, written April 8th, 1866, is so full of interest, I will quote from it at length:

"We have been making a change in our family arrangements which you would no doubt like to know. James sent you an auction bill which would show you that the old homestead was sold. I have always thought that when all the boys grew up we would likely dispose of the farm. I did not expect, when we did so much to improve it last year, when we spent about \$440 besides the boys work, that we would leave it so soon; but it is those improvements that made it more saleable. We had a pleasant party on New Year's day; James and his family, Edmond and his, and William, all but Tommy were with us, and I believe it was talked of then, though we did not make up our minds to sell till Feb'y, and then I thought we would likely stay on the farm till fall; hardly expecting to get the price we asked, \$50. an acre.

The boys and James too all thought it was a good time to sell. George and Henry are rather tired of the responsibility and being confined here in winter to do the chores; besides there is not arable land enough. We have to use so much for pasture. It would not have been profitable to let it and they cannot make out an income now, except by thrashing which is disagreeable work at best. Henry worked for Edmond 6 weeks last fall; he is helping him now and Edmond thinks he can find employment for him this Spring. George expects to find something to do, and purpose removing to Fox Lake. We have not rented a house and have the liberty to stay here till May.

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Selah Williamson has bought the eighty and ten acres of timber we purchased from Tommy for \$4500, \$1000 to be paid in June, \$500 in October, and 3 yearly payments of \$1000, dating from June. We have given him a bond for a deed, which is to be made out by the time the first payment is made, and he is to give us a mortgage on his own farm and this. Mr. Williamson divided the eighty east and west, and sold the south 40 acres bordering on the east and west road and including the farm buildings to Mr. McLean, who bought Edmond's farm for \$2800. Mr. McLean has the buildings and Selah has the pasture, which joins his land and has access to water. Mr. McLean is to have the use of all the arable land this spring; it is mostly ploughed and in very good order.

The sale of stock and implements came off on Wednesday as advertised. Although it was a miserable drizzly day, about 150 people came, and some of the things sold pretty well, though others went very cheap. We lost most on our 26 sheep, which only averaged \$3; the wet day made them appear shrunk and small. We expected to get about \$4.00 a head for them. A grain drill we had used two years and cost \$85, brought \$70.50. Grey sold for \$127. Peg we had previously disposed of to James for \$80 and our other mare we bought in at \$105, and expect to sell her for \$125. The wagons brought all they were worth, and we disposed of a number of old traps, which had been accumulating for a while. The Threshing machine we bought in for \$41.

The proceeds of the sale were \$1220, including what we bought in, of which we got \$194. in cash, the rest in approved notes of 7 months at 7 per cent. It looks desolate now round the barn. It is hard to leave the old place, where I have spent so many happy days and I feel like a waif that has no home. We shall send you the deed for signature.

What ought I to do with all the old books which are of no use to anybody? I do not mean the old bibles, which are valuable, nor the standard works such as commentaries, but old Greek and Latin books, hymn books, which no one will ever read. There is nearly a boxful.

James has had several looking at his farm. I do not think he will be here longer than the fall.

Mr. Twing sold out and has gone to Missouri. There have been a great many changes of property in the neighborhood, but there have not been any sold as high as ours except near town.

We are all much pleased with William's marriage, he has got a good wife. I expect Tommy will follow his example in the fall. William had a hard time with carbuncles on the

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back of his neck for about 3 months. He stayed 6 weeks with us and was quite well before he went back to Minnesota."

Evidently William's marriage had been mentioned in previous correspondence. On February 16, 1866 he married Mary Ann Batson, the daughter of Josiah Batson and Ann Maria Gross, who emigrated from Irthlingboro, England, to America, early in 1829. After twenty-five years spent in the east, living at Springfield, Westford and Middlefield, N. Y. they removed in 1854 to Metomen, Wis. Later she completed her studies by attendance at Ripon College and the Wisconsin Female College at Fox Lake. She then entered upon her work as teacher in the public schools. While thus engaged she made her home with our mother while teaching the school in our own district and became acquainted with her future husband.

In a letter to Jessie, May 18th, 1866, I tell of the removal of Mother, George and Henry from the farm to Fox Lake. They occupied the house next to our own, the one in which we began our married life. Henry assisted me in the warehouse, George was making a garden and looking for employment and talking of a possible trip to Scotland and to Europe to take in the Paris Exposition of 1867, with Mother who dreads the voyage. James was considering the sale of his farm and removal to Juneau County. William and Mary were in their own home at Oronoco, and Tom was living with them and expecting to marry in the fall.

November 7th, 1866, I wrote Jessie that George had contracted to teach the school in the Dexter District on the north side of Fox Lake for \$40 per month, consisting of 20 days.

November 20th, 1866, James wrote Jessie telling of the sale of his farm to Cortez Calkins for cash, with retention of the house, other buildings and house yard until the Spring of 1867, if he desired.

February 25th, 1867, I wrote to Celia from Oronoco:

"I met William at Rochester and we had a cold ride across the prairie to Oronoco. After supper, we wended our way along the picturesque banks of the Zumbro to the establishment of Lindsay Bros. Dealers in all kinds of General Merchandise. I found the junior member of the firm keeping the store warm and as regards customers—"Waiting, waiting, only this and nothing more."

The conclusion after looking things all over is that we have been following in the footsteps of Micawber long enough and will change our tactics just as soon as possible.

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The following day I attended services in the morning at the Disciple Church and the Baptist in the evening, meeting small congregations in both.

People are in the same apathetic state here in regard to religious matters as to business. This is surely a barren soil, which will not even produce the "Briers and thorns which sometimes choke the word".

I may make some arrangement with one of the boys to do part of my work in this state, and so relieve me of some travelling."

Early in 1867, the partnership of Thomas & Lindsay in Fox Lake was formed. The store building of Mr. Thomas was moved from its old location to one of the best business corners of the village. A general stock of groceries, boots and shoes, crockery and other sundries was bought. The business I had built up in agricultural implements, farm produce and a line of fire and life insurance was incorporated with it, and the postoffice was brought over to the new location, in one end of our long store building. My brother William later became interested in one department of this business and George and Henry were for a time employed in the store and grain warehouse.

April 17th, 1867, James wrote to Jessie:

"I have bought the Gen. Blake place on the west side of Fox Lake, 200 acres for \$6,057. I paid \$4057 down and the balance is payable in six years at 7 per cent interest. I do not at present intend to stay on it, but fix it up and sell at all the advance I can get. There is 70 acres under the plow, 40 in young timber, 40 marsh and the balance in a state of nature. Fences are poor and some of the land run badly".

July 12th, 1867, Celia writing to Jessie reports William travelling for E. J. in the reaper business, Henry, E. J. and George, managing the farm near Fox Lake, which they bought this season. The partners were trying to close out the Oronoco business.

November 24th, 1867, in my letter to Jessie, I say:

"Mother has bought the house she has been occupying, so that they are now fairly established within a few rods of us. This is pleasant for all.

Henry is with us (Thomas & Lindsay) in the wheat business, and George is in the store.

The firm of Lindsay Bros. of Oronoco, Minn. was dissolved about the beginning of October last, William and I going out, while Tom took the business and is still engaged in it.

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William is quite unsettled at present. He and Mary are living at Rochester, where he is buying wheat, more for the purpose of collecting debts from the farmers, who sell their wheat there, than for any profit from the wheat bought. He is thinking of coming back here as soon as our debts are collected.

Tom has bought William's house at Oronoco together with most of their furniture."

December 31st, 1867, William wrote to Jessie:

"The title to the part of our old farm (80 acres) which father obtained by a tax deed had been contested by a neighbor, Alvah Fay some years before this. By gross mismanagement and incompetence on the part of our attorney, Mr. Fay won his suit. We were never satisfied with the decree and in 1867 we secured a favorable opinion from Messrs. Stark and McMullen of Milwaukee, a firm of lawyers who made a specialty of this line of business. It was determined to employ them to commence suit against Mr. Fay for recovery of the interest of Tom, Annie, George and Henry, who being minors when the former suit was instituted, were not divested of their rights in this part of their father's estate by the action of the Court in the former trial.

This second suit was bitterly fought by Mr. Fay. He was defeated in the Circuit Court by the decision of the Judge, D. J. Pulling. In June 1870, in an appeal to the Supreme Court, he was again defeated, and an award of 4/10ths of the value of the 80 acres and \$480 for the use of it since the time of its loss under the first action was confirmed. In this last action, it was clearly shown that the result of the first suit was illegal and unjust, but we were barred from recovery of the other 6/10ths by the statute of limitation."

Early in 1868, George, Henry and I sold the farm we had bought near Fox Lake.

William and Henry bought 160 acres of wild land in Minnesota, ten miles from Rochester. This land they had plowed during the summer, preparatory to seeding the following year.

At this time, William bought a home in Fox Lake near us, and in May became our neighbor.

In a letter from William to Jessie, May 20th, 1869, he says:

"George, Henry and I have been investing in Iowa lands this spring. We have been bargaining and have bought about a section at from \$8.00 to \$12.00 per acre. Henry has bought a quarter section at \$11.00 per acre, and George I. expects to get another joining at \$10.00.

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I have bought a quarter at \$11.00 and am figuring for another at about \$11.50.

We are buying in Mitchell County, near Mitchell, and get all smooth prairie land. We thought of getting it broken up this summer, but it is getting so late, we have about concluded to wait until another season."

September 9th, 1869, William writing to Jessie speaks of a trip to Iowa during the summer to arrange for breaking the lands bought by himself, George and Henry. He says:

"George and Henry have 156 acres broken on one of their pieces and I have the same amount on mine.

We paid \$3.00 per acre for some of the breaking, but \$3.25 for the most of it, averaging \$3.16. George and Henry are talking of going out next year to work theirs themselves. Think I will let mine and the boys may conclude to do the same."



STORE OF E. J. AND WM. LINDSAY ABOUT 1885

234-236 East Water Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Left to right: Kimball, Wm. Lindsay, August Gemmler, Maggie Dunn, Edith Edmond, E. J. Lindsay, John Dannaker, a Customer, Fred Clark, Kimball's Helper, Mike Newman, Adam Ednie.

CHAPTER XI.

Lindsay Brothers, Milwaukee—1868-1890



THE YEAR 1868 is significant in that it marks the establishment in Milwaukee of the foundation of what was later to become Lindsay Brothers, Incorporated. My implement business had developed so successfully that I rented a building at 224 East Water Street where I established headquarters as general agent for Wisconsin, Minnesota and northern Iowa for the Cayuga Manufacturing Company of Auburn, New York.

It seemed to me at that time that Fox Lake did not offer opportunity for business enlargement and this thought coupled with the offer of a liberal salary and an outlook for larger responsibility and greater business success offered by this Company, induced us to break away from the places of our childhood and our early associations for a new home, and enter upon what was to become our life work.

In May 1869, I left Fox Lake for Milwaukee where I found a temporary home for myself at the Plankinton House hotel. I expected to spend alternate Sundays with my family at Fox Lake. Later I was able to make more satisfactory arrangements, and changed from the Plankinton to the Newhall House.

In closing up the business of the Auburn Company for 1869, the management expressed satisfaction with my service. No definite plans, however, were completed until early in January, when I was called to Auburn for conference and engaged at an advanced salary with provision that I should move my family to Milwaukee.

On March 23, 1870, with our four boys, Arthur, George W., Frank and Walter we established our new home at 110 5th Street, where we remained until May 1st, 1871. No change was made in my partnership with Mr. Thomas at Fox Lake, and George I. remained in the store as my representative. Our house in Fox Lake was rented to Lewis Smith, a brother of William E. Smith.

About this time Tom disposed of his Oronoco business, taking in exchange for it two farms, both of which were let to men who were to work them on shares. Tom found it necessary to spend considerable time in collecting his outstanding accounts, and marketing a large quantity of wood he had taken from his customers on

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account. This and some time spent in Wisconsin among the relatives of himself and his wife occupied a part of this year.

William spent sometime this winter in Iowa on his farm, engaged in the same work as Henry. It is of interest to note here a letter written to Jessie, March 26th, 1870:

"We have all been surprised by the rapid decline in gold, or rather advance in value of green backs the past month or two. I can hardly believe it is permanent. At our store at Fox Lake, two weeks ago, we began to pay out silver in change, and I hope we will not have to go back to paper again."

This is interesting in connection with the return of our currency to a normal condition after nearly ten years of disturbance and inflation.

In the fall of 1870 Celia had a severe illness, which for a time caused us much anxiety. Her father and mother came to care for her and under their loving ministrations she recovered, but the return of her strength was slow. As usual with Matilda, when help was needed, she took George and Frank to her home when their mother's illness developed. When sufficiently recovered, Celia went to Fox Lake, where for a few weeks she found the rest and quietness needed to complete her recovery. The home of her father and mother was frequently, during our earlier years in Milwaukee, the haven of rest for her when she needed change and freedom for a time from her increasing cares and responsibilities. There she always found a warm welcome, and ministry of love and helpfulness.

A quotation from a letter to Celia written in a sleeping car about the close of 1870, while on one of my trips in Minnesota and Iowa, making settlements with our reaper agents, gives an insight to my thoughts at that time:

"I often find myself looking forward with anticipation of a quiet country life at Fox Lake and just staying at home to love you and the dear boys, but I don't know whether it will ever come.

There is a fascination about the stir and bustle of active business life that holds one more than I care to acknowledge. However, my judgment tells me I can live nearer to you with less care, and my duty to you and the little ones God has given us can be more fully performed in a more quiet life."

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It must be remembered that this was before the assistance of stenographers and typewriters. I had no office help, save a young man or boy. I was my own correspondent, bookkeeper, shipping clerk and man-of-all-work. My mail was forwarded to me on these trips. I carried a portable, simple device for copying my letters, conducting necessary correspondence in this way while absent from the office, and returning to an accumulation of work uncared for during my absence. Later I had the invaluable help of George and Henry. At this time George was in the store and Henry was managing the grain business of Thomas & Lindsay at Fox Lake.

The beginning of my business life in Milwaukee was therefore a strenuous one, with long hours and little relaxation.

Quotations from my letter to Jessie, written March 12th, 1871, will indicate the status of the family during our second year in Milwaukee:

"Mattie and Annie North are still teaching in Milwaukee. Mary teaches in the Gudger District and Mr. North at Pewaukee. Henry is at Fox Lake working for us in the wheat warehouse. George in Iowa fencing and doing other work on their farm. Has been there a month or more, and will not return until about the first of May. William is also in Iowa for a month or two on his place. Tom has been teaching the Oronoco School the past winter.

Business with me is increasing. It looks like a permanency here and I shall try to sell my business interests at Fox Lake as soon as possible.

George may come in here and be my bookkeeper, as I must have help of this kind."

There is much of interest concerning this year, given in my letter to Jessie, November 13th, 1871, from which I will quote:

"The year has come and nearly gone with us, and as usual has brought with it many blessings and much to thank God for.

Prominent among his gifts to us has been that of a dear little daughter, who came to gladden our hearts one beautiful Sunday morning in September. She will be two months old the 17th of this month, and is growing nicely.

We have given her the name of her grandmother, Ruth Hutchinson. She weighed 9½ pounds, and has always been well. She has dark hair, blue eyes, and is considered by good judges (?) to be a pretty child. I see no very striking resemblance to any one.

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Henry is coming back from the Iowa farm, where he has been since the middle of July.

George has been with us since May and will probably remain at least for another year.

Mr. Thomas and I sold our "store" business at Fox Lake last March. We have rented the building and are still buying wheat and other produce in partnership. Mr. Thomas is attending to the purchasing at Fox Lake and I sell and do the business here.

William and Mary have both been in Iowa since the beginning of harvest. Mary and the children returned to Fox Lake a week ago, and William, who has been travelling for the Reaper Company for a month, expects to reach home this week.

George has just received a letter from David in which he offers George \$100 toward paying the expense of a trip to the Old Country. George is quite inclined to go, and I think if nothing unforeseen prevents he will cross the ocean within eight months.

Pewaukee friends are well. Mary is teaching. Mr. North was last week elected County Superintendent of Schools for Waukesha County for two years from January 1st next (1872). His salary will be \$1,000 per annum. The younger members of Matilda's family have grown entirely out of your knowledge. Fred and Jim are two healthy, strapping boys.

Mattie thought she could better herself by going to Chicago last September. She had been teaching but a month when the great fire came, and she was compelled to return here. She and Anne have taken two pleasant rooms on Jefferson Street, where they are living comfortably.

George spends three evenings of each week with them, two of which are devoted to the study of German, and one to English literature.

Tom has become a farmer and legislator, having been elected last week by the Republicans of his district to the Minnesota Legislature. The nomination came to him entirely unsought, which is a pleasant feature of the case.

Our Walter is a little 'Fatty'. He is perfectly healthy, and one of the dearest little fellows that ever gladdened a household. He is very fair with rosy face, great blue eyes, and is always happy and ready for a frolic."

For incidents connected with 1872, I glean from a letter to our Aunt Margaret in Edinburgh, dated July 7th, 1872:

"George has been in my office for more than a year as bookkeeper and correspondent.

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Henry is in Iowa this summer conducting farming operations on a large prairie farm which he and George own in common. He will not return until the end of October or beginning of November.

Tom is still in Minnesota and is now farming.

William has his home at Fox Lake still, although he owns a large farm in Iowa a short distance from the one belonging to George and Henry. He travels part of the time for me, and spends one or two months each year on his farm looking after his tenants. George has serious thoughts of visiting the old world soon, and it would not surprise me if he makes the trip within a year. If he goes, we will try to persuade mother to accompany him. She thinks herself too old to make the journey, but still looks with some degree of favor upon the plan."

During this year (September 27, 1872) a great trial came to our home in the death of our little daughter Ruth. She was with us only a year and ten days, a most precious treasure. With her loving, winsome ways she was the joy of the household and the home seemed desolate when she was taken from us. In our sorrow we turned to Him who alone can comfort at such a time and the memory of His promises brought us consolation.

The disposition by Mr. Thomas and myself of the merchandising part of the business of Thomas and Lindsay at Fox Lake, left us as owning together the grain elevator and store building. The final dissolution of our business partnership took place later when Mr. Thomas took the store building and the interest in our insurance and I took the grain elevator which I leased for a time to Milwaukee commission men and later used to carry on the grain business under the management of George F. Townsend. As this did not prove profitable and it was desirable that I should be relieved of this care and responsibility as well as the necessity for furnishing the capital required, I sold the building to Mr. McConichie of Cambria and thus closed out my business interests in Fox Lake. We had already sold to L. E. Ford, a brother-in-law of Dr. Hawes, the house we had bought there.

The Cayuga Manufacturing Company decided that the sale of other agricultural implements in connection with the reapers and mowers manufactured by themselves might increase the sale of their own machines. In a spirit of generosity and confidence which I have always appreciated, they allowed me to engage on my own

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account, and for my own profit, in the sale of other implements, such as horse-rakes and hay-tedders, which I bought and sold to the parties with whom I made contracts on behalf of my employers.

To William and myself there seemed an opportunity to enlarge this feature of business with profit to ourselves and advantage to the Auburn Company by making it more general and complete adding such other implements and tools as are used on the farm. William had disposed of his Iowa and Minnesota interests and was able to unite his capital with mine in the enterprise. The plan was approved by our Auburn friends and on January first, 1873, the firm of E. J. and Wm. Lindsay, of Milwaukee, Wis., began business. A circular letter was sent out to the agents of the Auburn Company in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and northern Iowa, which were under my management, and also to dealers in agricultural implements and hardware in the same territory. This letter marks such an important epoch in the history of the present firm of Lindsay Brothers that I think it worthy of a place here.

My part in the business of E. J. and William Lindsay, was the purchasing of stock for the new firm and caring for the correspondence. The complete file of catalogues issued by E. J. & Wm. Lindsay and their successors, Lindsay Bros., are interesting as showing the steady growth of the business and the development or evolution of the present equipment of the farmer from that used fifty years ago. Change of location from 224 East Water Street to 234 on the same street, and later the addition of an adjoining store, at 236 followed as the volume of business grew.

It soon became apparent that to handle our line of goods economically, our warehouse should be located on the freight tracks of one of the railroads entering the city. A location on the southwest corner of Chicago and Milwaukee Streets, 120 x 120 feet in area was bought from Shadbolt & Boyd. We hoped to induce the Chicago and Northwestern Railway to lay a spur track, when a suitable building equipped with labor saving conveniences for the economical handling of our merchandise would be erected covering the entire lot. When arrangements with the Railway company failed to develop we leased a warehouse from John Johnston on the south side of Clybourn Street at No. 221-223 near Second Street with trackage on the Chicago and St. Paul Railroad. We moved into this building in 1889 after having been twenty-one years on East Water Street. We held the lot we had bought, and occupied the building

Milwaukee Wis Jan'y 10th 1873

It gives me pleasure to advise you that I have associated with myself my brother Mr W^m Lindsay, under the firm name of E. J. & W^m Lindsay; the partnership is dated from Jan'y 1st 1873.

It will be the aim of the new firm to keep a full and complete line of the best class of agricultural machinery and farming tools.

They will handle none but the best goods and will at all times give the lowest market quotations to customers.

With a thorough practical knowledge of the wants of the farmers of the great Northwest, and an extensive acquaintance with the leading manufacturers of Farming Implements, they are confident of their ability to meet the requirements of those dealers who may favor them with their patronage.

They will not be undersold by any house carrying the same line of goods, and will fully warrant the quality of all tools sent out.

Descriptive pamphlets and price lists furnished to all applicants.

Soliciting your orders which shall have prompt and careful attention
I am

Very truly Yours
E. J. Lindsay

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which was on it for a supplementary storage house, until it was destroyed by the great Third Ward fire in 1893.

In the spring of 1873, the house we had occupied at 691 Marshall Street was sold and we were compelled to move. A beautiful location on the northwest corner of Knapp and Franklin Streets with a small cottage was sold at auction. I attended the sale and unexpectedly became its owner at a price which seemed to warrant the purchase. We moved to our new home 663 Franklin Street in May, 1873. The house was hardly large enough for our increasing family, but we made several changes during the first year. The large lot affording play ground for the children, and the feeling that we were in a home of our own made us very happy in our new location.

About the end of August, Celia, our son Arthur and I joined John Gray and his wife on their homeward journey to Detroit, where we spent a pleasant week as their guests. Our trip was made on the Steamer Oneida, Captain James Drake.

William and Mary moved to Milwaukee in September, 1873. They lived at 413 Virginia Street, until May, 1877, when they moved to 381 Greenbush Street. Here they live until May, 1879, when they removed to 427 Hanover Street. This was their home until they built a house for themselves at 449 Hanover Street, into which they moved in January, 1881.

During their occupancy of the Greenbush Street home, a sore affliction came to them in the loss within a week of their three youngest children, Harry, Eva and Mertie, from an attack of malignant diphtheria. Only those who have passed through such an ordeal can fully realize the sorrow that enters a home with such bereavement. The children all gave promise of unusual gifts and their parents could only be reconciled and given strength to bear their great loss by their faith and trust in the One who comes to us when our burdens seem heavier than we can bear.

In 1873, Tom gave the firm of E. J. & Wm. Lindsay part of his time as their salesman in Minnesota, and thus paved the way for ultimately establishing a similar business at Minneapolis. George continued as our bookkeeper living with us. Henry rented the Iowa Farm and spent the winter of 1873-4 in Milwaukee, living with William and Mary, and during three months attending the Spencerian Business College.

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In writing Aunt Margaret, January 5th, 1874, I speak of the different members of the family.

"George seems more than ever inclined to visit Scotland and talks about next August, so you need not be surprised if your black mustachioed nephew pops in upon you some day next Autumn."

April 9th, 1874, I write Jessie:

"A week ago this morning little Jessie came to gladden our hearts. She is a plump, healthy appearing child of about nine pounds.

The boys all seem delighted, and I need not say the parents are. We feel we have received a great blessing in this little daughter, and pray she may be spared to us.

Henry returned from Iowa about a month ago. His farm is all rented and he expects to return to Milwaukee about the first of May, after his wheat has been marketed and he has seen that the crops have been put in properly by his tenants."

1875 was in some ways an eventful year with us. George and Henry sold their Iowa farm and Henry naturally felt free to take up a more permanent line of work than he had been doing. George was urged by his friend, S. L. Fuller, the General Agent of the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York, who had moved his headquarters from Milwaukee to Detroit, to become his bookkeeper and cashier in the Detroit office. As Henry had qualified himself for bookkeeping by his course at the Spencerian College, he took George's place in our office in June, 1875. George went to the Detroit office, where he remained with Mr. Fuller until he returned to Milwaukee nearly nine years later to become a member of the firm of Lindsay Bros.

Another important change took place also, namely the sale by the Cayuga Chief Manufacturing Company of its business to D. M. Osborne & Company. For a time there were overtures from the latter firm looking toward an arrangement which would necessitate my removal to Chicago, the headquarters for their northwestern business. This did not seem desirable, as it would have disrupted the business of E. J. & Wm. Lindsay, which had continued to grow and had in it much of promise.

Our contract with the Osborne Company covered the sale for 1875 in a large territory in eastern Wisconsin of the Cayuga Chief machines, which were to be manufactured by D. M. Osborne & Company, under the name of the Wheeler Reapers and Mowers.

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This name was in honor of Cyrenus Wheeler, the president of the Cayuga Chief Manufacturing Company, and the inventor of the machines manufactured by the Company. Mr. Wheeler was one of the prominent inventors and manufacturers among the reaper and mower fraternity of that time. He was honored and esteemed by all who knew him, not only on account of his inventive genius, but because of his admirable characteristics as a man. I knew him intimately, and valued highly his friendship, which continued until his death.

In severing my relations with this Auburn firm by whom I had been employed for nearly twelve years, I wish to express my appreciation also of the kindness of Mr. A. G. Beardsley, the active business manager of the Company. He was a man of sterling integrity, and excellent judgment, to whom I am indebted in many ways. He trusted me at a time when his confidence might have been shaken by the treachery and falsehoods of one of my assistants, who sought to supplant me while I was seeking to advance his interests. Mr. Beardsley was ever ready to aid me by his counsel and advice, and by giving me opportunity for advancement.

We continued to handle as jobbers the machines manufactured by Osborne & Company for some years, buying them in large quantities and supplying them with our other goods to our customers. We enlarged our business by the addition of other lines of machinery, and our united efforts were rewarded by a steady growth in volume and profit.

Our early farm experiences and personal knowledge of farm life and its requirements made us better able to meet the needs of our customers. The acquaintances made among manufacturers of agricultural implements and farming machinery during my service with my Auburn employers proved valuable in forming desirable connections with manufacturers of such lines as were suited to the needs of the farmers of the Northwest.

We were determined that we would expand no faster than our capital would warrant. This policy soon gave us credit and reputation among manufacturers and the most favorable terms and prices as purchasers. These conditions continued until 1884, when a change in our firm occurred of which I shall speak more in detail later.

By 1872 the value of the lot on which our home was located had increased so much and the advantage of additional capital in our

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business was so apparent that we thought best to sell and buy a lot farther removed from the center of the City. We sold to Mr. F. F. Adams at a price about 30 per cent above its cost and bought a beautiful lot, 120 feet square on the northwest corner of Terrace Avenue, and Ivanhoe Place.

Later I sold one half to William and planned to build two homes. This, however, never came to pass. I had an opportunity to buy at foreclosure sale a home at 711 Marshall Street for about one-half the amount received from Mr. Adams. I purchased this place early in 1877, and after making some necessary changes, we moved over before the end of the summer. William decided to build on the south side of the city as already noted, and later we sold our lots on Terrace Avenue at prices that paid us well for our investment.

In the summer of 1876, David determined to take advantage of the special inducements offered on account of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, to visit his American relatives, and also take in the Exhibition. When he left in May, 1853, twenty-three years before, it was with the promise of his return in time to help in our harvest, and we now looked forward with excited expectation to his visit. I need not speak of the warm welcome he received, or the pleasure to all from this visit. We regretted its brevity. His leave of absence was limited to two months. The time required for the journey was longer than at present, and there were so many homes to visit in addition to a reasonable time for the Exhibition, the day for departure came too soon.

Celia and I accompanied him to New York, and after seeing him off on the steamer, went on to Philadelphia for the Exhibition, where we had a week of rare enjoyment. As this was the first experience of the kind for us, the novelty added to its zest.

On October 4th, 1881, Henry was married to Mary Elinor Moody. Her parents had emigrated from Frome, England, with their two eldest children Sarah and Edmund to Connecticut in 1850 where they spent seven years before moving to Washington county, Wisconsin. They afterward came to Milwaukee.

On February 15, 1883 George I. married Amelia Sanderson of Detroit, Michigan. She was the daughter of Walter and Isabella (Gray) Sanderson, old friends of our family. Amelia's grandparents with their three children came to the United States from Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1849, and settled at Waupun, Wis., where we

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became acquainted with them a few months before the death of our father. Walter Sanderson, then a young man, accompanied the family from Scotland, influenced, no doubt, in part at least to emigrate by his admiration for their daughter Isabella. He spent a few years at Waupun, engaged in farming and the conduct of a country store with Mr. Gray.

Walter removed with the family to Marquette County, Wis., first operating a store at Kingston and later buying farms on the Fox River in what was then known as the Indian Land; a former Indian reservation lying along the Fox River north of Fort Winnebago. Here Walter Sanderson and Isabella Gray were married April 6, 1856. Their farm experience proved unprofitable, owing largely to the poor quality of the land bought, and after a few years he moved first to Detroit, then to Sandwich, Canada, near Windsor, where Amelia was born April 22, 1862.

Later Detroit again became the home of both families until the death of Walter Sanderson and the father and mother of his wife. A warm friendship and close intimacy was maintained between the families of the Grays and Lindsays, cemented by the marriage of a son and grandson of our father to two granddaughters of Philip C. Gray, who followed our father to Wisconsin six years after our own immigration.

During the years immediately following the termination of my service for the Cayuga Chief Manufacturing Company, I had become deeply interested in work outside the demands of our business. I had allowed myself to be elected treasurer of the Wisconsin Baptist State Convention in 1875 and I had become more active in our church work, in the Y. M. C. A. and in other work that appealed to me.

In the spring of 1883, the National Convention of the Y. M. C. A. was held in Milwaukee. As President of the Milwaukee Association, more than usual responsibilities came to me. These were increased by the flunking of the chairman of the most important committee of arrangements, on the eve of the opening of the Convention. I was overloaded, and the addition of the work of this chairman seemed to be the "straw that broke the camel's back". On my way home one night from a long drawn out committee meeting, I collapsed with nervous prostration. The breakdown was so complete, that struggle as I would, I was unable to regain strength enough to

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carry on my regular work. All sorts of remedies were tried without avail. In July, 1883, I decided to follow the advice of my doctor, who had insisted from the beginning that absolute rest and freedom from care of any kind for a time was necessary, and that a trip to Scotland would be the best way to get this.

On July 15th, 1883, with Mother, Annie (William's daughter) and our son Frank, I left for Scotland. We sailed from New York for Glasgow on the *Devonia*, Captain Hugh Young of the Anchor Line, commanding. After a most delightful passage we were met at Glasgow by David and my cousin, Annie Innes. We reached Edinburgh in time for dinner with Aunts Margaret and Mary and cousin Annie Inglis, who with Annie Innes, made up the household at Drummond Place.

Leaving Mother and Annie with the Edinburgh relatives, Frank and I accompanied David to his home at Newport, opposite Dundee on the Tay. The two months spent this summer in Scotland, with ten days in London, were full of pleasure and benefit to me. I am convinced, however, an extension of the time would have added greatly to the benefit. My Doctor advised me against going to the continent, so I made my headquarters with David in his quiet home. He and his housekeeper, Isabella Simpson, who later became his wife, did everything in their power to minister to my comfort and enjoyment.

David planned some pleasant trips for me. I spent ten days at the Crieff Hydropathic, sometime with the Edinburgh people and ten days in London, where I was accompanied by Annie and Frank. I was unwilling that Frank should return without at least a glimpse of some of the other countries. We arranged, therefore, that on the conclusion of our ten days in London, he should join a Cook's party for a short tour on the Continent, which he greatly enjoyed, and in which he made some pleasant acquaintances.

About the middle of October we left Glasgow with Captain Young on the *Devonia* on our return trip, which was as rough and uncomfortable as the outgoing one had been smooth and comfortable. We reached home October 25th, our twenty-second wedding anniversary.

To our mother and her sisters Margaret and Mary, and her brother Tom, the only survivors of their family, this reunion was a memorable event, after a separation of forty-two years. It brought

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into closer fellowship the lives of the remaining brother and sisters, and also awakened new interests between Mother's children and their relatives in the old land. This mutual affection and interest in each other continued until the death of our cousin Annie Inglis in Scotland, when the last one of the descendants of our Grandparents Edmond, save those of our mother, had gone. Although thirteen children had been given them, half of whom had grown to manhood and womanhood, the family within a century has become extinct except for the descendants of our mother, who left her father and mother to make a home in the new world.

During my absence in Scotland, we had arranged by correspondence for a change in the firm of E. J. & Wm. Lindsay. In this George and Henry were to join us. The details were arranged after my return, and January 1st, 1884, the firm of Lindsay Bros. succeeded E. J. and Wm. Lindsay. With the added capital and personal efficiency consequent upon this change, and the later additions to the membership of the firm of sons of the original members, there has been steady growth and expansion. The confidence and affection which has always existed between the membership of the firm has added to its strength in the conduct of its business. The spirit still dominates from the youngest to the oldest of its members.

In 1883 business relations were formed with the Plymouth Cordage Company, and the relations between the two organizations have grown from an initial purchase of three thousand pounds of binder twine to a business of many million pounds yearly at the present time. For some time, our firm has been a stockholder in the Cordage Company, and the relations between the two organizations have become very close and intimate. Between the members of our firm and the managers of the Cordage Company, there have been formed ties of warm friendship and confidence, which have resulted in mutual advantage.

A large area of land was bought from the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Company on their track at 78-98 Reed street south of West Water St. bridge on part of which was erected a warehouse, 140 x 330; five stories, especially adapted to the requirements of our business. Into this we moved during the winter and early spring of 1893.

In 1887 our brother Thomas who had represented our firm in Minnesota decided to establish an off-shoot of our business in Minneapolis. In this he was joined by William and thus was the firm

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of Lindsay Bros., Minneapolis established with Thomas as general manager. Two nephews of William's wife, E. J. Fairfield and S. W. Batson soon identified themselves with the new firm. Their cousin James B. Lindsay on his graduation from college joined them, and later they all became members of the firm. Ultimately all the partners of Lindsay Bros., Milwaukee became personally interested in the Minneapolis firm by contributing to its capital. Although distinct in their business interests the two organizations were always closely related, and co-operated in whatever would promote the success of each other. Their united efforts soon filled a large place in the handling of such equipment as is required by the farmers of the great Northwest.

It seems a fitting place here to use a page for a family picture of the five sons of our mother who were so intimately associated in their business interests, and whose lives from their childhood on the old farm until the close of the activities of their manhood, were so closely interlocked.

Another event which unified the family interest was the purchase of a few acres of wooded land on the east shore of Oconomowoc Lake in Waukesha County, thirty two miles west of Milwaukee. In 1884 Celia and I discovered this beautiful spot and longed for it as a playground for our family of growing boys. In 1885 a home was erected. "Pebbly Beach", the name for this summer home was suggested by the beautiful shore line, the finest on the Lake.

Later additional lake frontage was secured from Mr. Hartwell and Mr. Hill so as to protect us from undesirable neighbors. Part of this property was sold to George I. and William who put up a house in 1886. In 1890 William purchased from me the third summer cottage when Henry bought William's half interest in the second cottage. In 1892 I sold the land immediately north of William's home to Mr. L. J. Petit.

In 1900 Frank added his home. After draining the swamp south of us with a canal, I sold this land and Rogers Point to Mr. Fred Pabst in 1906 for a site for his beautiful home. In 1911 I converted the barn into a residence for Ed. Jr. and Jessie. In 1913 another home for Jessie was added to this family group which has enjoyed many a summer in this delightful spot.



TOM

WILLIAM

THE LINDSAY BROTHERS

EDMOND

GEORGE

HENRY

CHAPTER XII

A Great Heritage—1890-1924



IN THE summer of 1890 in response to an urgent request from our mother's sister, Mrs. Mary Reid, I made my second visit to Scotland. Our aunt was suffering from a cancerous trouble which was incurable and desired counsel concerning her financial affairs. Our daughter Jessie was in poor health, with a spinal infection which made it difficult for her mother to accompany me. The trip was to be a short one. We therefore left in July, engaging return passage on the same steamer (*City of Rome*) on her next trip. My wife had never visited the "Old Country" and we enjoyed going over together much of the ground I had covered in England and Scotland seven years before.

We were in constant communication with home by use of a cable code we had improvised, and frequent letters from our children relieved us from all anxiety. I was able to render the service desired by Aunt Mary. We were favored with fine weather, which added much to the pleasure of our trip. While in Britain we met many delightful people, our ocean experience was free from discomfort, and altogether the outing was a most enjoyable one.

On November 19, 1892 the original family circle was broken by the death of our sister Matilda. She had filled a large place in the community at Pewaukee where she had lived since her marriage. Her life was influential for all that was noble, uplifting, and helpful among her neighbors, by whom she was admired and loved. She was held in affectionate regard by her nephews and nieces who still tell of the happy vacation days spent on the old farm with Aunt Matilda. She was a wise counselor for those in trouble, and a skillful and sympathetic nurse in the homes when invaded by sickness—ever ready to respond to the call of her neighbors.

In less than three months the circle was again broken by the sudden death on February 8, 1893, of our brother James, the result of a kick on his abdomen by one of his horses. I am pleased to preserve here a tribute to his memory from the Fox Lake Representative:

"In the death of James Lindsay, we lose one of our pioneers. He was born in Dundee, Scotland, Dec. 9, 1828. In his early years he had the advantage of an excellent educa-

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tion and soon developed the taste for reading, which he retained through life and which made him one of the most widely informed men in our community.

In 1841, with others of his family, he came to New York, where in the office of Bicknell and Havens, importers, he spent two years. In July 1843 he came, with his father, to this place, where he has since resided.

In July, 1853 he was married to Emma Taylor, eldest daughter of Miles Taylor, of Pewaukee. His wife was his faithful and loving helper in the days of their home-making and survives with six children—two sons and four daughters.

Two years ago, with his eldest daughter, he spent several months in England and Scotland. He returned with an increased love for his adopted country.

In politics, he was identified with the Republican party since its organization, coming to its ranks, from the old Free Soil party, for whose presidential candidate, he cast his first electoral vote in 1852.

He was sturdy and immovable, like the hills of his native land, in his convictions. Among those who knew him best, he was honored as a true and steadfast friend. His abruptness of manner and contempt for pretense and sham in all forms was misinterpreted by those who did not recognize the warm heart and incorruptible integrity which were the ruling characteristics of the plain, blunt man whose place will not be easily filled."

In 1896, we bought the L. J. Petit home, 281 Prospect Av., and moved from 711 Marshall St. in September of that year. I have always tried to make all members of the Clan feel that a welcome awaited them at "281".

On August 24, 1903, our brother David was taken from us. He had been in failing health for some time with increasing weakness, but had hoped by release from his accustomed duties and by proper care he might regain his strength. The evening before his death he dictated to his son Martin a letter to our sister Jessie which he signed with trembling hand. It was a pathetic farewell message, prompted by an evident thought that his departure was near at hand. He passed away peacefully early the next morning.

His interest and love for those from whom he had been so long separated never lessened, and was fostered by frequent letters between himself and his brothers and sisters and their children in

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America, who were ever sure of a warm welcome to his hospitable home when they visited Scotland.

In the autumn of 1881, David had invited Matilda and his neice Alice to visit him at his expense. They did so, spending six months with him. To Matilda this was a delightful experience. The return to the home of her girlhood, after an absence of more than forty years, quickened the memories of her childhood and gave her a pathetic realization of the many changes among her relatives and friends that had occurred during the passing years.

Ten years later, in the early Summer of 1891, David gave a similar experience to James and his eldest daughter Jane. On this trip they visited Lancaster, the birthplace and early home of Emma, his wife. London and Windsor in England, and Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dundee in Scotland were in the itinerary. The loving interest of David in his American relatives continually prompted him to brotherly acts of kindly helpfulness, and strengthened the ties of affection which bound the family together.

In July, 1907, Thomas and his wife, with Celia and myself, sailed from New York in the steamer Ryndam for Rotterdam. Our plan was to be absent about three months and to take in as much of Europe as we could comfortably see. Neither Tom nor his wife had ever crossed the ocean, so the trip was to them an entirely new experience.

Our excursion took in Rotterdam, The Hague, Amsterdam, (with side trips to interesting places nearby), Brussels, the field of Waterloo, Antwerp, Cologne, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Venice, Milan (with side trips to the Italian lakes), thence to Switzerland via Lake Lucerne. In this delightful country we spent about ten days, visiting Lucerne, Mount Rigi, Interlaken, Berne, Lausanne, Geneva, and other interesting places en route. From Geneva we went directly to Paris, where we spent about ten days; from Paris to London, where we spent a week or more.

Then to Edinburgh for a few days, before going on to Dundee as the guests of our sister, Mrs. David Lindsay and her three sons, Martin, Walter and Robert, all of whom vied with each other in ministering to our comfort and happiness. With Martin as guide, Tom and his wife made a trip to the Trossachs, and Lakes Katherine and Lomond. Celia and I had seen something of Scotland

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before and preferred to spend the time in the quiet home of our sister Bella at Newport, and with friends made in our former visit.

I was glad also to renew my acquaintance with my birthplace under the guidance of our cousin James Henderson, who kindly acted as my guide in looking up some spots, such as the old home and shop of our grandfather Lindsay, and the cemetery where he and grandmother rest. We also visited our cousin Anne Inglis at Perth, the only descendant of our grandfather Edmond then living, save our Mother and her descendants.

October 10th we left Liverpool, aboard the S. S. Arabic for New York, where we were met on arrival by Frank and Margaret, who had come on from Milwaukee to meet us. We made many pleasant acquaintances and have happy memories of the vacation.

Our mother was reluctant to spare her children for the trip, and to have the ocean between them and herself. She followed them in their journeyings with intense interest and rejoiced when they returned to her in safety.

When we reached home, we found her well, and little thought that she was so soon to leave us. A week after our return, she was affected by what was thought to be a cold, and no anxiety was felt. Pneumonia soon developed and November 15th, 1907 after only six days of serious illness, she was taken from us, and a life of singular beauty and usefulness had accomplished its mission.

She was of beautiful character, and left a heritage to her children of value far beyond any earthly riches. No children were ever blessed with a more noble mother; one whose presence in all the relations of life was a continual inspiration and benediction.

The following tribute was written by her pastor, Rev. Robert Gordon of the First Baptist Church:

"On Friday evening, Nov. 15, 1907, in Milwaukee, Wis., Grandma Lindsay died. A few days doctors and nurses had fought with pneumonia in vain. The time of her departure had come. She was well content. But there is a great vacant place in many hearts and while memory lasts she will be missed. Her going is like the ceasing of sweet music.

She was a remarkable woman. She had reached the age of ninety-four years with faculties unimpaired. Her life story would fill a volume. Reared in affluence, married to a prosperous business man of Puritan character, fire, panic and re-



JESSIE EDMOND LINDSAY, 1906

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verses, a new start in a new land, the trials of pioneer life in Wisconsin, the loss of her loved companion, leaving six young children to the widowed mother's care, and shining through all her serene, unshaken faith and unceasing consecration. At the age of sixteen years the only daughter, her constant companion, was taken away. With a lonelier heart the mother heroically went on, praying only for strength equal to her task.

She lived for her family. Her highest aspiration was that God might make her sons good men. Faithfully what she could do she did to answer her own prayer. Every Lord's Day, regardless of the weather, this mother with her children drove six miles over open prairie to the village church. Every morning, without exception, all were gathered about the family altar. This was no formality. It was the natural expression of genuine dependence and devotion. Her life adorned doctrine and made righteousness attractive. Her saintly character filled all the house with sweetest fragrance. The atmosphere of such homes is good to breathe. It makes men. She never wearied of telling how God had heard her prayer. Especially during these last years, again and again with joy, she said, "My sons are all in the church and they are all doing good. God has been good to me." A neighbor minister said to me, "To have set five such strong men in the kingdom of God was an achievement worthy of an enduring monument." What an appeal this story should make to every parent! For far-reaching, up-lifting influence the great essential is neither great wealth nor great learning, but companionship with the Spirit. "He that abideth in Me beareth much fruit," is a law without exception. As the old Scotch psalm says:

"Even in old age, when others fade,
They fruit still forth shall bring."

Next to her home she loved the church. Until two years ago her place in the front pew was regularly occupied. And as long as strength permitted, her voice was heard in the mid-week meeting for prayer. When age prevented her from entering into His courts, she did not complain, but more than ever turned her room into a House of God and those who came and went inevitably felt that when near her chair they were not far from Heaven's gate. Her quiet confidence in God was a constant inspiration.

The last years were the brightest and the best. She loved life here, but believed that it is better farther on. She talked of another world "like one who had been there." The Scotch song by Mary Demerest was one of her favorite hymns: "The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh and gay,

History of the Lindsay Family

The birdies warble blithely for my Father made them sae,
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singin' in my ain countrie."

Death is always solemn and pathetic, but this is an hour for praise. She was faithful unto death. This is coronation day. She fought a good fight, finished her course, kept the faith, henceforth—a crown of righteousness. Pleasures forevermore!"

There is little more to record in closing this history, which has in volume far exceeded my thought when it was undertaken. The years since the death of our mother have been fraught with blessings in our family life. The family circle is expanding and its new members are taking the places of those whose tasks are nearly finished.

Following our mother the next one to leave us was our sister Jessie, who died February 14, 1914, in her eighty-ninth year. As the eldest of the family and endowed with many characteristics fitting her for leadership, she filled an important place in our family life. On the death of our father she devoted herself to the younger family as mother's assistant in all the details of our family life. She loved her young brothers and sister with the affection of a mother. Our mother never forgot nor ceased to acknowledge her debt of gratitude to Jessie for her helpfulness in those trying days when her burdens and responsibilities were so heavy. We too have reason for gratitude to our older sister for her unselfish devotion. The frequent reference to letters between her and other members of the family on the pages of this record indicate how abiding was her interest in all that concerned their welfare.

The next one to leave us was our brother Tom. A serious illness, which occurred early in 1910, was followed by a complicated operation which left him in such a condition that it was doubtful whether or not he would survive. He did, however, recover much of his strength and attended the family reunion in 1916.

On the 10th of September, 1917, after two weeks, during which he lingered between life and death, he was taken from us; the first break in the circle of mother's five sons.

Although his life had been spent mostly in Minnesota, where he went early in 1865, and was thus separated from others of the family, who remained in Wisconsin, he continued to be closely identified with his brothers in his business relations and thus the closest intimacy and fellowship existed until his death. He was in the best

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sense successful in business, influential in all Christian and charitable work, and left the record of an exemplary and useful life. The esteem in which he was held is fittingly shown in the following extracts from a tribute by his pastor, Rev. Earl V. Pierce, who knew him well.

"A number of weeks have passed since Thomas B. Lindsay of Minneapolis went from us. He is greatly missed not only in the circle of his many close relatives, but in the great circle of the family of God's people. Mr. Lindsay was one of the finest examples of Christ's power to make great and good men, and it is worth while calling the attention of this generation to such types.

He had the positive virtues. In an eminent degree he was industrious, capable, painstaking, broadminded, generous in time, money and judgment. As a business man he was loved, respected and highly successful; as a citizen he was public spirited, sane and loyal. The breadth of his benefactions no one knows, but we know they covered every object that offered investment in the betterment of men. To us of the Baptist household his gifts to his church, to the missionary societies, to the state convention and to Pillsbury Academy, marked him as a leader in the work of the Lord.

Not less outstanding in Mr. Lindsay than his many virtues was the beautiful symmetry of his character. There was nothing in Mr. Lindsay's character that we wished different. He had one physical infirmity, his deafness, that was as much a matter of regret to the rest of us as to him, for it precluded often his sitting with us in counsel where we greatly needed his clear wisdom. His heart was pure. His brain was clear. His hand was clean."

In conclusion I wish to pay tribute once more to my mother's memory. She demonstrated a remarkable versatility at the death of our father when she was left with the responsibility of a large family and the management of the farm. With unusual tact and wisdom she had won the affection and loyalty of her stepchildren so that there was never any friction between them and her own children. Under trying circumstances she was able to keep her family together and inspire them with a common loyalty. The unity of interest and complete and lasting co-operation of her own sons in business life is evidence of her ability to hand down this ideal.

Her loving gentleness, her unfailing energy and courage, her unselfish devotion, her true Christian character is indeed a great heritage.

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[Page two hundred thirty-nine]

History of the Lindsay Family

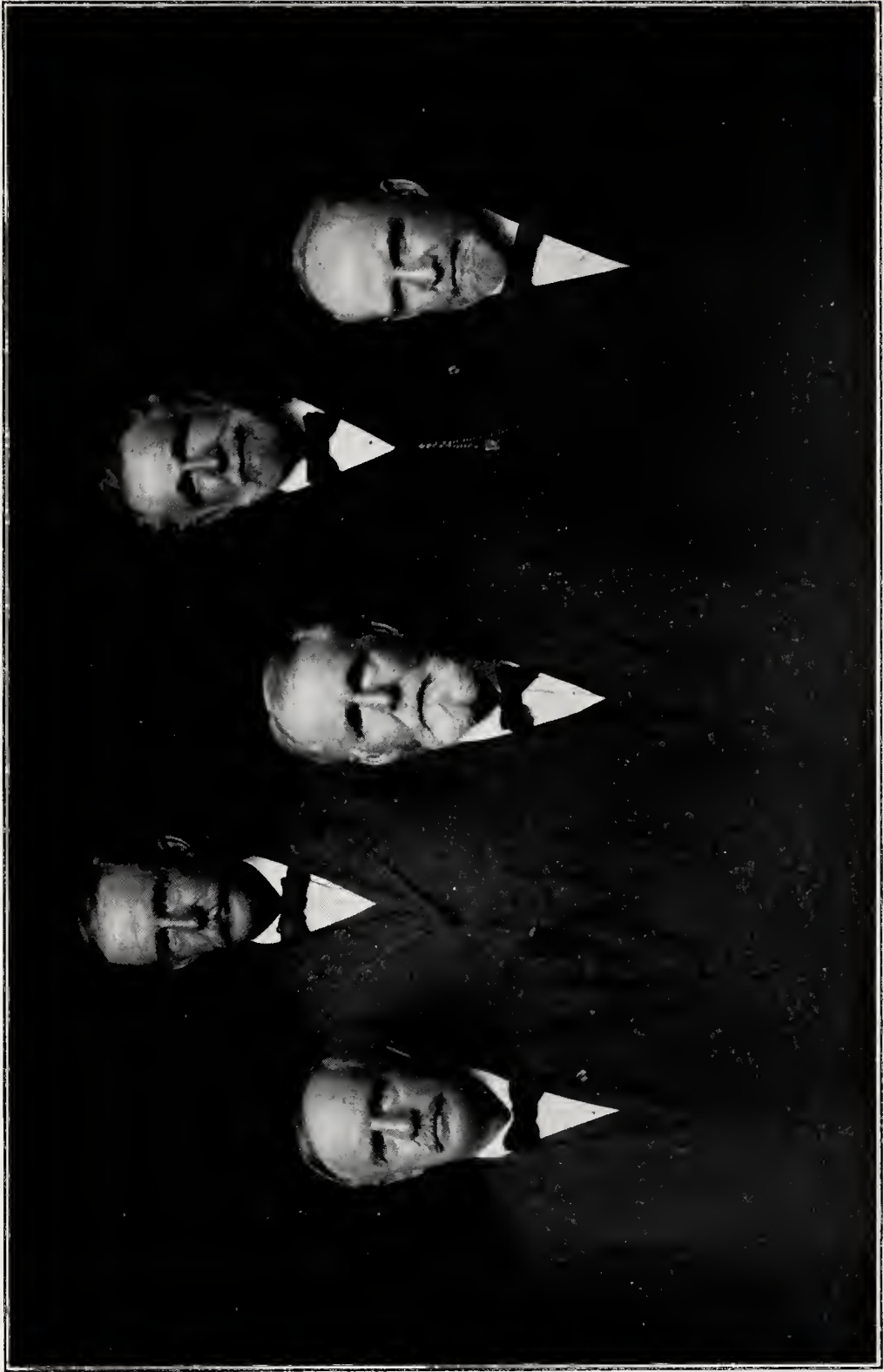
On December 5, 1924 Edmond J. Lindsay, the author of this history passed away at his home, 281 Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee at the age of eighty-six. His versatility of talent and the high regard and affection in which he was held by his church friends and business associates is indicated in extracts from some of the many tributes.

Rev. Abram LeGrand, at the services at the First Baptist Church, Milwaukee, on December 8, 1924 said in part:

"I think if I were to follow my inclination this afternoon, I would rather speak of Mr. Lindsay as a friend than to speak of him as a representative of the denomination in which he has taken such a large part, for to me Mr. Lindsay was a friend indeed. Seldom, for at least a quarter of a century, have I made an important decision without first consulting with Mr. Lindsay about it. I am thinking this afternoon of the testimony that I heard him give in prayer meeting many years ago in which he told the story of carrying religion into business and doing business along the line of Christian principles.

But I am to speak this afternoon from the standpoint of Mr. Lindsay's large touch with religious and denominational organizations. For ten years he was Treasurer of the Wisconsin Baptist State Convention, for twenty-one years he was President of the State Convention. He was released from that office only a few years ago, at his own request, and was made the Honorary President for life, and to that task he has given himself willingly and kindly, just as willingly and kindly as when he held the office of president.

Mr. Lindsay's interest was not confined to the Convention. He had a large interest in every phase of the work. Though he had not had the privilege of the schooling some of us of the present day have had, he was an educated man because he educated himself. He realized the need of education. For about forty years he was very closely connected with our Wayland Academy, in Beaver Dam, in this state, holding various positions on that board. For twenty-five years he was Vice-President of the Academy; for six years he was the President, and for the last two years he has been the Honorary President of Wayland Academy, being succeeded to the presidency by his son, Frank, who today holds that position. It would be hard to measure his contribution to that school, for his contribution to the work of that school lies not only in what he and his wife did personally, but in what they led others to do. A life of influence can never be measured. We can measure the financial side of one's gifts; we can never measure the moral influence, for he gave himself largely for Wayland as he did for the state. Lindsay Gymnasium was a gift of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay.



THE LINDSAY BROTHERS, 1914

TOM

GEORGE

EDMOND

WILLIAM

HENRY

History of the Lindsay Family

Roundy Hall, a gift of Mr. Roundy, named after Mr. Roundy, came largely through the influence of Mr. Lindsay, for he saw that his friends knew concerning that institution of learning in which he so fully believed.

But his thoughts went beyond this state. He was connected with the National Organizations and gave himself for them. He gave himself in order that the National Organizations might do a larger work in telling the Story of the Gospel that he believed in.

We will lay aside the body this afternoon. We will never lay aside that loving spirit and that tremendous influence. We are much richer because we have known him. The world is better because of the life which he lived and because he gave himself in order that others too might know the joy of the power of that life which had come to him. He acted on his faith. It was a power in his life. He lived his Christian life, and in giving himself he was instrumental in leading others to give themselves. The world has been wonderfully enriched by that wonderful experience."

The Trustees and Executive Committee of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee expressed their appreciation in the following resolution which was beautifully engrossed and sent to the family.

"Edmond J. Lindsay, long an outstanding figure in the business, social and religious life of Milwaukee, died in his eighty-seventh year, on Friday, December 5th, 1924.

Much has been said and written concerning Mr. Lindsay's contribution to the welfare of the community in which he lived for so many years. The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company through its Executive Committee, speaking for and in behalf of the Board of Trustees, records its appreciation of Mr. Lindsay's valuable assistance and helpful aid in directing the affairs of the Company during the many years he served as a Trustee and as a member of its Executive and Finance Committees.

He was elected a Trustee of the Company in 1898 and was such at the time of his death. He became a member of its Executive and Finance Committees in 1905 and served continuously thereon until his voluntary retirement in 1923. In these capacities he consistently, conscientiously and faithfully fulfilled every trust reposed in him.

He was deeply interested in the Company, looking upon it as a great beneficent institution rendering a valuable service to humanity and to the life of the State and the Nation. He was proud to have a part in the direction and management of its affairs.

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In the consideration of the momentous problems that the Company was called upon to solve from time to time, he showed rare common-sense and a profound knowledge of financial and economic principles acquired through a lifetime of experience, observation and study. Being a keen observer of affairs and accurately sensing the temper of the times, he was wise in counsel.

A man of the highest integrity, mentally honest with the courage of his convictions and with a fine sense of obligation and responsibility, he made the business of the Company his own; and to the consideration of its affairs he brought a devotion that was an inspiration to his associates. His interest in the Company never faltered.

Mr. Lindsay won the respect, esteem and sincere affection of all men who were privileged to be associated with him. He rendered a very real and valuable service in the upbuilding and the development of The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company. No history of the Company would be complete that failed to record, in full measure, the valuable services of our departed associate and well-beloved friend, E. J. Lindsay."

Dr. Robert A. Ashworth of Yonkers, New York, formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church of Milwaukee, contributed the following to "The Baptist."

"Mr. E. J. Lindsay was the greatest Christian I have ever known. To me he seemed to sum up the qualities that the Master has taught us to call good. He must have been aware that he possessed qualities of mind that belonged to few, yet I have never known one more transparently simple and unassuming. On a matter of principle he was unyielding, yet he deferred to others with an unfailing courtesy, and was always eager to understand and to give full weight to the opinions of those with whom he differed. Everybody went to him with their troubles and perplexities, men and women, rich and poor, old and young, and if he ever had any troubles of his own he seemed to keep them to himself. He was a great rock in a weary land in whose shadow multitudes found shelter.

He gave distinction to every cause with which he was associated, and that included every good cause, religious and philanthropic, with which he was brought in contact. His interests were as wide as the kingdom of God. He was a tower of strength not only in his church and in the denomination in the state and in the nation, but in many interdenominational enterprises. He was unquestionably the leading Christian layman of Wisconsin. But what he was is more

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significant than anything he ever did. It is given to few to have in so large a degree the admiration and respect that was accorded to him by all who knew him, and those who were so fortunate as to know him intimately loved him. Mr. Lindsay was a great Christian gentleman."



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Reunion of the Lindsay Family. Pebbly Beach. Oconomowoc Lake. July 4, 1916



O foster and cement still further the affectionate relations which have existed among the descendants of David Lindsay, it entered the minds of some of his children, early in 1916, to plan for a reunion of as many as possible of his family, which now numbers 116. Pebbly Beach at Oconomowoc Lake, Waukesha County, where so many of the family have their summer homes, seemed to furnish all that could be desired in location and surroundings. July 4th, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Lindsay family's arrival at New York was an especially appropriate time for such a gathering.

The suggestion met with hearty response, and preparations were soon begun in detail for the reunion. The use of a tent, 30 x 60, was secured. This was erected close to the lake shore, in front of the cottages. A large flag brought by T. B. Lindsay from Minneapolis, floated from a pole, spliced to the center support of the tent. A long table extended across one end of the tent and at right angles from it, three other tables. At the center table were seated the children—a merry, happy company, a beautiful picture.

Touches of the Lindsay Tartan or Clan Emblems were in evidence with old and young, many of the men wearing the Clan Ties and Pins. All wore a spray of the modest Meadow Rue, the chosen emblem of Clan Lindsay.

On a screen about three by five feet in size the Family Tree had been prepared. The branches of this genealogical device were provided with small "apples" or circles, one for each member of the clan. White circles bore the names of those who had gone and green circles were inscribed with the names of those who were not present. Each person at the reunion received at the dinner table a red label bearing his name which he placed in the proper circle. When completed the Family Tree was an interesting source of information on the status of all of the relatives.

A "Cookie Tree" was a wonderful discovery of the youngsters before dispersing. Its unusual fruit and the contents of dainty lunch boxes found underneath its branches furnished added refreshment for each. The traditional bunches of bananas hanging in the pavillion also added much to the picnic spirit.

On the porch of the cottage of Uncle George I. was an interesting collection of "antiquities" gathered from the homes of the different members of the clan—pictures that



LINDSAY FAMILY REUNION—PEBBLY BEACH, OCONOMOWOC LAKE, WISCONSIN—JULY 4, 1916.

TOP ROW—Dr. Paul Scott, Herbert Lindsay, Russell Lindsay, William D. Lindsay, Gordon Lindsay, Mrs. George Cairncross (Jean North), Walter S. Lindsay (son of David Lindsay), Wendell Paine (son of Alice North), Philip Lindsay (son of Walter E. Lindsay), Henry D. Lindsay, Ruth Lindsay, Margaret Lindsay, Walter E. Lindsay, Doris Lindsay, Mrs. Henry Hemholz (Isabel Lindsay), Dr. Henry Helmholz, Mr. George Moore and Mrs. George Moore (intimate friends, but not of the Clan), Mrs. Gould VanDerzee (Margaret Brand), Arthur Lindsay, Katharine Lindsay (daughter of Geo. W. Lindsay), George W. Lindsay, Mrs. George W. Lindsay, Kenneth Lindsay (son of Geo. W. Lindsay), Mrs. Kenneth Lindsay (Karen Eriksen), Frank Lindsay, Mrs. Frank Lindsay, Robert Lindsay, Janet Lindsay (children of Frank Lindsay), Gladys Williams, Burdette Williams, Dorothy Paine (daughter of Alice North), Alec North (son of James North), James L. North with Douglas Williams, Mrs. James L. North, Lynn Williams, Mrs. Lynn Williams, Mrs. Burdette Williams (Hazel Tomblin), Mrs. Arthur Lindsay, Ruth H. Lindsay (Daughter of Geo. W. Lindsay) Mrs. Edmond Lindsay, Jr., Edmond Lindsay, Jr., Mrs. Allan Hoben (Jessie Lindsay), Dr. Allan Hoben, The Piper.

SECOND ROW—Mrs. Martin Lindsay (Margaret Barth, with Carl Helmholz), Martin Lindsay with his youngest son, John, Dr. Paul Scott, Mrs. Paul Scott, Mrs. Walter E. Lindsay (Grace Sanderson), George Paine, Mrs. George Paine (Alice North), Mrs. Miles Lindsay, Kate Hill, Lindsay Hoben, George I. Lindsay, Mrs. George I. Lindsay, M. H. Brand, Mrs. M. H. Brand (Matilda North), William Lindsay, Mrs. William Lindsay, Edmond J. Lindsay, Mrs. Edmond J. Lindsay, with her great grandson, Erik Lindsay, Mrs. Walter Sanderson—mother Mrs. George I. Lindsay and Mrs. Walter E. Lindsay, Thomas B. Lindsay, Mrs. Thomas B. Lindsay, Henry Lindsay, Mrs. Henry Lindsay, Alice Lindsay, Mrs. O. T. Williams (Annie North), O. T. Williams, Mrs. David Lindsay, David Lindsay, Mrs. James B. Lindsay, James B. Lindsay, Mrs. James R. Hill (Mary North), James R. Hill.

THIRD ROW—David Lindsay (son of Martin Lindsay) Beatrice Lindsay, Lindsay Helmholz, George E. Lindsay, John Hoben, Frederic Helmholz, Frances Hoben, Margaret Scott, Allan Williams, Betty Hoben, Robert Williams, Tom Lindsay, Virginia Lindsay, Edmond Hoben, Lynn Williams, Jr., Gordon Williams, Mary Lindsay, Jean Lindsay.

Reunion of the Lindsay Family, Pebbly Beach, Oconomowoc Lake, July 4, 1916



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formerly were treasured in the Dundee home in Scotland—daguerreotypes and ambrotypes of long ago, with photographs ancient and modern; quaint old books and other relics were gathered there. The tables on which these were spread were for a time the center of attraction for old and young. To the older ones came many memories of the days of their childhood on the old farm. The younger ones were eager listeners, while reminiscence and story were told, as one after another of the souvenirs were passed from hand to hand.

The morning dawned clear and continued during the day. Those from a distance had come before the date of the gathering, to friends in Milwaukee, and at the Lake, so that the gathering of the clan began early in the day. First, came a goodly delegation on the trolley line from Milwaukee, met by autos at the Nashotah Electric Railway Station, and welcomed at the entrance to the grounds by a nondescript improvised band of young musicians from four years of age upward, equipped with anything that would make a noise. Automobiles from Milwaukee and Pine Lake soon began to add their quotas. Before noon the grounds were dotted with groups moving about with unrestrained laughter and happiness on every hand. Relatives who had never met until this morning, and others who only remembered each other as children many years ago, greeted each other with undisguised affection, forming new and renewing old-time friendships. A tag with the name, worn by each one, made formal introductions unnecessary.

About 11 o'clock the sound of the bagpipes was heard in the woods, and a Scotch Piper in full regalia appeared, greatly to the delight of the youngsters and the surprise of most of the older ones. Led by him, the company, old and young, marched to the lawn beside the lake, for a group picture.

Following this was the salutation of the flag in proper form and the singing of America, in enthusiastic chorus by old and young. We might whisper here that while the Yankees, native born and naturalized, were with patriotic fervor singing their national hymn, a trio of Britons, loyal subjects of King George, were trying to—

"Scatter his enemies
And make them fall;
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their Knavish tricks,
And on their King their hearts to fix."

About 12:30 all gathered around the tables under the large tent. The assignments at the tables were indicated by envelopes bearing the names of each, containing cards with the portrait of David Lindsay with autograph, and the red label

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for later use on the family tree. Instead of Grace, the Doxology was sung by all. During the first course, the quartette composed of Mrs. Arthur H. Lindsay, Mrs. Burdette Williams, Burdette Williams, and George W. Moore, sang Gladden's beautiful hymn:

"O Master, let me walk with Thee,
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move,
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray,
Far down the future's broad'ning way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live. Amen."

E. J. Lindsay, as the oldest living member of the clan, on behalf of the Lindsay Summer Colony at the Lake, welcomed their guests and spoke of the occasion as follows:

"It is with great pleasure we greet you here today. The Lake Colony in their summer home gives you cordial welcome. For months we have been looking forward to this day with glad anticipation. It is fitting that on this anniversary of the birth of our Nation, and the anniversary of the beginning of the American life of this branch of the Lindsays, we should come together in celebration of both events.

Seventy-five years ago today, the good ship *Peruvian* lay at quarantine off Staten Island, after a voyage of nearly two months, from Dundee, Scotland. With other passengers, was a family group of seven—a wife with six children, coming to meet the husband and father, who had preceded them seven months before, to seek a home in a new country. I wish it were possible to bring before you the scene as it comes to me even after these many years; the beautiful outlines of the bay, with the green wooded hills surrounding it, doubly beautiful that summer day to the little group of immigrants, because of the long, weary days at sea, and the momentary expectation of meeting the one to whom their hearts were turning. The most vivid memory with me is the approach of a boatman with a single passenger, clothed in white, whose portrait you may see on the cards before you. You may imagine the meet-

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ing was a joyous one. The privations of the voyage were soon forgotten, and the reunited family in their new home entered at once upon their new life in the country which was henceforth to be their own.

Two years were spent in New York, when the removal to Wisconsin Territory took place. In a package of old letters, yellow with age, covering the correspondence between father and mother, while he was alone in New York, and later from them to their relatives in Scotland, the interesting and instructive story of their experiences in these early years in America is told. An account of the journey from New York to the new home in Wisconsin is described in a long letter from mother to her mother and sisters in Scotland: Steamer on the Hudson to Albany; Canal boat to Buffalo; sailing vessel to Milwaukee (three weeks between the two latter places); thence by wagons over the corduroy roads through the woods covering most of the country between Milwaukee and Watertown, and over a trackless prairie the last part of the way. A supply of food was laid in at Milwaukee, and a tent for the lodgings took the place of hotels in this last stretch of their journey, which required nearly a month and a half from New York to the farm near Fox Lake, from which in later years the sons and daughters graduated as Americans.

I rejoice in the thought that from this little group that entered upon a new life in New York that July seventy-five years ago, has grown such a typical company of true, loyal Americans as are gathered here, a composite company with strains of blood from the British Islands and Canada, from France, Holland, Germany, and last of all from Denmark which has given us our latest acquisition. And I must not forget the so-called Yankee who has also brought valuable contribution. A Yankee, sample of what can be produced by a blending of English, French and Dutch bloods—seasoned and cemented with the absorption of New England gumption, among the rugged hills of Vermont and New Hampshire through many generations, is much in evidence among us. The beginning of this life among the foot hills of the Adirondacks was contemporaneous with that of the new American life of the Lindsays, in which it has now become an important factor.

To this addition, we are largely indebted for the pleasure given by this gathering, for to the little Yankee mother and grandmother is due the credit of its suggestion.

I understand there is somewhere among us a programme prepared for this occasion. This, in true democratic spirit doubtless contemplates the selection by you of a chairman or toastmaster, who shall exercise due authority, and see that

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the 'inalienable rights' provided for in our Declaration of Independence, especially the 'Pursuit of Happiness,' shall be encouraged and safeguarded.

Will you nominate such an one?"

Lynn A. Williams of Chicago was nominated, and by an enthusiastically unanimous vote was elected Toastmaster by the company. The programme was then carried out under his guidance.

No one could have more satisfactorily filled this position. We regret our inability to preserve in this record his exact words in introducing the different speakers, always fitting and apt. With reminiscence and kindly humor, which called forth frequent applause, he proved himself a model toastmaster.

In the preparation of the programme, with which he had much to do, and in carrying it out so successfully, he contributed largely to the enjoyment of the gathering.

LYNN A. WILLIAMS, AS TOASTMASTER

"Uncle Edmond, other Uncles and Aunts, Great Uncles and Great Aunts, Cousins, Second Cousins, Third Cousins, Nephews, Nieces, Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Children, and some of these once or twice or three times removed (have I named you all?)—in other words, Ladies and Gentlemen: I presume most of you are wondering how it comes that I have been nominated and elected to this ostentatious position upon this auspicious occasion.

Well, there is a reason. I am the dean of the fourth generation of the Lindsays in America. Let me explain: David Lindsay begat ten children, and these begat forty-eight children and the forty-eight have, up to the present moment, begotten forty-four, and of the forty-four I am the oldest one.

Yes, I was the first great-grandchild that Great-grandfather Lindsay ever had. To be sure, he didn't live long enough to know anything about me, but if he had, he would have been tickled to death. He would have come up to Fond du Lac, and we should have gone down to Chadbourne's Photograph Gallery to have our picture taken, Grandmother North sitting in one chair and my mother in another and Great grandfather Lindsay standing up behind with one hand dropped over my mother's shoulder, and I? Well, I would have been curled up in my mother's lap with my foot in my mouth listening to the bird sing.

But, unfortunately, no such photograph was taken and some of you, therefore, may have merely to take my word for it that I am the dean of the fourth generation, and that there

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is an excuse for my being the Master of Ceremonies upon this seventy-fifth anniversary of the transplanting of the Lindsay tree in American soil.

Now it may be that I do not take my responsibilities as Toastmaster sufficiently seriously, but I do feel keenly my responsibilities as the head of the fourth generation. I had thought to come to this splendid reunion of, as I have counted them around this board, ninety-seven, direct and parasite branches of the parent stem, but as I stand before this genealogical tree, I am bowed down with reflections as to my share of the burden of maintaining the traditions of the clan. For, if you will notice, the forty-four children of the fourth generation have as yet brought forth into the world only nine off-shoots, and out of the forty-four I am one of the five who is married, and on the job. Now, if you will look down near the trunk of this tree, you will see that the founder of the clan in America was the father of ten. In the second generation there was but one who kept up the standard of the preceding generation and she not only equalled, but broke the record by twenty per cent, and that was my grandmother, Matilda Lindsay North, the mother of twelve.

In the third generation, there are only two who practically equalled the average performance of the second generation, one of them is Jessie Lindsay Hoben and the other, I am proud to say, is my mother. And when it comes to the fourth generation, well, that is what gives me pause. For, if the tradition of David Lindsay had been maintained, there should have been eighty-one children in the third, and seven hundred and twenty-nine in my generation, and each of my little boys should have had six thousand five hundred and fifty-nine cousins as closely related as they are related to Charles E. Lindsay, the son of Kenneth and Karen. Now unless there are recruits to the ranks of the married in the fourth generation, it will be necessary for me, in doing my share to maintain the tradition of the founder of the clan, to become the father of approximately one thousand three hundred and twelve children. Do you wonder that the sight of this tree has brought a tinge of sadness? Why, it would cost me a million dollars a year merely to send my sons to college in respectable style, and simply to have them come home for the Christmas holidays I'd have to buy the Waldorf Astoria Hotel.

I, for one, am having the time of my life. I have been enjoying every minute of it and the rest of you look as though you were enjoying it. I don't know why we haven't had such reunions before. Not all of us will be here twenty-five years hence, but I promise Uncle Edmond, and the others who planned this day, that if I am here and no one else undertakes

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it, I will see to it that there is another and a larger reunion of the Lindsay Clan twenty-five years from today.

Because it's a good thing about once in twenty-five years to let go of yourself—to let yourself out. Between times, we can go along endeavoring to appear before the outside world in reasonably modest fashion. But upon this seventy-fifth anniversary, and just among ourselves, there is no reason why we should try to conceal, or hesitate to express our pride in Aunt Jessie, Aunt Matilda, Uncle James, Uncle David, Uncle Edmond, Uncle William, Uncle Thomas, Uncle George, and Uncle Henry. They are the very salt of the earth and we of the younger generations would live to regret it if we did not upon occasion tell them that we admire and respect them for their strength, their courage, their fidelity, and their high ideals, that we love them for their tenderness, their charity, their devotion, and their simple sincerity, and that today we are proud to do them honor.

It is really a remarkable thing, that we can have together here today all of the five brothers, sons of Grandmother Jessie Edmond Lindsay, who together withstood the toil and privations of early pioneer life in this vicinity, and who grew into places of great prestige and responsibility all within the compass of a few miles from this beautiful Pebbly Beach.

From Uncle Edmond, the oldest brother, we have already heard, too briefly, and here my real trouble on this occasion begins.

I am somewhat at a loss how to introduce the next character. I would be stumped if it were not for the presence of one whom from my earliest childhood has never failed to help me through innumerable difficulties—Mrs. O. T. Williams has been and is a very real and a very dear mother to me. She has pulled me out of a good many holes, and I think I can safely count upon her now. Indeed, she has come to my assistance by volunteering to be the first one on the programme."

MRS. O. T. WILLIAMS

"As I have never taken my son seriously, the manner in which he has introduced me requires no explanation.

One of the pleasantest memories of my childhood is a visit to the Old Lindsay Farm near Fox Lake. As you know, at that early day those who assisted the family were treated as its members—the hired man sitting at the family table, the maid joining in the general conversation.

Aunt Mary, then Miss Batson, was teaching in the district and boarded with grandmother. Although rather young at

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the time, I soon observed that she and Uncle William were interested in reading the same book, frequently at the same time. Also there were numerous errands to be done at the adjoining farm of Uncle James—and it usually took *two* to accomplish them, but *three* were never needed.

As Uncle Edmond was away at the time, Uncle William sat at the head of the table. One day, Nora, the maid, had forgotten to put sugar in an otherwise excellent currant pie. Some unpleasant comments were made, and finally Uncle William, with a very arch look at the hired man, remarked:

‘Well, I suppose Nora’s mind was somewhere else when she was making the pie.’ Child-like I ran into the kitchen and told Nora she had forgotten the sugar, and also Uncle William’s remark.

‘I’ll soon fix thot,’ she said, going into the dining room. I followed to see what was to be done to the pie.

‘An’ it wasn’t sugar enough Oi was after puttin, in the poie, to suit yu’s, Mr. Lindsay?’ said Nora (with rising inflection).

‘You didn’t put in *any*, Nora.’

‘Indade, and Oi did put in quoit a bit, but there’s thot much swateness round here all the toime Oi did be thinkin’ yu’s wouldn’t be nadin’ so much in the poie.’

The hired man seized a glass of water. The rest cast glances at Miss Batson, whose cheeks were rivalling roses, when the gentle voice of grandmother broke the silence: ‘I say, Nora, you better be getting your dinner, I say, you better be eating it while it’s warm.’

Nora repaired to the kitchen and a moment later the hired man, coughing and choking, stumbled into the room, crying out:

‘Nora, Nora, you’ll be the death o’ me yet!’

‘Go on wid yus, they’ve been spoonin’ ’round iver since Oi came here—and I’m not wan as favors slow dyin’ or lang courtships. Anybuddy can sae as he wants her, and she willn’t spake him nay! It’s hoigh time hea was ’poppin’ the queshtion and Oi was jist after givin’ him a lift on the way!’

Evidently Nora’s ‘lift’ was very successful.”

THE TOASTMASTER

I think Uncle Will has now been sufficiently introduced.

WILLIAM LINDSAY—PIPER OF THE CLAN

“Since I am charged with being rather ‘sweet upon the ladies,’ I may as well have the fun.

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What the toastmaster has said may explain why I was sometimes blamed for things I did not do. There seemed to be a mistaken idea that I was full of the Old Nick, and so when any mischief was done that was not easily accounted for, it was put on to me. But I must correct our worthy chairman, for if I, in any way, resemble St. Nicholas, it is in appearance only.

When boys on the farm, we were not overstocked with toys or things to play with.

If we had a sleigh, it was generally made of boards, board runners, beveled at the front end, with strips nailed across for beams. Hand carts or wagons were something of the same kind—solid wheels, sawed off of a round log or whittled out of boards. We used the stem of a pumpkin leaf for a trombone, and the stems of wild parsnips for sprayers. We used to call them scooters, and for the piston of them we had a stick with a rag wound around the end. We had long, hollow rods to draw water through, and it was a feat to test how far we could suck it up perpendicularly. E. J. and I conceived the idea that it would be interesting to see the water going up the pipe and the only way that could be accomplished was to cut some holes in the rod, but for some reason, unknown to us, we found the water refused to go up when the holes were there.

If our father and older brothers were building a bridge across the big creek, we built one across the little one. We worked hard all one afternoon getting the stringers laid, and then instead of getting poles enough together to lay across tight over the water, we had to leave them a foot or more apart, and threw a little straw over them. The bridge looked quite inviting, and two pedestrians coming home 'while the shades of night were falling fast' stepped through it, and went about knee-deep into the water. If we hadn't been in bed, and supposed to be fast asleep, the taws might have been called into use, but we were lucky in that case and got off with a reprimand.

We were something like the Irishman's son, 'Never a mischief you ever heard of, but he's in it.'

Our folks went to town one afternoon during the summer, and left us to keep the house. The chicken yard and the door yard were one and the same place in those days, and the chickens had got into the bad habit of running into the house whenever there was an opportunity. We proposed to bring about a great reform that afternoon, and the simplest and most efficient punishment we could think of for a hen and her husband was to duck them into the water. We opened the doors and when the house was full of chickens we slipped

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in and closed them, and caught as many as we could carry, and marched to the creek, taking pains to leave the door open behind us while we were punishing the culprits. When we reached the house again, there was another supply, and this continued for an hour or so, and when our mother returned, the yard was full of wet hens, and we were on the road to the creek with about as many as we could carry.

But time will fail me to tell about T. B. getting his pants on back side foremost when he was going to a neighbor's, and your humble servant taking his off to wade the creek and not being able to find them again. We happened to have company that afternoon, which put things in rather an awkward condition.

David going to bed with the hen's eggs, the big spring, spearing suckers at night, etc.

Our old Indian pony and home-made cutter, or sleigh with a high box to keep off the wind, was a veritable curiosity, and known in all the neighborhood.

I was a kind of a cow boy of the family for one or two seasons, and one of the duties imposed was to hunt the cattle towards night and get them all into the yard in time for milking. Of course, we had a bell on one of the cows, which sometimes acted as a guide in finding them. But if the animal which carried the bell happened to be lying down, or all were in the thick brush, they weren't very easily found."

ODE TO THE LINDSAYS

Sung by the Quartette

AIR—"Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet"

They are five—the Lindsay brothers—
To the five they've added others,
Till a hundred strong are gathered here today—
And they always stick together,
Be it fair or stormy weather,
In the grand old Lindsay way.

Here's to T. B. and to Mattie,
Here's to Henry and to Annie,
Here's to William and to Mary—hip hurrah!
Here's to G. I. and Amelia,
Here's to E. J. and to Celia,
In the grand old Lindsay way.

THE TOASTMASTER

There is one of my Great Uncles whom I have been claiming never to have seen before today, while he maintains that

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he has seen me, and that I have seen him. The apparent question of veracity is solved, however, when he admits that our last meeting occurred when I was a very small baby. At any rate, my present impressions of him have been gained during the last two or three hours. I am calling upon Uncle Tom to address us upon the subject of 'The Old Swimming Hole.'

MR. T. B. LINDSAY

"Mr. Toastmaster and Friends:

It is not often that I have the privilege of greeting so many, nearly all, of the Lindsay Clan, and I can assure you it gives me pleasure to look into your faces.

This seems a day of reminiscences, and as I sat on the beach of this beautiful lake the other day, watching many of you enjoying your facilities for swimming and bathing, I contrasted them with the swimming pool, or swimming hole, as we called it, of my boyhood days, in which the Lindsay boys of over sixty years ago learned to swim. I thought of a little episode that took place at that time on the old Lindsay farm in the town of Trenton, Dodge County, where there are two brooks, creeks we called them, which ran through a good share of the farm, and formed a connection at a certain point. Just below this junction there was this swimming hole with blue clay bottom. The side of entrance was also blue clay, sloping at an angle of about 45 degrees. You boys know that blue clay when it is wet is rather slippery.

Now, there came to work for us on the farm a young chap, who was given to exaggerating to some extent. We boys told him about this swimming hole, and he began telling us of his wonderful feats in swimming, which, of course, excited our curiosity. One warm summer day, after a heavy warm rain, which caused the brooks to overflow their banks, and, of course, made this swimming hole much deeper than usual, and when it was too wet to hoe corn, we all went down to this swimming place. Of course, we were all on tip toe to witness the wonderful feats of this would be swimmer. Well, we undressed and all of us boys plunged in and were having a fine time. We noticed this young chap was more careful and kept edging up to the water very carefully, when all at once his feet went out from under him like a shot, and in he went, head and all. Of course, we didn't think much of this, expecting that he would come up and launch off in great shape, but not so. His head and hands bobbed up, and there was a wonderful splashing and spurting for a few seconds, when down he went again. This, of course, was rather serious and the result was we boys had to pull him out, or we would have had one less help to hoe corn. Now when we

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got him straightened up a little, we all gathered around him and asked him how he liked that kind of a swimming place, and what do you think he said? Well, he straightened himself up and said, 'Well, boys, I'm a wonderful swimmer, a great swimmer, but I'll tell you I never could swim where it was a slippery bottom.'

Now, Mr. Chairman, I think is also a time and a day, as another one has said, for undiluted Americanism, and reminds us of the privileges and safety of living under this Old Glory flag, waving over our heads. These stars and stripes mean very much to us in these troublous times.

Some time ago, I made a paper clipping, which I thought was very good, and have thought it might be appropriate at this time. It was entitled 'Benjamin Franklin's Great Toast' and was something like this: Benjamin Franklin at one time was dining with a distinguished company of men, when one of them remarked, 'Here are three nationalities represented. I am a Frenchman, my neighbor here is an Englishman and Mr. Franklin is an American. I propose we have three toasts,' which was agreed upon. The Englishman's turn coming first, he arose and like a Briton bold said, 'Here is to Great Britain, the sun which lights the whole earth.' The Frenchman's turn came next, and while somewhat taken back at what the Englishman had proposed, he said, 'Here is to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world.' Then came Mr. Franklin's turn and opportunity and in a quaint mood he said, 'Here is to our beloved George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed.'

Now, I wonder how many young Joshuas of America we have here today. I think a goodly number, and I just want to tell these boys and girls and the next older members, how much pleasure, comfort, strength and encouragement it gives us, the older members, to know that you are fitting and preparing yourselves to become our leaders in coming time."

THE TOASTMASTER

I don't remember where it was that Uncle George I. lived or just when it was that as a very small boy I visited his home. But I do have the most distinct recollection of being led by his hand out into a summer kitchen, or some such room at the back of his house, and there he showed me a work bench and the most wonderful cabinet of tools that I expected ever to see. He had every size and kind of chisel, and gauge, and carving tools, and saws and drills, and augers, and some planes with which he let me make some shavings. All during my boyhood and early youth his hobby, and tools, and his kindly

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and sympathetic interest in my enthusiasm made him a very exalted idol, and it soon became my ambition to own a similar outfit, so when I came out here yesterday, I went to the workshop, hoping and expecting to again look upon his tools. What was my disappointment, and to my mind, evidence of marked deterioration, when I saw in their place, only a set of golf sticks.

But I still retain my admiration and love for gentle, kindly, sympathetic Uncle George, and you would feel yourselves cheated not to hear from him.

GEORGE I. LINDSAY

"I think the reason our worthy Chairman did not discover the tools he claims to have been looking for, was because as soon as he saw the golf sticks, he entirely forgot about the tools.

In acknowledging the kind and flattering words of our young kinsman in his introduction today, I feel doubly sure of the fortunate selection that has been made in the choice of a toastmaster. I knew him first as a very small boy, walking the streets of Fond du Lac, his hand in mine for mutual converse and protection. A few years later, we dwellers by this quiet lake remember the skilful young sailor who pitched his vacation tent on a neighboring point, and won, with a canoe of his own building, the laurels of that season—with the pride of kindred we greet in our toastmaster today, the man, who is successfully fulfilling the bright promise of those early years.

To me this 'Independence Day' must be marked with a red letter. A feeling of pride will not be suppressed when I meet the friendly greeting of so many worthy and distinguished people who call me 'uncle.' Never before was I so proud of the title. I will not say how long ago it was, but memory distinctly recalls the first occasion of that distinction. It seemed strange to me, then, and no doubt seemed also strange to the very small girl who used the title. She is here today—a grandmother. She seemed to think it in some degree a term of reproach or at best a joke, and against the lively teasing bunch of small Pewaukee girls, the dignity of an uncle's position was not always successfully maintained. Delving too deep in ancient history is forbidden me, but most of you probably know that only by a narrow margin I escaped being 'uncle' when I was born.

The members of father's first family are all represented by their children here today. It seems fitting for us of the second family to offer some words of appreciation of what their parents (fathers or mothers) did for us in the days of

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adversity and need. When mother was left a widow, it was with six children aged from less than two, up to eleven years. I have little or no remembrance of the hardships of those pioneer days, but I have heard my brother, James, say more than once, that no property consideration, however great, would induce him to repeat that experience. You have, no doubt, heard the story often from your own fathers or mothers. With scant means in a new country, what could mother have done without the help of her stepchildren? Right loyally, they responded to the need. Sometimes we speak of half brothers and half sisters, and often there is a line of friction there, but it was not so with us. Just as if it were the most natural thing to do, the only thing that could be done, they faithfully, cheerfully took up their part, as whole, complete full brothers and sisters in every quality of love, affection and helpfulness."

THE TOASTMASTER

The Lindsay Clan has been remarkable for its clanishness. The great majority of the descendants of David Lindsay have lived, and still live, in this one state of Wisconsin. A few of the other states have been blessed with the Lindsay seed, but not many foreign countries can lay claim to fame because of the allegiance of any of our cousins. Canada, however, may rank herself great, because she is the home of the oldest living son of the oldest child of David Lindsay. And that wayward son we have reclaimed for a day, and for him we would gladly kill the fatted calf. We are glad to welcome Cousin Paul Scott today. We wish that we might persuade him to linger long among us.

DR. PAUL SCOTT

"Mr. Toastmaster, Fellow Glansmen:

Mother often spoke of the early days in Wisconsin, of the family life on the farm, of the difficulties and privations of a pioneer household. But she never suggested that the younger family were under any weight of obligation to the older. To her such a distinction did not exist. They were all one family and it was as natural that the older ones should help the younger, as that parents should help their children. Apparently no other course was ever thought of. To the older family the others were 'the children' whose welfare and interests were at least as important as their own.

This spirit of helpfulness had its roots deeper in the past, in the character of the Scottish yeomanry and peasantry, so well described by Ian McLaren and J. M. Barrie. Mother, when reading these tales of Scottish life, 'Auld Lang Syne,'

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'The Bonnie Briar Bush' and 'A Window in Thrums,' found herself among people with whom she was thoroughly familiar, men and women whom she had known intimately in her earlier years in Scotland.

There are some things in the Scottish character which are harsh and repellant, other things which can only be described as utterly exasperating, but above and beyond all this, there is, as a national characteristic, a depth of family affection and sympathy, which is higher than mere clanishness. When to this is added, sturdy independence, courage to strive successfully against adversity, sterling uprightness and a deep religious faith, there is perhaps no better example than the Lindsay household in Wisconsin in the middle of the last century.

But it did not stop there. Uncle George has told you how, in the early struggle, the elder family helped the younger, but he did not tell you how ever since that time, through all the intervening years, the younger family in turn have assisted the children of the older. It is not much talked about, yet it is known in part, though only in part, to us all, and I am glad to have this opportunity of publicly bearing witness to it. No one, except perhaps the brothers themselves, knows the extent of it, but one hears casually and incidentally now of one instance and now of another, until there is hardly a member of the older family who has not benefited by it. In our younger days, we accepted these things as a matter of course. That was what uncles and aunts were for, that was their natural privilege, but in later years, we knew that there was something much more than this.

May it be the earnest desire of the men and women of my generation to pass on to the diverging branches of the clan, that spirit of mutual affection and helpfulness, which was shown first by the older, and afterwards by the younger family, and if I may judge from the kindly welcome which we of the older family have always received from our cousins, this spirit is in no immediate danger of extinction.

In conclusion I cannot resume my place without expressing for myself, and I know that I speak for all the others, my grateful appreciation of the kindness and hospitality which has given origin to this most successful gathering."

SONG OF PARASITES AND INTERLOPERS

Sung by the Parasites and Interlopers—a jolly crowd—while marching around the "Simon Pure" Lindsays, as they remained seated at the tables. They carried the day by storm and were compelled to make the circuit twice.

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AIR—On, Wisconsin

With the Lindsays, with the Lindsays,
We will march along,
Irish, Welsh and even Dutch,
We've joined the Scottish throng,
Parasites and Interlopers,
Butt-ins, every one,
We are the nearly-almost Lindsay clan.

We're not Lindsays, we're not Lindsays,
Hush, don't speak too loud,
Danes and Germans, even English,
Make our jolly crowd.
Parasites and Interlopers,
Butt-ins, every one,
We are the nearly-almost Lindsay clan.

THE TOASTMASTER

You have heard Uncle George and all of the others express their reticence in appearing before you in the capacity of orators. Fortunately, however, we have one very loquacious great-uncle who ever since this reunion was first suggested, has been clamoring for an opportunity to make an address at this time. In his case there has been no difficulty in selecting or agreeing upon a subject for discourse. He has stood ready from the beginning to speak garrulously upon any subject not covered by the other speakers, or upon any subject fully covered by them. His only concern, apparently, has been for an opportunity to talk. Uncle Henry has been promised that he should have an opportunity to gratify his desire to speak, but as the hour is growing late, I am going to exercise my prerogative as toastmaster, to limit him strictly to one hour and forty-two minutes.

HENRY LINDSAY

"As memory brings back the boyhood days spent on the farm, in the town of Trenton, I remember its fertile soil richly endowed by nature, making it an ideal playground for boys, enjoyed by all the younger family, though it proved to be one combined with toil and privation to the older ones.

The house was built between two streams, designated as the 'Little Creek' and the 'Big Creek,' which joined in one, soon after passing the house. Afterward the house was moved to the edge of the prairie.

Across the creeks east and west were groves containing a variety of forest trees, as well as wild fruit trees and bushes bearing berries.

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With groves, water, meadows, and prairie close at hand, nearly all the wild flowers, birds, and fruits of Wisconsin were familiar to us. And in the brooks and springs were numerous fish to be caught with our primitive pin hooks, spears and snares, the latter being a noose or loop of bright wire (brass preferred) or polished broom wire, when nothing better was available. It was attached to the end of a pole and used in spring water in winter time when the pickerel lay clear of the bottom, making it not difficult to slip the noose over the head back of the gills, when a jerk would tighten it securely around the fish.

In the big spring, more than two rods across, and six feet deep, George I., cautiously stepping out on a log that was flattened on top, and supported by legs like a tripod, fastened a snare on a pickerel weighing about ten pounds. The fish made sufficient resistance to cause him to lose his balance and foothold, and fall in, but he finally landed the fish, the largest I know of being caught in that way.

The children were not exempt from duties. Among my first was the collection of a pan of chips each day, often dried in the oven, and used to start the kitchen fire for use in preparing the morning meal. Later was added, weeding a row of vegetables in the garden each day.

With advance in years came more continuous work. When reapers came in use, we rode the tandem or lead team, as well as a single horse, in cultivating the corn. In later years an eight horse threshing outfit was purchased in partnership with the Lyles, and operated by E. J. and James Lyle. After it was disposed of, another was purchased in partnership with Barney Hughes and operated by William and him, until we later became the sole owners. It proved a source of revenue, as well as saved in expense in threshing our own grain and brought the older ones into business contact where they observed, and had experience with the different phases of human nature.

The threshermen operating their machines were lodged and fed while doing the job, which often lasted several days. The best entertainers were not always the first to meet their bills, and vice versa.

One place had the reputation of providing for dinner in the way of meat for 16 hungry men, and to furnish grease required for the horse power, one chicken. When such a reputation prevailed, there was usually a scramble to be the first at the dinner table. It is pleasant to say such cases were exceptional, and the men were usually well provided for, and if not, among the gang were some who would devise means of coming out even.

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A remark made when the string of fire crackers was set off after the flag was raised today: 'Things were not done in that way when we were boys'—calls to mind the nearest approach to it when T. B. and George I. were entrusted with the Fourth of July combined fund, and walked to Fox Lake to invest in fire crackers, etc. With pockets full, they, on the way back, could not refrain from testing them, when a lighted firecracker fell into T. B.'s filled pocket, creating a succession of explosions, much to his discomfiture, and the ruin of the coat. More regret was expressed at home over the loss of the fire crackers, than there was sympathy expressed for the scare experienced by T. B.

Mother was known in our section as 'Widow Lindsay,' and we as 'Widow Lindsay's Boys.' One of our schoolmates insisted in calling us 'Widder Lindsay' whether from mischief to plague us, or ignorance, we never felt quite certain. I think the prevalent opinion was that 'Widow Lindsay' was inclined to favor her boys too much and spoil them.

Of mother's family government, there were two features I think well to mention. First, she never 'nagged.' If disposition not to follow her wishes was manifested, the tremor of the lip, and the glisten of the tear in the eye, seldom failed to impress her wishes in a way to bring about obedience. Second, she seemed to have implicit confidence in her boys, and never doubted they would try to do right. Her confidence that we would improve every opportunity given, and would always prove worthy of her trust, was an inspiration, which I better appreciated when I was away from home, and observed the apparent lack of confidence some people manifested in their sons. An illustration may not come amiss.

While attending school and boarding with a very nice family in Beaver Dam, a boy younger than myself was sent with money to make a purchase from a store. He performed the errand promptly, returning to his mother the change, which she counted, and remarked he had more than she expected. His reply was, 'Mother, you gave me a five dollar bill,' for which he had the correct change. To which she responded, 'Why, Cady, I would not have dared to give you that amount had I known.'

Our mother planned to let as few Sundays as possible pass without attending church services, which she regarded as a privilege and duty. To attend meant riding to Waupun, a distance of between six and seven miles, when sometimes only a lumber wagon was available, and at best an open spring vehicle. Often the roads were poor, and the weather inclement. With sleighing, a sled accommodated more comfortable wraps which off-set the colder temperature. She was accompanied

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by her children, though not always the whole family. I am told, I was first taken to church when between three and four weeks old.

I think the most gratifying result of the success that came to us has been, that it enabled mother to enjoy privileges later, that she had missed for many years. The bread she cast upon the waters returned for her to enjoy, in how many fold, she best knew."

THE TOASTMASTER

I am sure that every one of us has greatly enjoyed these anecdotes, and reminiscences of the early days of our family. It seems to me that the slightly formal nature of Uncle Edmond's opening remarks, rather deprived him of the opportunity to contribute to this delightful fund of reminiscence in which we, of the younger generations, are so much interested. Uncle Edmond was the oldest of the five brothers, and in many ways must have had the lion's share of the hardships of the pioneer days. I suspect that it is to him, more than anyone else, that we are indebted for this reunion, and the thought and sentiment which prompted it. But, notwithstanding our indebtedness for all that he has done, I am going to ask Uncle Edmond if he won't be good enough to add something to the lore of the Lindsay Clan.

MR. E. J. LINDSAY

"Nothing has been said this afternoon, concerning our meager opportunities for education in the early days, and perhaps something on that score may be interesting and instructive, both to those who are teaching, and to the younger members of the clan, who are now attending school. A knowledge of the salaries paid the teachers in the beginning of the public school system of Wisconsin, may cause them to be better satisfied with their lot, and the latter to better realize their privileges.

At that time, teachers were examined by Township superintendents, from whom, if found qualified, they received certificates. One of these, given our sister Jessie (the original is now in the possession of her son, Dr. Paul Scott), reads as follows:

'I hereby certify that I have examined Jessie Lindsay, as to moral character, learning and ability to teach, and do believe her qualified to teach a common school for one year from the date hereof.

N. B. PORTER,

Town Supt. of Schools
for the Town of Trenton.

Dated at Trenton this 18th day of November, 1852.'

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Provided with such a certificate, the aspiring teacher was in position to enter into a contract with the officials of the school district in manner following (the original of this is also in the possession of Dr. Scott):

'It is agreed between School District No. 11, in the Town of Trenton, and Jessie Lindsay, a qualified teacher of Trenton, that the said Jessie Lindsay is to teach the common school of said district for the term of three months, for the sum of two dollars per week, and to board herself, and for such services properly rendered, the said district is to pay to the said Jessie Lindsay, the amount that may be due according to this contract, on or before the first day of May, A. D. 1852.

Dated December 3rd, A. D. 1851.

(Signed) H. J. SPRING, District Clerk.

JESSIE LINDSAY, Teacher.

I consent to the within contract.

(Signed) J. M. HEWIT, Director.'

You will notice the munificent salary named in this contract, and further that while the service was to be rendered during the early winter, the salary was not to be paid until the following May. Can some of you figure how much Jessie had for dresses, hats and feminine furbelows after paying for her board? The usual custom was to 'board around' with the parents of the children, but as Jessie, in this case, was to teach in our own district, it was doubtless assumed that board cost nothing. The value of the service rendered in this case is not to be measured by the salary paid, for she was an excellent teacher, as those present who were her pupils, can testify. She taught many years at increasing rate of salary, as we find by other record—\$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 per week, with board, sometimes in one place, and sometimes 'around.'

The school rooms were often in a room of some dwelling furnished by interested parents for a nominal rental and occasionally in a log house or cabin, the first built by the settler, and given up by him when able to build a better home. The memory of one such, in which my brothers and myself spent a winter term with our sister Jessie as teacher, is with me this afternoon. It was the first house of one of our neighbors, built of logs, I should say 12 x 16 or possibly a trifle larger. The spaces between the uneven logs were closed by splints of wood, and the smaller spaces had been originally filled in with blue clay, but this had in many places fallen out, thus providing abundant fresh air. A door at one end from the outside entered directly into the room, which was the full size of the building. In the center was placed an

History of the Lindsay Family

old-fashioned cast iron box stove, with pipe extending upward in direct line, and outward through the ridge of the building. To overcome to some extent the superfluous ventilation, which on cold days was painfully in evidence, the stove was kept in an almost red hot condition, with the temperature of the room ranging according to the distance from the stove.

The floor was of uneven oak boards. Placed around the sides for our desks, were oak boards, supported by pegs having proper slant, driven into auger holes bored in the logs. Along side of these desks were placed for seats, slabs, flat side uppermost, with round auger holes into which were fitted supporting legs. I wish it were possible to place before you, as it comes to me, the picture of that school in session as it would appear when you entered the door.

The older boys occupied the seats or slabs most remote from the stove, with the lowest atmospheric temperature, while the girls and more tender youth were given the warmer location. After a time this arrangement provoked dissatisfaction among those who shivered in cold days, while their more favored comrades sat in comfort around the stove. This feeling culminated in the presentation to the teacher by the larger boys, of a protest and petition, asking for fair treatment in the location of sittings. The outcome was the issuance of an order by the teacher, that on alternating Monday mornings, the boys and girls were to choose their sittings, and it was farther ordained that the boys were to lead off the first Monday.

When the fateful morning arrived, the boys with unanimity, so made their selections that there appeared as one looked around the room, a vacant seat and a boy, in regular alteration. While this was a fair division, the teacher saw impending trouble, and the girls either felt or feigned to feel indignant. As we were under autocratic government, enjoyment of equal rights was of short duration."

The quartette then gave us the Song of the Parasites, an original composition of their own.

AIR—Yankee Doodle

The Lindsay Clan all came to town
A-riding and a-walking;
The Scotchman smiled a canny smile,
The "in-laws" all were talking.

Oh, Lindsays, Lindsays, here's to you,
A toast we'll all be drinking;
We're the merry parasites,
A giddy lot, you're thinking.

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History of the Lindsay Family

There are Lindsays tall and Lindsays small,
And Lindsays poor and wealthy;
We parasites, just look at us,
We're smart and strong and healthy.

Oh, Lindsays, Lindsays, here's to you,
A toast we'll all be drinking;
We help you in your active life,
And often do your thinking.

We've gathered here from far and near,
To look each other over;
We find we're such a peachy lot,
It's quite like bees in clover.

Oh, Lindsay clansmen, here's to you,
A toast we'll all be drinking;
To be a Lindsay Parasite,
Is our good luck, I'm thinking.

THE TOASTMASTER

We have tried to make this program a representative one. We have tried to have all of the various branches of the family represented in one way or another. There are several branches still to be heard from, but the time at our disposal has almost expired. We have only a few minutes left. Elaborate addresses have been prepared, as I understand, by Cousin Janet, Cousin Alice, Cousin Henry D. and Cousin Walter S. I am going to ask all of them to speak, but in order to save time I am going to ask all of them to speak at one and the same time, and I shall limit all of them strictly to three minutes.

ALICE LINDSAY, JANET LINDSAY, HENRY D.
LINDSAY, WALTER S. LINDSAY

The four, with eloquence in voice and gesture, giving their orations together and with due regard to the short time given them, were heartily applauded. The reporter was bewildered, and has only been able to preserve, by aid of the orator, a remnant from Alice Lindsay, who was supposed to say, among other things:

"I am also glad to represent that branch of our family that has always been identified with Fox Lake. Grandfather Lindsay settled only a few miles from it in 1843, and after his death, grandmother and several of the family came there to live. While only a mere dot on the map, yet it occupies a place in the history of our family, and I believe there are several present here today who claim Fox Lake as their birth place."

History of the Lindsay Family

One of Harry Lauder's popular songs,

"THE WEE HOOSE MANG THE HEATHER,"

followed, rendered by Burdette Williams, as a solo, with chorus by the quartette.

THE TOASTMASTER

Thus far we have confined ourselves in our program to the efforts of the "Simon Pure" Lindsay stock. But the Lindsay tree would wither and die if it were not for the parasites—those unfortunate mortals who, though not of the Lindsay descent, have sought happiness in contribution to the Lindsay descent. While themselves condemned to outer darkness, they have done much to bring light and good cheer to the chosen. Your committee has felt, therefore, that in arranging a representative program, even the parasites should be given at least a small and inconspicuous place. In selecting an appropriate representative of the parasites the unanimous choice fell inevitably upon its most versatile member, Cousin Allan Hoben—scholar, revivalist, prize fighter, student, author, and chicken fancier, but now and forever a parasite—who will address us upon the subject of "Family Ideals."

ALLAN HOBEN

"Mr. Toastmaster and Friends, Relatives All:

I don't know what to say. So recent a graft on the family tree can hardly represent those who have come from so many quarters, to mingle their life with yours. Somehow I have felt quite unequal to the occasion, as I have listened to the family lore, and realized increasingly the deep and well controlled sentiment, which moves like a full tide in this gathering of the clan.

No other audience inspires in me such fear as this, because it is so largely made up of Lindsays, and because the Lindsays are so exact. They are not to be fooled by oratory and 'sich.' They must have facts, and detailed facts. Their verdicts are very carefully made. It is said of father Lindsay here, that one day when selling binders, his driver called his attention to a fine flock of sheep a few rods distant, grazing, and all moving in the same direction parallel with the road. Said the driver, 'Those are fine sheep.' Said father, 'They do look like sheep.' As they drew a little closer, the driver remarked, 'They have been sheared.' 'Yes,' replied father, 'on one side.' You wouldn't catch him speculating as to the off side, and that's why I am paralyzed with fear when I talk to this company.

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History of the Lindsay Family

However, Mr. Toastmaster, in speaking of family ideals, I am glad to agree with you in your Rooseveltian assertion, that the family should be large. It should be large, and then larger, and we parasites give dire warning to the clan proper, that if they don't watch out, it won't be long before the great majority of Lindsays will bear some other name.

Possibly another worthy family ideal is hospitality. I can testify personally, that the clan is not lacking in this old time virtue. They took me in. In fact I was never so taken in, in my life. Practically everything I have is of their providing. I don't know what we impractical members, afflicted with professional ambitions, or delusions, could possibly do, but for the family hospitality.

Then there is loyalty, which is a cardinal ideal. Where there is no loyalty there is no hope. Judge Lindsey tells of a boy, who was in the Denver jail, and who in the weird hours of the night became hysterical, and insisted that the Judge come down to see him. The boy was frantic to be released, but the Judge patiently explained, over and over again, that if he merely let boys off, and did not perform his duty, the people would get another Judge in his place. Finally, as the Judge was about to leave, the unhappy chap stretched out his arms and cried, 'Judge, Judge, if you'll let me off, I'll never get you into trouble again.' That was loyalty and it worked.

Several years later, the lad's mother, in talking with him, said, 'Tom, how was it that Judge Lindsey got you to go straight, when neither me nor the cop could do it?' And the boy replied, 'Well, ma, you see it's this way, if I gits bad again, the Judge he'll lose his job. I got to stay wid him, 'cause he stuck by me.'

On the same principle, you will not think me discourteous, I know, if in this presence I pay tribute to the dearest and kindest soul I ever knew—a man who lived his whole life for others, and who, chiefly because of that fact, died poor. I bear his name, and in full, loving regard for you, proclaim my father not inferior in soul to the best of this clan, with which I have the good fortune to be allied. And so might all these others for whom I try to speak, testify for themselves. Hollander and German, Irish and Danish, and parallel Scotch stock, with others whom I may not now recall, they one and all bring you values, and gladly blend them into the mutual loyalty to the descendants of David Lindsay.

It seems to me that in the building up of family loyalty, such a gathering as this, with the weaving into tradition of the old time experiences on the farm, has unique merit. For back of this gathering today lie years of toil and sacrifice, and I

History of the Lindsay Family

think it would not do us harm to make a pilgrimage to the humble cottage between the creeks, not that we might think less of our forebears, but more, and might bring their virtues to the solution of the more serious tests, which attend prosperity. We need homestead traditions, and those fond memories which cluster about old furniture and keepsakes from the past. I protest against giving everything to the Salvation Army.

I know that loyalty to one another, whatever our peculiarities, will persist and in this all the affiliated members of the clan concur. No one is isolated, none alone. I think particularly of Walter and Grace in their heroic campaign on the Virginia farm, and in their experiences, somewhat similar to those narrated here this afternoon. We want them to know that our hearts are with them.

And as for loyalty to our country, fidelity to Americanism, which, I suppose, means liberty and progress, we are all one whatever our derivation. This land has been good to the immigrants of seventy-five years ago. Directly and only in the slightest degree indirectly, your prosperity is from America's soil and in every legitimate service, the Lindsay Clan is at the nation's command.

So, Mr. Toastmaster, may the family ever be large and hospitable and loyal, and may the best that is in us, the affiliated members, join hands with the best of the parent stock, and under the guidance and blessing of God, march bravely into the future."

ANNIE LAURIE

By the Quartette.

THE TOASTMASTER

It gives me pleasure to read messages from absent ones, who are unable to be with us:

MRS. DAVID LINDSAY (Aunt Bella), writes from Woodhaven, Scotland:

"I wish it were possible for Robert and myself to be at your gathering on the 4th of July, but I will just have to be there in spirit, I am afraid.

Lots of love to everyone present, and happy memories of pleasant days spent at the lake in 1908. It doesn't seem so long ago, that 4th of July I spent there.

With love to all,

Affectionately,

ISABELLA LINDSAY."

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History of the Lindsay Family

MRS. WILSON (Kate North) from Bellingham, Washington.

EDNA (Mrs. W. D. Lindsay) from Monrovia, California, where she has gone to gain health and strength.

MRS. M. S. HODGSON (Jessie North) from her home in Denver, Colorado.

MARION (Mrs. Herbert F. Lindsay) from Denver, Colorado, where she has been for some time in search of health.

MRS. RUSSELL G. ALLISON (Mary E. Lindsay) and her husband from Forest Grove, Oregon.

JOHN LINDSAY and his wife Grace from Crawford House among the White Mountains.

There was with us, one who, though not of the clan, is closely allied to it and dearly beloved by all who know her. MRS. WALTER SANDERSON has given us her two daughters—Aunt Amelia, the wife of Geo. I. Lindsay, and Aunt Grace, the wife of Walter E. Lindsay, the most precious gifts she could bestow. She in her early life knew and admired our father.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DAVID LINDSAY BY MRS. WALTER SANDERSON

“David Lindsay, father of Lindsay Brothers, was first of all a man of keen, vigorous intellect, an educated man, and a man of research. He was also endowed with a gift of language, and spoke in public forcibly and without hesitation, and in language not to be misunderstood. A letter written by him was the means of bringing a family from Edinburgh, Scotland, to the neighborhood of Waupun. The name of Wisconsin was so little known that the father of this family had to locate it on the map before the company in which he was insured could tell if his insurance would still be available in the ‘Far West.’ He received for answer, ‘Oh, no, we couldn’t do business with any one in that far away country.’

Mr. Lindsay had the pen of a ‘ready writer,’ and in different circumstances might have made his mark in the world of literature, but schools in those early days were few and inefficient, and he chose rather to give his best to the education and welfare of his family, and to the upbuilding of the few Christians who met weekly for worship in a little school-house in Waupun. This was the nucleus of the Church there.

He had lost the vigor and elasticity of youth, but was still in the prime of life, when the summons came, which called him from time into eternity. To such the Master says, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been

History of the Lindsay Family

faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' ”

THE TOASTMASTER

Life, it seems to me, is, or ought to be, a great poem, and certainly no programme is complete, which does not contain a poem, so I ask the bard of our clan to round out our programme. It has remained for one of the young and tender branches to bud into some verse, which I shall entitle “An Ode to the Lindsay Tree,” and I will ask Mrs. Van Derzee—or as I think of her—Cousin Margaret Brand, to share with us a poet’s thrills.

MRS. MARGARET BRAND VAN DERZEE

’Twas in the rugged land of Scotland,
That the Lindsay tree first grew,
Drew its strength from Scotland’s granite,
Scotland’s mists bathed it with dew.

There awhile it lived and flourished,
Put forth branches strong and true,
There, alas, its stem was riven,
But it gathered strength anew.

Then ’twas borne across the waters,
Planted on a prairie wide,
But it weakened not nor withered,
Though its heart was sorely tried.

For its stem in truth was rooted,
Living waters kept it green.
Faith and hope were its firm anchors,
Righteousness its sun serene.

There it battled with the tempest,
Faced the storm with conscious might,
Often bent, but never broken,
Turning always to the light.

Far and wide it threw its branches,
Nurtured by a woman’s hand,
Sheltered many a weary traveller,
Scattered blessings o’er the land.

Scions, grafted on its branches,
Added new life to the tree,
Bringing each its strength or sweetness
And abiding loyalty.

We, the younger generation,
As we each affix our name,
To this tree of all the Lindsays,
Crowned with honorable fame,

History of the Lindsay Family

Pledge to you the same high courage,
Victory won by noble strife,
May we have, as those before us,
Right unto eternal life.

As the company were about to separate, and as they stood in a circle with clasped hands, having sung "Auld Lang Syne" as their parting song, several of the boys, with newspapers under their arms, came rushing down the hill, shouting "Extras, Extras, Extra Klan Klatters—all about the Lindsay Gathering! As may be imagined their papers found eager readers.

The Klatter, and the manner by which it made its appearance, was a fitting climax to the "Doings" of the day, which will long linger in the memories of those who were present. This four page newspaper does credit to the editors and contributors. Copies will, no doubt, be carefully preserved for years to come, as a memento of the Lindsay Family Gathering at Pebbly Beach, Oconomowoc Lake, Wisconsin, July 4th, 1916.



ROBERT EDMOND LINDSAY, DIED DECEMBER 6, 1918

Roll of Honor

Robert Edmond Lindsay
Lieutenant Royal Flying Corps
Died December 6, 1918

★ ★ ★ ★

Henry Douglas Lindsay
Lieutenant Junior Grade U. S. Navy

Walter Simpson Lindsay
1st Lieutenant U. S. Chemical Warfare Service

Philip Knowles Lindsay
2nd Lieutenant U. S. Aviation Corps

Wendell Wyman Paine
2nd Lieutenant U. S. Infantry

Robert Brown Lindsay
2nd Lieutenant U. S. Ordnance Department

Alexander Frederic North
Cadet U. S. Aviation Corps

Russell Gilbert Lindsay
Cadet U. S. Aviation Corps

George William Pollock
Sergeant U. S. Engineer Reserve Corps

Gorton Thayer Lippitt, Croix de Guerre
Corporal U. S. Engineer Corps

Doris Lindsay Jones
Nurse French and American Red Cross

Allan Hoben
Divisional Secretary U. M. C. A.

Ruth Hutchinson Lindsay
Wellesley Unit U. M. C. A.

Genealogical Data

In closing this fragmentary history, it may be well to follow the different branches of the family tree, which will give a more complete record. To accomplish this we will take them in their order.

There are now 140 living members of the Clan, descendants of David Lindsay or accessions by marriage.

DAVID LINDSAY

David Lindsay, the son of James Lindsay and Janet Ramsay, was born in Dundee, Scotland, on January 10, 1798; died Sept. 25, 1849. Married Oct. 19, 1824 to Matilda Brown who died July 13, 1832. To them were born four children: Jessie, Matilda, James and David. On January 9, 1837 David Lindsay married Janet (Jessie) Edmond (Born July 21, 1813, Mother, Anne McKim, Father, James Edmond), who died Nov. 15, 1907. To them were born six children: Edmond, William, Thomas, Anne, George Inglis and Henry.

JESSIE LINDSAY

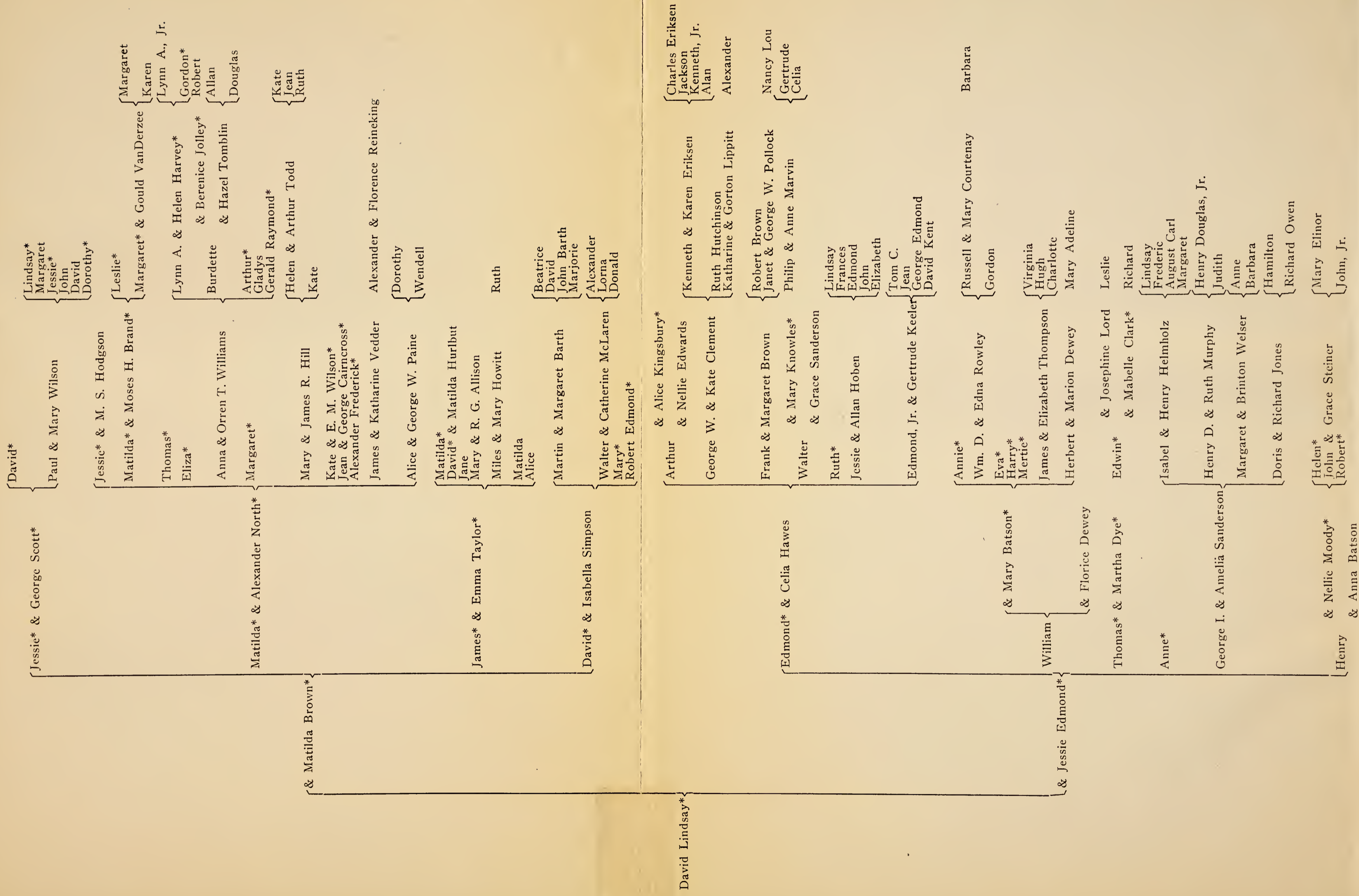
Jessie Lindsay, the eldest of father's family, was born at Dundee, Scotland, October 15, 1825; died at Toronto, Feb. 14, 1914. She was married October 15, 1860, to George Low Scott (Born 1826 or 1827. Mother, Helen Low. Father, James Scott.) who had a drug business at Paris, Ontario. In 1864 the Paris business was sold and Mr. Scott was asked to enter the service of his employers in their Dundas establishment. In the autumn of 1866, Thornton & Fisher, who had succeeded the former owners, disposed of their business and Jessie and her husband returned to Paris where Mr. Scott established a drug business of his own. In this he continued until his death, August 18, 1892, when he was succeeded by his son, Paul L. Scott.

To Jessie and her husband were born two sons:

David Lindsay Scott, born at Dundas, Ont., August 20, 1865. David was drowned in the Grand River during a spring freshet April 9, 1877. The river was greatly swollen by melting snow and ice, and while on his way from school with his brother Paul he slipped on the icy bank and fell into the rushing waters which carried him beyond the reach of those who tried to rescue him.

Paul Lindsay Scott, born at Paris, Ont., May 27, 1868. Paul entered upon his practice as a physician in April 1903 and was married October 7, 1908 to Mary Agnes Wilson of Toronto. (Born July 3, 1881. Mother, Jeanne S. Colvin. Father, John T. Wilson.) Paul is now officially connected with the medical staff of St. John's Hospital and is a member of the faculty of the Ontario College of Pharmacy. He also enjoys a large practice as one of the leading physicians of Toronto, Canada. He lives at 19 Avenue Road, Toronto. They have had six children:

The Family Tree



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History of the Lindsay Family

Lindsay Wilson, born July 11, 1909; died April 2, 1914.

Margaret Colvin, born August 5, 1912.

Jessie Lindsay, born May 23, 1914; died November 27, 1915.

John Wilson, born July 7, 1915.

David Lindsay, born July 31, 1919.

Dorothy May, born July 31, 1919; died August 6, 1919.

History of the Lindsay Family

MATILDA LINDSAY

Matilda Lindsay was born in Dundee, Scotland, March 23, 1827; died November 19, 1892. Married January 18, 1846, to Alexander Fredrick North, of Pewaukee, Waukesha County, Wisconsin, who was born April 10, 1817, at Montrose, Scotland. In early life he served an apprenticeship as an engine builder. At this trade he found employment for a short time at Paterson, New Jersey, when he emigrated to America with our family, landing in New York July 4, 1841.

With his brother-in-law, Alexander Cameron, who preceded him by a few months in coming to America, he decided to become a farmer. Their first thought was to settle in western New York or Canada, but later were induced to go to Wisconsin Territory, where they bought lands near Pewaukee, Waukesha County, and Fox Lake, Dodge County, holding for a time the two purchases in common. In addition to farming, he taught school during the winter months for some years, later devoting his entire time to the latter occupation, carrying on his farm with hired help. As a teacher he became one of the most efficient and best known in his county. His prominence in this profession led to his election to the office of Superintendent of Education in Waukesha county. His last service in this line was as an assistant to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction in the conduct of Teachers Institutes in the State, thus giving him a state-wide prominence as an educator. He died at Pewaukee June 7, 1903.

To Matilda and her husband were born twelve children:

Jessie L., born December 12, 1846; married January 25, 1879 to M. S. Hodgson of Waukesha. The first nine years of their married life was spent on the old Hodgson Farm which her husband inherited from his father, one of the earliest settlers in Wisconsin, who was employed by the government in surveying the Territory. Later their home was in the city of Waukesha until April, 1895, when they moved to Denver, Colo., where she died January 21, 1920. They had no children.

Matilda L., born June 10, 1848; married October 25, 1881 to Moses H. Brand. After a long and painful illness, she died July 5, 1918. Her husband followed her about two years later, October 5, 1920. To them were born:

Leslie H., born May 19, 1884; died January 4, 1897.

Margaret N., born July 9, 1889; married June 6, 1914 to Gould W. Vanderzee. (Born Jan. 8, 1886. Mother, Mabel Gould Rugg. Father, Frank VanDerzee.) Gould is Assistant to the President of the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Co. and lives at 239 Birch Avenue, Whitefish Bay. Margaret died December 8, 1921, leaving two daughters:

Margaret, born March 10, 1918.

Karen, born February 17, 1920.

Thomas, born December 12, 1849; died January 21, 1854.

Eliza, born August 8, 1851; died November 4, 1855.

Anna (twin sister of Eliza); married June 30, 1876 to Orren T. Williams of Fond du Lac, Wis. (Born Oct. 19, 1845 at Homer, N. Y. Mother, Ann Fletcher. Father, Orren Williams.) To them have been born five children:

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History of the Lindsay Family

Lynn Alfred Williams, born February 27, 1878 at Fond du Lac; married September 23, 1903 at Madison, Wis. to Helen Harvey who died suddenly of heart disease the morning of December 8, 1922. Lynn lives in Evanston, Ill. To them were born:

Lynn Alfred Williams, Jr., on January 6, 1909.

Gordon Harvey Williams, on April 4, 1913; died September 6, 1918.

Burdette Fletcher Williams, born December 27, 1879 at Fond du Lac, Wis.; married June 19, 1906 at Whitewater, Wis. to Berenice Jolley. (Born June 1, 1883 at Peru, Ill. Mother, Effie King. Father, Albert Jolley.)

To them was born:

Robert Orren Williams, April 17, 1907.

Berenice Jolley Williams died in Milwaukee on April 30, 1908. Burdette F. Williams was again married September 5, 1911 to Hazel Tomblin in Los Angeles, Cal. (Born May 27, 1886 at Emerson, Iowa. Mother, Anna Shipman. Father, Eugene Sheldon Tomblin.) To them have been born:

Allan North Williams, June 6, 1912.

Douglas Tomblin Williams, July 29, 1914.

Arthur Clifford Williams, born February 13, 1886; died April 28, 1902.

Gerald Raymond Williams, born November 23, 1890; died May 20, 1892.

Gladys Ruth Williams (twin sister of Gerald); After several years' experience as a teacher and in Government Service at Washington with the Tariff Commission, Gladys is now associated with the faculty of Leland Stanford University, California, in research and statistical work.

Margaret, born March 17, 1853; died September 1, 1853.

Mary, born July 22, 1854; married May 12, 1881 to James Reid Hill. (Born March 20, 1858 at Milwaukee. Mother, Agnes Reid. Father, John Hill.)

To them were born two daughters:

Helen Ruth, born August 15, 1882; married June 5, 1907 to Fred Arthur Todd of Aurora, Ill. They have three girls:

Kathryn Hill, born March 12, 1910.

Jean Prescott, born January 5, 1915.

Ruth Constance, born February 21, 1916.

Kathryn North, born February 28, 1885. Her home is in Chicago.

Catherine, born July 18, 1856; married September 14, 1892 to E. M. Wilson. Their home was established in Fair Haven (now Bellingham) Washington, where Mr. Wilson was actively engaged in the real estate business until his death August 31, 1915. Mrs. Wilson still lives in the pleasant home overlooking Bellingham Bay, which was built soon after their marriage. They had no children.

Jean, born July 21, 1858; married October 13, 1887 to George A. Cairncross of Pewaukee, Wis. (Born July 24, 1850 at Pewaukee. Mother, Amy Allen. Father, George Cairncross.) They lived at Pewaukee until the death of Mr. Cairncross, February 10, 1914. They had no children. Jean is Secretary to the Pastor of Grand Avenue Congregational Church of Milwaukee.

Alexander Frederick, born August 10, 1860; died December 27, 1883.

History of the Lindsay Family

James Lindsay, born December 3, 1862; married October 31, 1894 to Katherine Vedder of Sheboygan, Wis. (Born August 3, 1865 at Schenectady, N. Y. Mother, Charlotte DeLoss Wemple. Father, John Vedder.) James has been for many years connected with the firm of Lindsay Bros. Inc., Milwaukee, in a responsible position. He lives at 138 26th Street. They have one son:

Alexander Frederic North, born July 6, 1895. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago. On September 19, 1923 he married Florence Reineking of Milwaukee. (Born Jan. 1894 at Sheboygan, Wis. Mother, Mary Sieker. Father, Dr. Herman Reineking.) He is an Auditor for the Income Tax Commission of Wisconsin and resides at Green Bay, Wis.

Alice, born September 17, 1864; married July 5, 1894 to George Wyman Paine of Milwaukee. (Born April 13, 1866. Mother, Clarissa Rebecca Wyman.) Their home is at Fox Point, Wis. They have two children:

Dorothy Paine, born July 23, 1896. Dorothy graduated from the University of Wisconsin and is a chemist in the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Washington.

Wendell Wyman Paine, born March 17, 1898. Wendell graduated from the University of Wisconsin and is now in the insurance business in Indianapolis.

History of the Lindsay Family

JAMES LINDSAY

James Lindsay was born in Dundee, Scotland, December 9, 1828; died February 8, 1893. Married July 18, 1853, to Emma Taylor of Pewaukee, Wis., who died January 14, 1902. Emma Taylor was born in Lancaster, England, September 19, 1830. She was the eldest daughter of Miles Taylor, who was a plumber and glazier in her native city. With her father and his family she came to America in September, 1846. Mr. Taylor settled in Waukesha County, buying two farms, one on the north side of Pewaukee Lake. On the eastern edge of this farm the Lake Side Station of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is located. On this farm he spent his life as a farmer.

To James and Emma were born seven children:

Matilda, born May 17, 1854; died December 16, 1861.

David, born February 24, 1856; married May 20, 1891 to Martha Elvira Hurlbut of Waukesha, Wis. (Born Sept. 20, 1862 at Waukesha, Wis. Mother, Lanetta Brainard. Father, Hiram Hurlbut.) They had no children. David was connected with the shipping department of Lindsay Brothers until he was incapacitated by a long illness which terminated in his death August 13, 1920. His resting place is in the cemetery at Fox Lake, Wis., where are buried his father, his mother and eldest sister.

Jane, born April 24, 1858, is unmarried and lives in a comfortable home of her own at Fox Lake, Wis.

Emma Mary, born September 4, 1860; married September 6, 1909 to Russell George Allison of Aberdeen, S. D. (Born Nov. 28, 1860 at Woodstock, Canada. Mother, Elisabeth Bestedo. Father, Adam Allison.) They have no children. They live at Woodburn, Oregon.

Miles, born May 13, 1862; married April 1, 1896 to Mary Howitt of Fox Lake, Wis. (Born Nov. 1, 1872 near Fox Lake, Wis. Mother, Josephine Kaiser. Father, William Howitt.) They have one child.

Ruth Emma, born March 21, 1904. Ruth is a school teacher in Fox Lake and lives on her father's farm.

Matilda, born February 8, 1871; unmarried, living in Milwaukee where she is employed in the postoffice service of the United States.

Margaret Alice, born August 6, 1873; unmarried, living with her sister Jane at Fox Lake, Wis.

History of the Lindsay Family

DAVID LINDSAY

David Lindsay was born in Dundee, Scotland, February 12, 1830; married July 30, 1883 to Isabelle Simpson of Dundee, Scotland. (Born Feb. 26, 1857 Parish of Cupar, Scotland. Mother, Ann Smith. Father, Robert Simpson.) David came to Wisconsin in 1843 with the family and returned to Dundee, Scotland, in May 1853, where he remained until his death, August 24, 1903. To him and his wife were born four children:

Martin, born December 2, 1884 at Newport Scotland; married June 1, 1910 to Margaret Barth of Milwaukee. (Born March 2, 1888 at Milwaukee. Mother, Hedwig Vogel. Father, John Barth.) Martin is with White, Weld & Co., Bonds, Chicago, and lives at 215 Ridge Ave., Winnetka, Ill. They have four children:

Beatrice, born in Milwaukee May 2, 1911.

David, born in Milwaukee, October 21, 1912.

John Barth, born in Milwaukee, September 11, 1914.

Marjorie, born in Winnetka, Ill. April 25, 1922.

Walter Simpson, born July 1, 1887 at Newport, Scotland; married July 28, 1917 to Catherine McLaren of Milwaukee. (Born June 8, 1889 at Milwaukee. Mother, Annie L. Benjamin. Father, David M. Benjamin.) After service in the United States Army until the close of the war as 1st Lieutenant in the Chemical Warfare Service, Walter again became active in business as President of the Lindsay, McMillan Oil Co., Milwaukee. His home is at 898 Lake Drive. They have three children:

Alexander Duncan, born August 11, 1918.

Lorna, born September 26, 1919.

Donald Benjamin, born January 1, 1924.

Mary, born March 19, 1890; died July 9, 1899.

Robert Edmond, born January 5, 1893. After serving nearly four years as a volunteer in the British Army, the last two years as a lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps in France, he died December 6, 1918 in the Military Hospital at Edzel, Scotland, from an attack of influenza, followed by pneumonia. He was twice severely wounded. He was a brave soldier and a general favorite among the officers and men of his regiment. He had looked forward, following his discharge from the army to a business connection with his brother Walter in Milwaukee, and marriage to Margaret Ritchie, to whom he was engaged.

David's widow, Isabella or "Aunt Bella" as she is affectionately known by her nephews and nieces, was born at Hill Carnie, Parish of Cupar, Scotland, February 26, 1857. When about a year old, her father died as result of an accident. Until her eighth year, her home was with her maternal grandparents when her mother remarried, and Isabella came to her in the new home at Kilmany. Before her marriage, she became David's trusted housekeeper.

She endeared herself to those of the family who visited David before his marriage. She has since visited America with her youngest son Robert, thus meeting those who had not known her in her own home. She has by her gracious personality won a warm place in the hearts of her American relatives. Following the death of her mother (whose home had been with Isabella) and her son Robert, it seemed best to dispose of her home in Scotland and visit her sons Martin and Walter in America. A most cordial welcome has been given her in the homes of the many who dearly love her.

She now lives with Mr. G. B. Ritchie, Wellgate Park, West Newport, Scotland.

History of the Lindsay Family

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EDMOND JAMES LINDSAY

Edmond J. Lindsay was born at Forebank, Dundee, Scotland, June 22, 1838; died at Milwaukee, Dec. 5, 1924; married October 25, 1861, to Celia Electa Hawes, daughter of C. B. and Ruth H. Hawes of Randolph, Wis.

Celia was born August 26, 1841, and came to Wisconsin with her parents in the Summer of 1850, where a new home was found on a farm near Randolph, Wis. Here she lived until her marriage. On her father's side she was a descendant of Richard Hawes, an emigrant from England to Dorchester, Mass., in 1635. Her father was a man endowed with keen perception and active brain and body, alert and progressive in whatever he undertook, with prominence and influence among his neighbors and associates. He was identified with the early abolitionists and political and social reformers of the last century.

He remained on his Wisconsin farm for thirteen years, when it was sold to his nephew, Henry Hutchinson of Randolph, Vt. During these years he identified himself with the public interests of his town and county. He was especially active in educational affairs,—serving for many years as superintendent of schools in the township. Upon leaving the farm, he bought a home in Fox Lake, Wis., where he resided until his death, October 23, 1902, in his 91st year. During these later years, he endeared himself to many by his wise counsel and helpful ministry when sickness invaded the homes of his friends and neighbors. August 26, 1862, he married Julia Cady, the widow of Joseph H. Hubbard,—who survived her second husband nearly ten years. She died August 29, 1912, in the home of her stepdaughter Celia, where she spent her last years, beloved by all who knew her.

The mother of Celia was Ruth Hutchinson, who was born at Braintree, Vt., May 8, 1813, and married January 5th, 1837 to Cassim B. Hawes. He was also of pure New England blood, six generations from Richard Hutchinson, who emigrated from England to Danvers, Mass., in 1635, and became a farmer on land granted to him in 1637.

Immediately following their marriage, the young couple "went west" and established their first home on a rough, stony farm, near Potsdam, N. Y., where were born their three children: Alban H., Marion L., and Celia E. She shared with her husband, the hardships and exacting toil of making a farm. She inherited from her New England ancestry, their strong rugged character, tempered with the finer tenderness of Christian womanhood. She was the favorite sister of the old Vermont home and admired and loved by her neighbors of later years in Wisconsin. She died at Randolph, Wis., March 12, 1862.

From this ancestry came Celia, the first American addition to the Lindsay family. How well she has filled her place and met the duties and responsibilities of wife, sister, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother—those who know her best will bear grateful, loving witness.

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History of the Lindsay Family

Among the many activities of her long useful life, outside her own family, mention should be made of the Milwaukee Protestant Home for the Aged, of which she was one of the founders, in 1885. During the years of its existence, she has given continuously of her counsel and active service. She is now one of the only two surviving members of the band of women who joined in giving to Milwaukee this much needed and beneficent institution, which has grown from a small beginning to a prominent place among the many charitable organizations of the city. Her interest in its welfare has never wavered and she is still considered one of the most useful and influential members in its board of managers.

To Edmond and Celia were born seven children:

Arthur Hawes, born at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, November 4, 1862, married January 8, 1896 to Alice G. Kingsbury of Milwaukee. (Born April 28, 1871 at Fond du Lac, Wis. Mother, Jessie Coon. Father, George W. Kingsbury.) She died suddenly from cerebral hemorrhage Sunday evening, October 24, 1920. They had no children. Arthur began his active life as bank messenger when about 16 years of age and is now Vice President of the Marine National Bank of Milwaukee. He lives at 324 Prospect Avenue. On September 16, 1924 he married Nellie Ethel Edwards of Milwaukee. (Born July 26, 1876 at Pewaukee, Wis. Mother Sarah Wilkins. Father, Isaac Edwards.

George Walter, born at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, December 17, 1864; married April 8, 1920 to Katharine Clement of Milwaukee. (Born April 2, 1867 at Neenah, Wis. Mother, Kate L. Father, Jackson L. Clement.) George is a member of the firm of Lindsay Bros. Inc. They have three children:

Kenneth Clement, born February 4, 1891 at River Forest, Ill.; married March 30, 1915 to Karen E. Eriksen of Milwaukee (Born March 22, 1890 at Oshkosh, Wis. Mother, Elisabeth Eriksen. Father, Martin Eriksen.) After graduation from Amherst College and a short trip to Europe, Kenneth entered the service of Lindsay Bros. Inc. His home is on the Green Tree Road. They have four sons:

Charles Eriksen, born February 1, 1916.

Jackson Clement, born March 9, 1918.

Kenneth Clement, Jr., born December 23, 1919.

Alan, born October 18, 1923.

Ruth Hutchinson, born in Milwaukee, December 20, 1893. She is a graduate of Wellesley College, later giving 16 months efficient service in France as a member of one of the Wellesley College units. She is now a member of the faculty of the University of Missouri in the Department of Botany.

Katharine, born in Milwaukee, November 22, 1898. She is a graduate of Wellesley College. She enjoyed a trip around the world after her marriage on August 20, 1921 to Gorton Thayer Lippitt of Providence, R. I. (Born May 10, 1898 at Providence, R. I. Mother, Margaret Farnum. Father, Charles Lippitt.) Gorton received the Croix de Guerre as a Corporal in the Engineer Corps, U. S. A. They are now in Pekin, China. They have one son:

Alexander Farnum, born September 18, 1923.

Frank Herbert, born at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, January 14, 1868; married September 5, 1893 to Margaret Julia Brown of Wausau, Wis. (Born Dec. 14,

History of the Lindsay Family

1867 near Beaver Dam, Wis. Mother, Ellen Porter Brown. Father, George Albert Brown.) Frank is Vice President of Lindsay Bros. Inc. and lives at 389 Lake Drive. To them were born:

Robert Brown, at 715 Cass Street, Milwaukee, July 11, 1896. After two years at Williams College, Robert entered the service of his country in Ordnance Department in which he served until the close of the war. He received his discharge as 2nd Lieutenant and later completed his course at the University of Wisconsin. Before entering Lindsay Bros. Inc., he spent three months in Europe.

Janet Edmond, at 962 Cambridge Avenue, Milwaukee, July 27, 1897. After graduating from the University of Wisconsin she was employed by the Family Welfare Association. She was married on January 26, 1924 to George William Pollock of Milwaukee. (Born Jan. 28, 1896 at Milwaukee. Mother, Bird Willits. Father, William John Pollock.) George is with the T. L. Smith Co. and lives at 386 Newberry Blvd. To them was born:

Nancy Lou, May 23, 1925.

Walter Edmond, born at Fox Lake, Wis., October 18, 1869; married May 16, 1894 to Mary Elinor Knowles of Milwaukee, who died April 8, 1895. To them was born:

Philip Knowles, at 322 Oakland Avenue, Milwaukee, on March 31, 1895. After graduation from Cornell University and experience of a year in business with the Spray Engineering Co. of Boston, Philip won his commission as 2nd Lieutenant Aviation Corps, U. S. Army. He was married on November 29, 1917 to Anne Elizabeth Marvin of Buffalo, N. Y. (Born No. 15, 1893 at Buffalo, N. Y. Mother, Jennie Crawford. Father, Fred Sanford Marvin.) Their home is at 188 Powder House Boulevard, West Somerville, Mass., near Boston, where Philip is a manufacturer of air compressors. To them have been born:

Gertrude Marvin, born September 29, 1920.

Celia Alison, born December 12, 1923.

On November 21, 1901, Walter married Grace Sanderson of Detroit, Michigan, a sister of Amelia Sanderson Lindsay. (Grace was born Dec. 14, 1869 at Detroit. Mother, Isabella Gray. Father, Walter Sanderson.) They are living near Ivy Depot, Albermarle County, Virginia, where they are developing a large apple orchard.

Ruth Hutchinson, born September 17, 1871 at 691 Marshall Street, Milwaukee; died September 27, 1872.

Jessie Emma, born April 2, 1874 at 663 Franklin Street, Milwaukee; married May 21, 1901 to Allan Hoben of New Brunswick, Canada. (Born Sept. 14, 1874 at Gibson, New Brunswick. Mother, Frances Amelia Babbitt. Father, Thomas Emery Hoben.) Dr. Hoben, after pastorates in Waupun, Wis., and Detroit, Mich., became a member of the faculty in the Divinity Department of the University of Chicago. This position he filled until September 1919 when with his family he moved to Northfield, Minnesota, to accept a position on the faculty of Carleton College as head of the Department of Sociology. Prior to leaving the University of Chicago he served with leave of absence nine months as Divisional Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in France. In September 1922 he removed to Kalamazoo, Mich., to enter upon his new work as President of Kalamazoo College. To them have been born five children:

Lindsay, born July 6, 1902 in Milwaukee. Graduated from Carleton College in 1923; after a trip to Europe he became a chemist with Lindsay McMillan Oil Co., Milwaukee.

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Frances Babbitt, born October 2, 1903 at Waupun, Wis. Graduated from Carleton College in 1924; M. A. from University of Chicago in 1925.

Edmond Hume, born October 7, 1905 in Detroit, Mich. Student at University of Michigan.

John Burton, born May 30, 1908 in Chicago.

Elizabeth, born May 23, 1911 in Chicago.

Edmond James, Jr., born at 711 Marshall Street, Milwaukee, September 14, 1878; married June 17, 1902 to Gertrude Leslie Keeler of Milwaukee, Wis. (Born August 23, 1879 at Milwaukee. Mother, Nellie Culver. Father, George Keeler.) E. J. Jr. is owner of the Milwaukee Transfer and Storage Co., Milwaukee, Wis., and lives at 681 Farwell Avenue. They have four children:

Thomas Culver, born Feb. 12, 1906 in Milwaukee.

Jean, born January 22, 1909 in Milwaukee.

George Edmond, born September 2, 1911 in Milwaukee.

David Kent, born July 16, 1920 at Oconomowoc Lake.

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WILLIAM LINDSAY

William Lindsay was born in Dundee, Scotland, July 15, 1840; married February 16, 1866 to Mary Ann Batson of Metomen, Wis., who was born at Westford, N. Y., October 2, 1839, and died April 16, 1918, in their winter home in St. Petersburg, Fla.

She inherited from her parents a deep religious nature, which with other natural endowments, quickened by the spirit of God, made her a leader in the woman's work of her denomination. She was especially interested in Foreign Missions, giving generously of her means, her time and thought in her official connection with this work. She was also a recognized leader in other Christian and charitable service.

To William and Mary were born seven children:

Annie Margaret, born March 17, 1868 at Fox Lake; died at Oconomowoc Lake August 13, 1887.

William David, born August 4, 1870 at Fox Lake; Secretary of Lindsay Bros. Inc., and lives at 2917 Highland Boulevard. On June 22, 1893 he married Edna O. Rowley of Middleton, Wis. (Born Jan. 15, 1870 at Middleton, Wis. Mother, Olivia Rowley. Father, Dr. A. A. Rowley.) To them have been born:

Russell Gilbert, born April 3, 1897 at Milwaukee. Russell was in training for service in the Aviation Corps of the U. S. Army until the signing of the Armistice. He is now with Lindsay Bros. Inc. and lives at 536 Marion Street, Shorewood. On May 24, 1921 he married Mary Courtenay of Milwaukee. (Born April 19, 1897 at Milwaukee. Mother, Mary Pheatt. Father, David Courtenay.) To them has been born:

Barbara Courtenay, born April 15, 1922 at Milwaukee.

Gordon R., born March 4, 1902 at Milwaukee.

Mary Eva, born April 8, 1874 at 413 Virginia Street, Milwaukee, Wis.; died January 6, 1879.

Harry, born at 413 Virginia Street, Milwaukee, Wis., December 14, 1875; died January 2, 1879.

Mertie Josephine, born May 16, 1877, at 381 Greenbush Street, Milwaukee; died January 1, 1879.

James Batson, born December 18, 1881 at 449 Hanover Street, Milwaukee, Wis. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin. He is Sec.-Treas. of Lindsay Bros. Co., Minneapolis, and lives at 1909 Irving Avenue So., Minneapolis. He married October 23, 1912, Elizabeth Leonard Thomson of Minneapolis. (Born Sept. 23, 1888 at Minneapolis. Mother, Idalette Hunter. Father, James Thomson.) To them have been born three children:

Virginia, born October 17, 1913 at Minneapolis.

Hugh Thomson, born June 16, 1917 at Minneapolis.

Charlotte Edmond, born April 17, 1920 at Minneapolis.

Herbert Frank, born December 6, 1883 at 449 Hanover Street, Milwaukee. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin where he was a member of the rowing crew. On October 11, 1906 he married Marion Dewey of Toledo, Ohio. (Born June 7, 1882 at Brest, Mich. Mother, Adeline McMartin. Father, Jesse Dewey.) Herbert is a Director of Lindsay Bros. Inc., and lives at 100 Warren Avenue, Wauwatosa. They have one daughter:

History of the Lindsay Family

Mary Adeline, born October 30, 1908 at Milwaukee.

October 21, 1919, William married Florice Dewey at Toledo, O., the daughter of J. N. and Adeline F. (McMartin) Dewey, parents of Marion (Mrs. Herbert) Lindsay. The marriage took place at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, where Miss Dewey was caring for an invalid sister. She was born at Brest, Mich., November 18, 1873. The home of the family for years has been at Toledo. Miss Dewey had fitted herself as a teacher in the Kindergarten Department of the Public School, but the death of her mother, about seventeen years ago, compelled her to abandon her chosen work to take upon herself the household responsibilities of her mother. This place she has faithfully filled in loving ministry to her father and the younger members of the family.

History of the Lindsay Family

THOMAS B. LINDSAY

Thomas B. Lindsay was born at 191 Greene Street, New York City, May 1, 1843; died at Minneapolis, Minn., September 10, 1917; married September 5, 1866, to Martha Dye of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., whose parents, Axel Gordon and Mary (Firman) Dye were among the earliest settlers in Wisconsin Territory. They emigrated from New York State about 1832 and settled in Sheboygan County, where a farm was cleared of the heavy timber which then covered that part of the territory.

A part of this original farm is still in possession of one of their children. Martha was born in the log house on this farm, November 3, 1844, where twenty-two years later she was married. She died at her Minneapolis home February 5, 1922.

With an older sister, she attended the Wisconsin Female College at Fox Lake, which later became Downer College. Here she first met her future husband. A warm friendship was formed between Martha and her classmate, our sister Anne. In the week-end visits to the old farm during these school days, the friendship between the two girls soon included our brother Thomas, resulting as such friendships often do. Following their marriage, their home was established at Oronoco, Minn., where their only child, Edwin H. Lindsay, was born October 3, 1867. He died June 20, 1907, leaving two children, Leslie E., born January 15, 1891, and Richard C., born October 31, 1905.

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ANNE MARGARET LINDSAY

Anne Lindsay was born on the old farm in Trenton, Dodge County, Wisconsin, January 2, 1845; died July 31, 1861. She died in the home where she was born, and was buried beside our father on the farm where her brief but beautiful and useful life had been spent. Her body and that of our father were later removed to the cemetery at Fox Lake, Wis.

GEORGE INGLIS LINDSAY

George Inglis Lindsay was born on the old farm January 29, 1846; married February 15, 1883 to Amelia Sanderson of Detroit, Michigan, who was born February 15, 1862, the daughter of Walter and Isabella Gray Sanderson. The love and esteem in which Walter Sanderson was held is evidenced by his name being now borne by two of our father's grandchildren. George I. is Treasurer and one of the original members of Lindsay Brothers, Inc., and lives at 232 Prospect Avenue. The family of George and Amelia consists of one son and three daughters.

Isabel Gray, born February 4, 1886; graduated from Smith College; married December 30, 1907 to Dr. Henry Frederic Helmholz. (Born August 24, 1882 at Chicago. Mother, Elise Vogel. Father, August Carl Helmholz.) The home of Dr. and Mrs. Helmholz is at Rochester, Minn., where he is Professor of Pediatrics in the Mayo Foundation of the University of Minnesota and head of the Pediatric Section of the Mayo Clinic. They have four children:

Lindsay, born November 11, 1909.

Henry Frederic, Jr., born December 27, 1911.

August Carl II, born May 24, 1915.

Margaret, born January 26, 1917.

Henry Douglas, born November 14, 1887; graduated from Cornell University as an Electrical Engineer; served as a Lieutenant, Junior Grade, in the Engineer Reserve Corps of the U. S. Navy; married October 5, 1918 to Ruth Jane Murphy of Milwaukee, Wis. (Born Feb. 20, 1892 at Milwaukee. Mother, Catherine Shea. Father, John Philip Murphy.) Henry D. is associated with the firm of Lindsay Bros. Inc., and lives at 249 Oneida Street, Milwaukee. They have two children:

Henry Douglas, Jr., born December 11, 1919.

Judith, born November 8, 1923.

Margaret Anne, born June 15, 1890; married June 2, 1917 to Brinton Welser of Milwaukee. (Born July 20, 1891 at Philadelphia. Mother, Mary Cooke. Father, George Brinton Welser.) Brinton is secretary of the Chain Belt Company, one of the largest manufacturing industries of the city and lives at 247 Oneida Street, Milwaukee. They have two daughters:

Anne, born September 26, 1918.

Barbara, born August 4, 1920 at Oconomowoc Lake.

Doris, born February 25, 1893. After graduating from the Massachusetts General Hospital and spending part of a year with Dr. Grenfell in his Labrador work she rendered efficient service during the World War in one of the hospitals of France. On her return she married November 30, 1918 Richard Mawddwy Jones of Milwaukee. (Born July 7, 1888 at Gomer, Ohio.

History of the Lindsay Family

Mother, Anne Griffiths. Father, Rev. Richard Mawddwy Jones.) Richard is with the Thomas Furnace Co. of Milwaukee and lives at 299 Ogden Avenue. They have two sons:

Hamilton, born December 23, 1919.

Richard Owen, born March 21, 1922.

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HENRY LINDSAY

Henry Lindsay was born on the old farm May 16, 1848; married October 4, 1881, to Mary Eleanor Moody, who was born June 1, 1857, at Ansonia, Connecticut, and died October 30, 1905. Her parents were Edmund Moody, born at Winsley Wiltshire, England, March 21, 1823, and Susan Sarah Butler, born July 5, 1825 at Corie Castle, Dorsetshire, England. Edmund Moody died September 7, 1905. His wife Susan died March 21, 1892. They had eleven children, of whom Mary Eleanor was the sixth.

Mary or "Aunt Nellie" as she was known among the younger members of the Lindsay families, soon became a general favorite, to whom was imparted their secrets, and whose counsel and advice was sought. She was also their comrade in planning for vacations and recreations. In larger affairs she was equally interested and helpful. She was one of the organizers of the Children's Free Hospital with which she was officially connected from its beginning, serving efficiently and wisely as its Vice-President, and later as acting President at the time of her death. To Henry and Mary were born three children:

Helen, born January 19, 1885; died January 18, 1899.

John Moody, born October 10, 1886; married October 26, 1910 to Grace Steiner of Milwaukee. (Born December 21, 1886 at Milwaukee. Mother, Elinor Stafford. Father, Louis M. Steiner.) John is a director of Lindsay Bros. Inc. and lives at 290 Martin Street. They have two children:

Mary Elinor, born September 29, 1917.

John Moody, Jr., born February 9, 1919.

Robert Moody, born May 10, 1890; died February 25, 1891.

On January 16, 1912, Henry Lindsay married Anna O. Batson, who was born February 18, 1869, at Omro, Wisconsin, where her father was pastor of the Baptist Church. During her childhood, her parents removed to Hamilton, N. Y., to Brookfield, N. Y., and later to Turner's Falls, Mass. She was a successful teacher for seventeen years and served as librarian of the Carnegie Public Library at Turner's Falls, Mass. for five years before her marriage. She was not a stranger to the family circle when she became one of its members, and received a warm welcome from young and old, by whom she is dearly loved.

Their home is at 296 Prospect Ave., Milwaukee. Henry is President and one of the original members of Lindsay Brothers.

FROM THE PRESS OF
GREENE PRINTING COMPANY
MILWAUKEE
1925

